

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability; to every one according to his needs.

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CLEOPATRA.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

BY LAWRENCE S. VASSAULT.

GREAT careers are always built upon lines which are perfectly distinct to the student. As a rule, such a career depends largely upon the ability of the mind to see the truth. Napoleon claimed that this was the chief factor of his greatness—that his mind always went directly to the truth. In a different way this might be said of Bernhardt—that in studying a rôle she did not ask herself what had been the conception of those who had preceded her, but her constant effort was to see with her own eyes the truth: what did the character mean? how should it be rendered most truly in accordance with life? In accordance with life—ought no-

this to mean a reference to some fixed standard?—and yet is it not the uncertain quantity, from whatever point art-forms are looked at? Rachel, probably the greatest exponent of the drama during the first half of the nineteenth century, sought for the truth in the delineation of her art, yet to-day her greatest admirers would not deny that she was fatally hampered by traditions and conventions from which, through the fault of the age and not of herself, her mind could not free itself. No one has helped more to the final estimate of Rachel than Sarah Bernhardt. As a living lesson in dramatic art, impressing herself upon the thousands who have seen



THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT IN "L'AIGLON."

her act, she carried the world more quickly to a new viewpoint in histrionics than legions of critics attempting the same end with quarts of spilled ink.

Rachel's career lasted scarcely more than seventeen years. Bernhardt has been famous for more than twice that length of time. When Napoleon III. and Eugénie were making Paris the gayest city of modern times and there was yet no sign of the end, Bernhardt was recognized as a great actress, and to-day, with the Third Republic nearly entering on its fourth decade, the predominance of opinion would award her the title of the greatest. Not that there are now lacking signs of genuine dissent. The wonderful career of the wonderful woman has kept the world faithful to her interpretation of nature with a fidelity that is little short of marvelous; with specially constructed plays that fitted her like a glove, she simply baffled all adverse criticism; the epithet "divine," in the fashion of decadent Rome, was thrust upon her; but there are unmistakable signs that the critic is beginning to look at things a little differently from the way he did twenty years ago. In other words,

we are moving again to a new viewpoint.

To-day we are told that there are a half-dozen women in the Comédie Française who are Madame Bernhardt's superiors; that they are true and spontaneous in every rôle, and that Bernhardt is not; that they get nearer to beauty and therefore the absolute; that the marks of Bernhardt's art that thirty years ago were called the manifestations of genius are but shocking affectations; that she is insincere; that her conceptions are violent and distorted, and that, worst of all, she is often nearly, if not quite, vulgar.

What, then, is turning the devotee to the worship of new deities? From many quarters we are hearing of the "New Art"—"L'Art Nouveau," to use the Gallic original. Unfortunately, for purposes of definition, this may find expression in anything from a piece of furniture to the most subjective creation of the human spirit, but it all stands for one thing. It means a desire to replace classic and romanticist standards by something new, fresh and spontaneous; that after five or six hundred years of imitation and adaptation of old forms, we are again seeking for originality, for something that is different, as the pointed arch was different from the round one. Just now it is frankly impossible to say whether the signs of the times will lead to anything or not. We may be on the eve of a great iconoclastic movement or we may settle back to a less violent art evolution, but it is to this apparent awakening of a new genius of art that must be attributed the growing disposition to judge finally and dispose of Madame Bernhardt, and to look for higher truth and beauty in the work of Madame Duse, Miss Nethersole, our own Mrs. Fiske, and perhaps some of the young blood of the Comédie Française.

In any new movement whatever, it must be evident that Sarah Bernhardt can have no part. She is now fifty-seven years of



HAMLET.

age. Until her powers fail—and God grant that they may be still long spared—she will continue in the methods of the interpretation of art and nature that a great mind has with years of arduous and systematic toil worked out. No new ideas in histrionics will rob Madame Bernhardt of her fame any more than she herself has dimmed the glory of Rachel or the latter has stolen the laurels of Adrienne Lecourvreur. The length of Bernhardt's career, like the reign of Victoria, is something phenomenal.

The range of character she has portrayed is no less so. The illustrations to this article have been chosen with an idea of showing the very different types of her fellow-beings she has made to live and love, and in which living and loving she has convinced us that in the sum of and for the good of humanity Marguerite Gantier

could no more be spared than Joan of Arc.

Whence comes the marvelous woman who for nearly two score of years has held the world at her feet? Those who look will find little to satisfy their curiosity in Sarah Bernhardt's history. Her antecedents have not been clearly revealed, and even her birthplace is unknown. During the Commune in Paris many parish registers were destroyed, among them that containing the record of her birth, and, though

half a dozen houses are pointed out in Paris as Bernhardt's birthplace, there is no more authentic record than that of the Conservatoire on her admission, saying she was born October 22, 1844, at 5 Rue de l'École de Médecine, Paris. She was first called Rosine Bernhardt. Her mother, Julie Bernhardt, was a Jewess, born in Berlin, but of Dutch extraction, who had come to the French capital to gain a livelihood. Sarah's first years were spent at the home of her grandfather, an optician, in Amsterdam, but at the age of seven she was sent to school at the Convent of Grand Champ at Versailles, where she was a school-fellow of Sophie Croizette, who also afterward became a great actress. For seven years the little girl remained at the convent, making more of a record by her independence and her violent temper than by assiduity in her

tasks. At fourteen she went out into the world.

This was in 1858, the year of Rachel's death. A year later she entered the famous Conservatory of Paris, and was enrolled among the pupils of Provost and Samson. In two years she had carried off the second prize for tragedy, and in 1862 the second prize for comedy was hers. Then came her début at the Théâtre Français in "Iphigénie" on August 11, 1862, and



PHÈDRE.



LA TOSCA.

of the débutante was perfect, but that she acted like a school-girl.

Though Sarah Bernhardt had now taken the first step, her real career did not begin until five years later. Meanwhile her life was full of the vicissitudes that beset the beginner. For eight months she remained with the Comédie Française; until, one evening, her unrestrained temper broke out at some remarks of Mademoiselle Nathalie, a fellow-actress, and she boxed that young woman's ears. Such insubordination earned her instant dismissal. Two months later she was engaged at the Gymnase, and for almost a year she played minor rôles in its company. But a sudden freak carried her off on a mad journey to Spain, and for another year Paris heard nothing of her.

Not that Paris then cared particularly. Save to her few intimates, she was a thin young woman with eyes and a voice that might land her somewhere in the course of time, but certainly had not done much as yet. Therefore her return in the latter part of 1865 to appear in a spectacular piece, "La Biche au Bois," at the Porte St. Martin, was unheralded.

Her next move was to the Odéon, in

she followed this with the "Valérie" of Scribe. The late Françoisque Sarcey, who had already become noted among the Parisian critics, declared that the elocution

1867. She was past twenty-two now, an age when it is well in Paris for a young woman to "range" herself, and Bernhardt was beginning to see the wisdom of having friends at court. One of these was Camille Doucet, who persuaded Duquesnel, director of the Odéon, to give her a trial, with the result that she had regular employment there, playing such rôles as Armande in "Les Femmes Savantes" and Albine in "Britannicus." But she had friends of the fair sex as well, and it was through one of these, Mademoiselle Agar, that she got her first real start. François Coppée, it seems, had written a little sketch of old Florence, "Le Passant," about a fair lady and a pretty page, and Mademoiselle Agar wanted to act the part of the fair lady. Coppée's name was not then what it has since become, and the director was a little afraid of his poetic dream. But Mademoiselle Agar not only succeeded in having the piece produced, but also in having the rôle of the Florentine youth Zanetto assigned to her young friend Sarah Bernhardt. Coppée himself has acknowledged an indebtedness to Madame Bernhardt for the success of "Le

Passant," and the actress was doubtless grateful to the poet for the opportunity to raise herself over the rank and file of the profession.

Bernhardt's blonde and poetic beauty in the page's costume, the sinuous grace of her poses and the thrilling tenderness of her voice, completely



GISMONDA.



ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR.

won both press and public. Mademoiselle Agar was quite eclipsed. Bernhardt had, as the French say, "arrived."

Now came rapid advancement to more prominent parts, and the critics had much

rôle, opposed to Sophie Croizette as the piquant Marquise de Prie, and she quite eclipsed the same actress when she played Berthe de Savigny, the outraged wife, in Octave Feuillet's "Le Sphinx."

These last two rôles, by the way, were assumed during her second engagement at the Théâtre Français. Her first, it will be remembered, came to an abrupt end with the slapping of Mademoiselle Nathalie's face. History has failed to record how this young woman enjoyed the satisfaction of having the doors of the great theater closed, apparently forever, upon her enemy, or how she took advantage of the removal of an uncomfortable and somewhat dangerous rival. We know only that Sarah Bernhardt

JOAN OF ARC.

variety of rôles, by the way, was not circumscribed by that aversion to "old woman parts" so common among popular young actresses. One of Bernhardt's favorite rôles was that of Posthumia in Parodi's "Rome Vaincue," an aged woman who is blind and has to kill her own daughter for having loved a traitor. What Bernhardt suffered in her vanity in playing this part was more than counterbalanced by the tributes paid to her powers as an actress when, in the agonizing death-scene, she says, "I cannot see you, my child; you must guide my hand."

Nor when acting a woman of her own years was she always the beautiful sinner she has been in a great number of her recent plays. In "Mademoiselle de Belle Isle" she was unqualifiedly triumphant in the maidenly



MEDEA.



LEAH.

was not crushed by the contretemps and that Nathalie has not carved a niche for herself, at least in the gallery of international fame.

Perrin was director of the House of Molière when Bernhardt made her great success at the Odéon as Queen Marie Neuborg in the revival of "Ruy Blas," and for eight months he kept at her, until she consented to return to the company. This she did, the little unpleasantness forgiven and forgotten, November 6, 1872, in the production of "Mademoiselle de Belle Isle," and in 1875 she was formally accepted as a sociétaire.

It was seven years before the second rupture. While playing an engagement with the company in 1879 at the Gaiety Theater, London, she failed to appear one evening as announced in "L'Etrangère." The

English papers criticized her sharply for what they termed her capriciousness, and Bernhardt got angry. Then the Paris "Figaro" reechoed the English papers' remarks, and the actress flew into a passion, resigned from the Comédie Française, and made a visit to the United States. But it was only a brief visit, and when she got back to Paris she was persuaded to continue at the Comédie. Soon, however, she was cast for the un congenial rôle of Clorinda in "L'Aventurière," and was refused the part of Célimène in Musset's "On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour," which she wanted very much to play. Whereupon she went off, bag and baggage, to the country and declared she would never again set foot in the Théâtre Français. Now there are certain awkward things in the way of contracts that bind sociétaires of the Comédie Française, and on the strength of them she was sued for three hundred thousand francs. The case was bitterly fought and made a great controversy, but in the end the court awarded a judgment of one hundred thousand francs against the actress. This, added to her other liabilities, compelled her to accept the golden offers for a long tour made by impresarios, and in 1880 she set out. First she visited Copenhagen, then London, then America, then Rus-



FLORIA TOSCA IN "LA TOSCA."



ROXANE IN "CYRANO DE BERGERAC."



THEODORA

sia, and nearly three years passed before she was back in her beloved Paris.

Now was effected one of the most remarkable combinations the history of art has ever known. Victorien Sardou was the greatest living dramatist, and he wrote a play especially for Bernhardt. In 1882 she made her appearance as the Russian in the tragic story of "Fédora."

It was a great success and sealed the great partnership between actress and playwright. The list of works produced is a notable one. Bernhardt has played them all over the world; and in this country they are especially familiar to the public through the interpretations of Fanny Davenport, who, though in many ways the very opposite of Bernhardt, met with great success in the parts created to fit exactly the temperament and talents of the French actress.

"Fédora" was followed, in 1884, by "Théodora," which in a series of striking and intensely dramatic scenes told the story of Justinian's famous wife.

Madame Bernhardt leased the Théâtre Porte St. Martin for five years just before the production of "Théodora," and at this house it ran for nearly a year. She brought the play to America at the end of its Parisian run, and with a somewhat limited repertory brought back one hundred and sixty thousand dollars to her depleted coffers.

The third Sardou drama is "La Tosca" (1887), and it is the greatest of them all. Flavia Tosca was a Roman singer and actress, who was at the height of her career at the time of Napoleon's invasion of Italy.

The plot teems with love and political intrigue, and no part that Bernhardt has ever enacted so completely offers a medium for her every talent.

"Cléopatra," written by Sardou in collaboration with Emile Moreau, was produced in 1890. It did not have "La Tosca's" success; it was not nearly so good a play, and gravely accentuated Sardou's worst faults,



MARGUERITE GAUTIER IN "LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS."



PAULINE BLANCHARD.

which is tantamount to saying that some of the most cherished principles of dramatic art were outraged; but the interest in the Egyptian Queen's personality, and the manner of production, gave it wide-spread attention. "Gismonda," the history of a Florentine Duchess (1894), practically closed the series, for the mystic play "Spiritisme" (1897) was a real failure.

During these fifteen years Bernhardt brought out many other plays, prominent among which were a French version of F. C. Phillips' dramatized novel, "As in a Looking-Glass"—in which Bernhardt had the rôle of Lena Despard, played in this country and in England by Mrs. Langtry—in 1889; and Jean Barbier's "Jeanne d'Arc," in 1890.

Madame Bernhardt's

career as a manager really began—though she had for a brief period in 1882 taken the Ambigu in the name of her son Maurice—at the conclusion of her third visit to the United States. Soon after her return to Paris in 1893, she took the Théâtre des Nations in the Place du Châtelet and began what has probably been the most profitable, if the hardest-worked, portion of her career. She had the interior completely transformed, and embellished it with beautiful decorations by Clairin, D'Abéma, Louis Besnard and Mucha, lighting it in a fashion that the Parisians declared no less than marvelous. She selected the plays herself and attended personally to every detail of their mounting. In one case she had all the costumes made according to design in Vienna, but, not satisfied with them when they arrived, she had a complete new set made in Paris under her own direction. She was always present at rehearsals and was indefatigable in her efforts to have everything precisely to her satisfaction. The result has been that in point of manner of production the Théâtre Sarah Bern-



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hardt has been second to none in Paris. The plays that she has produced here are of such recent date that it is unnecessary to do more than mention the chief ones—"Les Rois," by Jules Lemaitre; "Izeil," by Armande Sylvestre and Morand; "Gismonda," by Victorien Sardou; "La Princesse Lointaine," by Edmond Rostand; "Lorenzaccio," adapted by Armand d'Artois from the original of Alfred de



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Musset; "La Fille Morte," by D'Annunzio; "La Samaritaine," by Edmond Rostand, a beautiful and poetic setting of the story of Christ and the woman of Samaria, whose production outside of continental Europe certain Anglo-Saxon prejudices will prevent.

She was not the first woman to attempt Hamlet, but she brought to the conception a mind far less tinged with the characteristics of feminism than any of her predecessors. Yet the burden of opinion has been that she has presented Hamlet as a woman.

Every caterer to amusement in Paris had for some years been on the lookout for special attractions in view of the crowds that would come to that city for the Exposition of 1900. As a theatrical manager Madame Bernhardt was as much interested in this event as any of the others, and it may truthfully be said that in her efforts for an attraction to supplement the great fair she succeeded best of all.

Rostand was pressed into utilizing the Napoleonic legend in a dramatic work. He saw in the character of the Duc de Reichstadt a part which would fit Bernhardt, and which at the same time could be made to reflect the genius of the father. "L'Aiglon" is an immortal work, and it is hard to say which has been more fortunate in the fame that has justly come to the play—the poet or his interpreter. The Duc de Reichstadt has been the last of Bernhardt's creations, for the assumption of the part of Roxane in "Cyrano de Bergerac," attempted for the first time in New York last December, was not of her choosing, but was made necessary by the needs of the tour with Coquelin.



ROMEO IN "ROMEO AND JULIET."



MELISSINDE.

This has been a brief review of Bernhardt's work as an actress; to write of her as an artist we must search in other directions.

"I am reproached," she once wrote to Albert Millaud, of the "*Figaro*," "with wanting to do everything—acting, painting and sculpture. But I gain money by it, and it amuses me"—two reasons either of which is surely sufficient.

She even tried her hand at authorship. In 1888 she wrote a play, "*L'Aveu*," which was produced at the Odéon and met with some success. At least one book is credited to her pen. In 1878, she made an aerial voyage in company with Georges Clairin, the painter, at first in a captive balloon, but later at the mercy of the winds. Toward the end of the year she described the adventure in a little book, "*Vers les Nuages*," which Clairin illustrated, and it had a success due mainly to its oddity and wit. Albert Wolff attacked it bitterly in the "*Figaro*," and a month later Bernhardt wrote him a note which he found clever enough to print: "It has taken me all these days," it ran, "to forget your bad humor, M. Wolff; but I cannot forget your wit, and I thank you for having lavished it so generously on me."

Such incidents as these lead us easily from the public life of the woman to her private one. It is astonishing how little is known of Madame Bernhardt's personal-

ity, and the public has been fed for years on anecdotes and squibs put out on an evident basis of ridicule or cheap humor. With such a woman it is not surprising to read of conventionality defied and originality expressed in every habit and action. To sum it all up—and one can do little more in writing under restraint of space on so complex a subject—it may be said that far beyond the majority of mortals she has found it possible to disregard limitations, and do pretty much as she wished. While the secret of doing this has not brought happiness, there can be no doubt that without it the world would have been poorer by one of the greatest artists that ever lived. An incident, related by an American visitor in Paris, though trifling in itself, is perfectly typical of the woman. Bearing letters to Madame Bernhardt,



PORTRAIT.

some two years ago, he presented them in person at the actress' residence, and was graciously received, though the apartment was in great disorder, movers being engaged in dismantling her studio as if she were about to set up her household gods in some distant land. Madame Bernhardt apologized for the disturbance, explaining in the most matter-of-course way that they were sheriff's men seizing her goods at the behest of some importunate creditor. A few minutes later, her son Maurice having remarked that he was giving a dinner to a party of friends that evening, she insisted on arranging the menu, finally telephoning to the restaurateur a command for a feast that was Lucullan in its richness and ordered with a discrimination and comprehensive knowledge that Brillat-Savarin would have envied.

She had not the money at hand to save her home from being dismantled to satisfy debts contracted long before, yet here she was ordering a feast that must have cost hundreds of francs. Her son wished to give this entertainment, she willed that his desires should be



DOÑA SOL IN "HERNANI."



IZEIL.



PORTRAIT.

gratified—and the dinner was ordered, that is all. The restaurateur was quite willing to give her credit, for he knew as well as she that her art is a bank on which she can draw unlimited checks and be sure they will be cashed—not on presentation, perhaps, but in the fullness of time.

For Sarah Bernhardt money does not exist, save as a tiresome detail of existence, well enough, doubtless, for those sordid souls who measure life by francs and centimes, but beneath the contempt of enlightened beings. Be the coveted object what it will, a gorgeous palace or a simple flower, to her the question is not "Can I afford it?" but "Do I want it?" If she does want it, it is hers, and the owner may wait for his money. If we were to analyze her attitude in this regard, we might find that she considers herself one to whom the freedom of the world is due, as in former times the freedom of a city was given to some conquering hero, who could thereafter take freely from shop or warehouse without thought of cost or payment. By her art she has paid, and will pay so long as she lives, for whatsoever thing she needs or fancies. Far from holding the theory that the world owes her a living, her attitude is that of the dwellers in the delightful land described by William Morris in "News from Nowhere," where all work is

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the stores of others. Those of meager ability who hold this view are very apt to land eventually behind prison bars; but Sarah Bernhardt's is at bottom the same superiority to conventional canons of conduct that made Napoleon almost master of the world and enabled Grant to "fight it out on that line" and crush the Rebellion at a cost of human life that would have appalled another general into inaction.

And yet, with all her triumphs, there is one crumpled rose-leaf in Madame Bernhardt's couch: the French government has never accorded to her the official recognition that was bestowed on the late Rosa Bonheur and a few other famous French-women—she has never been given the cross of the Legion of Honor. We Americans are inclined to regard this distinction with no greater reverence than we bestow on the Southern title of "colonel" in our own country, for we still recall the scandal over M. Wilson's infamous traffic in the decoration that drove M. Grévy from the presidential chair. And in France the bit of red ribbon that is the outward and visible sign of this Gallic grace is seen so frequently that one is apt to think it an integral part of every black frock-coat. But to the Frenchman its possession is a real distinction, and in this respect it is

a labor of love and each gives freely to others the excess product of his toil. Her own gifts being so rich, she has all the more right to help herself liberally from

to be supposed that Madame Bernhardt is no more a stoic than her countrymen.

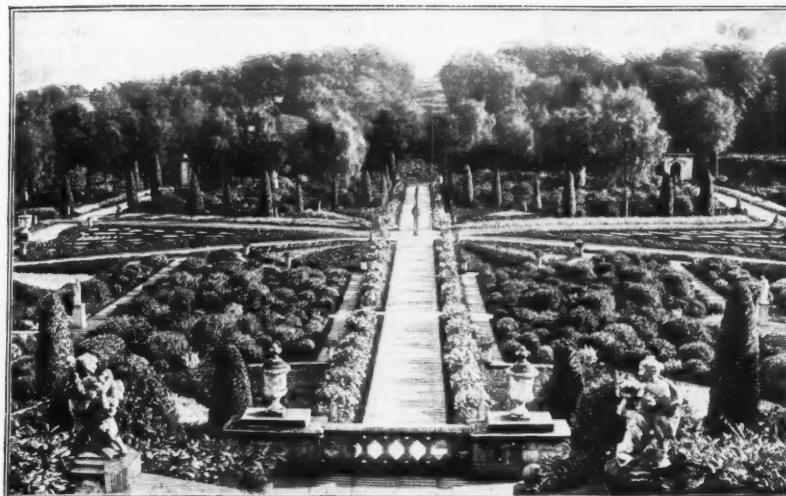
At any rate, a determined effort was made to secure the cross for her some five years ago. A magnificent fête was organized in her honor. Performances of the third act of "Phèdre" and the fourth act of "Rome Vaincue" were given at the Renaissance; this was followed by a luncheon for five hundred actors, littérateurs, artists, politicians—all those who go to make up "tout Paris," in fact—at the conclusion of which poems in her honor were read by François Coppée, Edmond Rostand, André Theuriet and Catulle Mendès; and the fête came to an end with the coronation of Madame Bernhardt as Queen of the Drama. The Ministry were then besought to grant the coveted decoration. But for once the Ministry were chary of dispensing the favor. Whether it was that they thought her unworthy of the honor, or that the proper influence had not been brought to bear, Madame Bernhardt's name has never come out in the lists and she is still without the right to display the "splash of red" that means so much in France.



PAULINE BLANCHARD.



PHÉDRE.



THE GARDENS OF DRUMMOND CASTLE, SCOTLAND.

THE GARDEN SPIRIT.

BY MARTHA BROOKES BROWN.

ALL the world over, gardens are favorite spots, and no one can afford to be without the interest of one. Some will leave the care and arrangement to gardeners, others will choose each new thing which is to be planted, but he who wants really to know his garden—meet his flowers and their wants and habits face to face—will fall upon his knees before them and give these growing things the care they need. To those who know this, it is needless to say a word, for the garden spirit is in them, and all who possess it know it to be one of their greatest pleasures.

Madame de Sévigné wrote in 1671: "I do not know what you have been doing this morning; for my part, I have been in the dew up to my knees, laying lines. I am making winding alleys all around my park which will be of great beauty. If my son loves woods and walks he will be sure to bless my memory."

So the love for outdoor effect is no new "fad," no interest which has sprung up in our minds of late. From the earliest

times there were gardens, and the world is the better to-day for the touch of gentleness they have given to all who saw them.

Early in 1500 Sir Thomas More said: "They set great store by their gardens. In them they have vineyards, all manner of fruit, herbs and flowers, so pleasant, so well furnished, and so fynely kepte that I never sawe thyng more fruitefull, nor better trimmed in anye place. Their studie and diligence herein commeth not onely of pleasure, but also of a certain strife and contention that is between strete and strete, concerning the trimmings, husbanding and furnishing of their gardens, everye man for his owne parte. And verelye you shall not lightelye finde in all the citie anythinge that is more commodious, eyther for the profite of the citizens or for pleasure."

And again, in our day, in a letter from Matthew Arnold to his daughter we find this delightful touch of the enthusiasm of autumn work: "You can imagine the relief with which I have been going about the garden this morning and planting.

NOTE.—Prominent among the architects of America who have made a careful study of artistic gardens is Mr. A. J. Manning, and it is through his courtesy that THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE is enabled to present the majority of the photographs used to illustrate this article.

Numbers of Summer flowers, the red Salvia, for instance, are blooming. The birds are happy in the open weather, and the sweet robins keep following Collis and me about as we open the ground to plant rhododendrons." We may be sure he enjoyed the bloom of those plants a few years later with far more interest than he would have felt had Collis had the entire care. And Collis will appreciate them, too.

So let us all have gardens—all who will care for them—for we shall be but following in the footsteps of those of past ages, and but expressing the love of the garden that has been in our hearts for generations. Above

enough the house to be a part of the life of its inmates, where they may go without effort, in the day or the evening. Does every one know the garden in the half evening light—when all sharp outline is blended into one luxuriant, growing mass of a green that is unlike that of the day? And do we all know it by moonlight, when all green is gone and distant corners are lost in darkness, while perhaps a white evening primrose opens its bloom to the summer night and stands pale and cool with the moonlight upon it, and its long shadow cast across the pathway? It is at these moments that our gardens are of unspeak-



THE FORMAL GARDEN OF A SUBURBAN HOME.

all, let us have a sense of seclusion in our flowered space, that the calm and peace shall in no way be broken, for here belong the song of birds and the hum of insects. When solitude is looked for, the garden is the place to which we naturally turn. Let it have cool shaded places, where out of the summer sun one may steal to sit, and, with the sound of dripping water near by, see the brilliant flower-beds in their masses of gorgeous color, standing out in the full sunlight, with the bees at their work among them and the blue sky overhead. And let the garden be just near

ble worth to us, and we begrudge no small care that has gone to their making.

With the sense of the possession of a spot, however small, of this earth's surface, should naturally come the desire to make it as beautiful as one can for the pleasure and inspiration of all who see it, as well as for what it will give the owner daily. A garden is the smallest kind of a luxury that any one could allow himself; the right things, being once established, bloom year after year in their proper seasons, growing better all the time and spreading with such rapidity that there is enough to



A JAPANESE GARDEN.

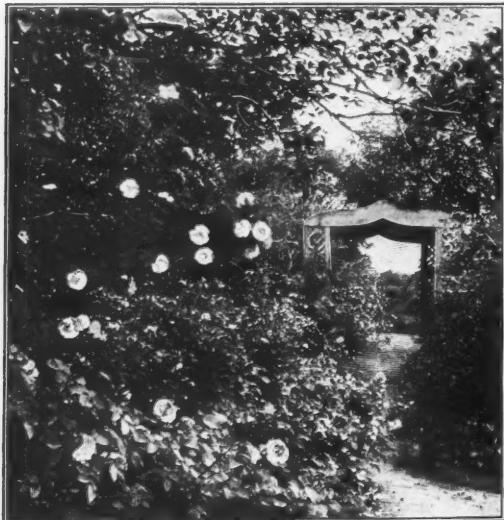
make the garden larger before long. The expense of it may be made to fit any purse, for a garden is a garden, be it the modest front-yard with its rose-bush about the doorway and its borders of sweet alyssum and stocks on each side of the path, or the more intricate flowered spot laid out with parterres and flights of steps and high walls with fountains, and vistas cut through the borders of dark trees. It is all garden—but the truer touch of personal interest is always found in the smaller place where the garden has grown under one's own hand, where the association of the blending of friendly interests is everywhere to be met with, and where, as it were, the garden stands as a beautiful expression of the love that has been given to it in the ceaseless care and interest of the owner.

I remember a little garden in Normandy about the home of an old Frenchwoman which gave me the feeling that it was the real setting of this little woman's life. On high plaster walls, which had made a perfect background for the flowering elder outside, the peach-trees were carefully trained, their tiny green fruit the smallest kind of a promise of the mellow peaches yet to come; and the rose-bushes, in the true French way, were clipped up the length of the stem and left to burst forth in all their unchecked beauty at the top of

the plant. At regular intervals they bordered the path with low flowers growing in profusion under them, as a boundary to her regularly planted vegetable-garden, which we found was her means of support. It was full of the light-green leaves of



A FORMAL GARDEN ENDING IN A TERRACE.



A RUSTIC ROSE-GARDEN.

lettuce, and tall white onion-blossoms with their long stems, and near by the bright radishes she had been tying in bunches for the market lent a decorative bit of usefulness to the quiet place. She was a perfectly happy, self-supporting woman, and I have never forgotten her look of delight as we admired her flowers and fruit. She bustled about in her white cap and sabots, making us taste her lettuce and peas, in which she seemed to take especial pride. We went away with large bunches of roses in our arms, and the garden spirit in our hearts.

These little places abound in France, and in England too, where the love of the garden has ever been felt. At times we find here in America a garden of the right sort, but much too seldom, for the nurseryman's planting of disconnected groups of miscellaneous things has taken the place of the garden for years, and the simple flowering space, such a valuable part of the home, seems almost forgotten.

In Massachusetts there is a garden which is so old and has had its own way for so long, that it has broken through its original bounds by the river and has wandered back into the orchard on one side and into the vegetable-garden on the other, and so lends the variety of poppies

to the melon-patch and of morning-glories to the beanpoles; and, to make the most of its independence and frolic, some canterbury-bells find a sheltered spot about an apple-tree. But this garden can afford to have enough for itself and to spare, for at all seasons from April to November a wealth of color is found there. It is one of those places that painters delight in, with its masses of bloom with wonderful high lights upon them, where everything is growing in healthy abundance, and still not in uncomfortable confusion. And here in the autumn, when the touch of the night frosts is beginning to change the colors on all sides, and the squirrels stop to chatter in their busy nut-storing work, one may sit

in the warm corner of a grape-covered wall with the asters and chrysanthemums still holding their bloom and the barberries growing redder day by day. Those October days!—when every blossom is doubly dear, for it is of the last, when the late pansies



A BORDER OF FLOWERS AND SHRUBS.



PARK OF A LARGE COUNTRY ESTATE.

and sweet-alyssum bloom in spite of frost, and when, the long summer all but gone, we begrudge each hour as it slips away—and think of Shelley as he wrote:

"The daughters of the year one by one through this still garden pass,
Dance into light and die into the shade."

To those last days we owe a thought in the planning of the garden, that there may be some bloom here and there as long as possible in the spot which has been beautiful for so many months.

To study the gardens of different periods

malities are now but the ghosts of their original plan, and the old stonework is covered with moss that softens every surface and lends a dull color and a sense of mystery to everything. In these places you come unexpectedly upon a glimpse of the blue sky above, reflected perhaps in some long basin of water at your feet, in which the surrounding trees too are pictured, and the whole picture framed in a wealth of blue myosotis growing luxuriantly in every crack and crevice and glistening with the mist of some neighboring



A GARDEN OF PERENNIALS.

which were naturally affected by the fashions of their day, is not only interesting but instructive in many ways, for from them valuable principles are learned, and many of these may be applied to our more modern needs. The formality, for example, which is found in the old villa gardens outside of Rome and on the Tuscan hills is of great interest, more for the lines on which they were originally laid out than for the flowers they contain. They were planted so long ago that their very for-

fountain upon it in the noonday sun; and again we may find some green bosket far off at one corner, so inviting a spot apart in its shade that to linger there is one's only impulse, and to be again in quest of new discoveries, new pleasures to be found, is one's only reason for leaving. Here about these old villas are the spots of seclusion, of quiet, of beauty, so near and so personal that one can never tire of them, never cease to wish to go back again and again; and if that may never be, the thought of



THE LONG WALK AT TRESCO ABBEY, SCILLY ISLES.

them lives in our minds and we are unsatisfied until we have created in our own land some other spot which at least breathes forth their expression of beauty and isolation, even if it has not their advantages of great age and tradition as a setting. The

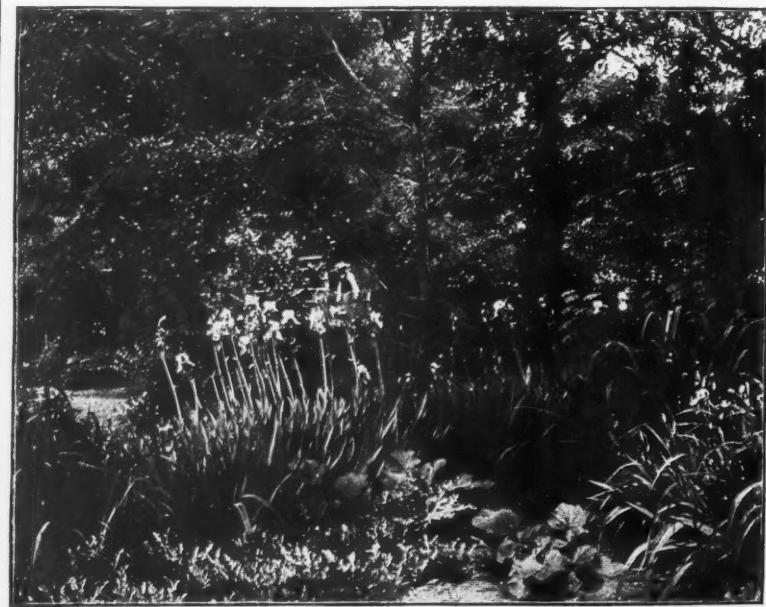
Italians apparently knew well the value of a shaded place lying in close proximity to one full of sunlight. In many villas the space about the house itself is entirely in the open, but beyond the gardens and the forecourts is invariably found a wooded



THE LINCOLN TERRACE, CLUMBER PARK, ENGLAND.

spot at an inviting distance, generally covering a considerable area, with drives or walks laid out formally between the trees, where it is a relief to wander out of the sun and heat, and yet a pleasure to come back to the flowered space where all is so brilliant and beautiful. Of all the gardens of Italy, of all the spots of overgrown beauty, the Villa d'Este at Tivoli is the most satisfying, with its terraced formation, and the long lines of cypress-trees, their pointed tops reaching high up into the air, and the fountains and waterfalls

descent is made by a series of marble steps, each flight ending in a terrace which breaks all monotony. These are so well planned and easy in their construction that it is a surprise when, at length, the lowest level of the grounds is reached, whence one can look back at the long vista, made by the planting of the garden, to the fountains and waterfalls in the different terraces above, and on upward to the old palazzo against the blue Italian sky. From these wonderful old villas we learn that a certain amount of formality in the planning of a garden is



A BIT OF WILD GARDEN.

found in every possible place. One could wander whole days in this deserted spot, finding on every side some fresh pleasure and surprise. It is in the sense of the past formality, combined with the luxuriant present where all grows unchecked and unpruned, that the greatest charm is found. Standing high up on the level where the palazzo is built, one sees the garden in its terraces below, with the ilex- and cypress-trees, grown to unusual size, framing the blue distance of the Campagna which stretches away toward Rome. The

a great help toward its beauty in many ways. The informal grace and free habit of a flower are emphasized when coming in contact with the brick or gravel path with its definite outline; and there is a restfulness in a long straight walk of ample breadth with flowers on each side, provided the general scheme of the garden is on correspondingly formal lines. A long path may easily be broken by some round fountain or sun-dial introduced half-way, and still not detract from the effect of distance; for the eye will follow the



flowered border which gives the effect of a straight walk of the entire length, without its monotony. There is a garden where in July an unbroken path of this kind, bordered by tall white lilies and higher things behind them, runs through the center—a length of more than a hundred feet

—and at the end three marble steps of gradual ascent, and the same width as the path, invite one to the entrance of a cool green wood. Another spot where the formality lends much to the effect, is in a rose-garden where the paths are laid out at right angles, meeting in the center. Here there is a large shallow basin of water which reflects the tall roses growing about it, and in its form gives just that note of design which lends so much to the effect of the rose-bush with its rambling growth.

It goes without saying that whatever formality is used in the garden must be governed naturally by its general surroundings

and the architecture of the house which it may adjoin. The most definite formality in the garden plan itself does not imply that a single flower should fail to have its own free way of growth. The day when the actual forms of a bedding plant were

distorted or clipped to fit

a space, is fortunately becoming a thing of the past. With the appreciation for gardens which is so steadily increasing among us, there is a truer understanding of the flowers themselves. Indeed, there was never an age when there was so great a variety—brought from all the world over—and with a love for them it will be impossible to sacrifice them to the artificial plantings which have so long disfigured our lawn edges.



WILD GARDEN OF A SUBURBAN HOME.



THE GARDEN TERRACES AT DRUMMOND CASTLE.

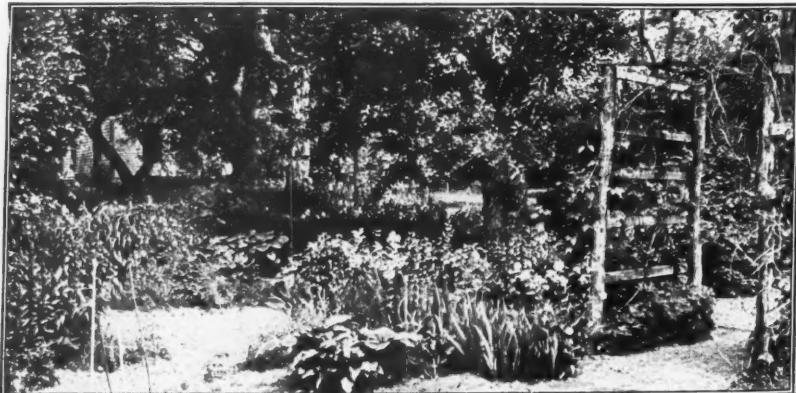


THE GARDENS OF LEVENS HALL, ENGLAND.

Apart from the garden scheme itself in its general sense, the unlimited possibility for color effects is one of the best parts of it. The value of any flower is emphasized if care is used in its relation to the others, as the charm of one of a delicate growth is almost spoiled if it is grown by some coarser-leaved plant. Too great a difference in the heights of things growing together spoils the effect of all, and produces a lack of restfulness and balance. The color schemes that are possible are never-ending. A tall tiger-lily against a spruce-tree, its reddish, gracefully curving petals standing out clearly against the almost black green of the tree, is well worth

noticing, and I have found the green and red of *Pyrus Japonica* peculiarly adapted to that of the white pine. The growth of a tall poppy with its whitish-green leaf is beautiful with the green of the tree peonies. They make a bed of bloom through a good part of June and July, the two flowering in these different months.

The garden spirit belongs to no one land —to no one time. It has existed for centuries and grown more refined and more intense as time and men advanced, until today we look upon our gardens with the eyes not only of proud possessors but of intelligent gardeners and grateful pupils combined.



THE INFLUENCE OF BEAUTY ON LOVE.

BY HENRY T. FINCK.

IN the scale of animal life, where does beauty begin to inspire love or decide the choice of a mate?

The greatest naturalist of the nineteenth century asked himself that question. Regarding genera lower than insects he came to the conclusion that "it is almost certain that these animals have too imperfect senses, and much too low mental powers, to appreciate each other's beauty or other attractions." For butterflies, however, and other insects, as well as fishes, reptiles, birds and mammals, he laid claim to a sense of beauty; and to its exercise in the selecting of a mate he attributed their physical beauty. The males, who are usually more brightly colored or otherwise ornamented than the females, owe their charms, he wrote, to "the females for many generations having chosen and paired with the more attractive males"; while in the rare cases where the females are more brilliant than the males, the latter "have selected the more beautiful females, and have thus slowly added to their beauty."

This, in brief, is Darwin's famous theory of sexual selection, to the elucidation of which he devoted several hundred pages of his "*Descent of Man*." If his view is correct, the sense of beauty in animals must have played an astonishing rôle in trans-

forming the aspect of the world. I am convinced, however, that if Darwin's own sense of beauty had not been so rudimentary, he would never have had the courage to maintain that female reptiles, fishes and insects are guided in their pairing by a subtle esthetic sense and an amorous passion for beauty such as we very seldom find even among the most cultured human females.

However that may be, the theory of sexual selection, so far as it applies to animals, was entirely demolished by Darwin's best friend and greatest admirer, Alfred Russell Wallace. While admitting that females apparently do sometimes exert a choice, he points out that there is a total absence of any evidence that they admire or even notice the display the males make of their charms. The choice of the female, so far as she ex-

ercises any, falls simply upon the most vigorous, defiant and mettlesome males, and these, as he shows, are, as a rule, adorned with the finest ornaments and richest colors, in accordance with the natural law that health, vigor and beauty generally coincide.

Thus *natural* selection suffices to explain the beauty of male animals; and it also explains why the females usually have dull



MADEMOISELLE DORTZAL, WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE FOR BEAUTY, PARIS, 1899.

colors; these being necessary to them during nesting-time as a protection from the spying eyes of enemies.

It is among human beings that we must therefore look for the first instances of physical beauty influencing amorous selection. If we accept the opinion current among scientific writers, such instances occur even among the lowest savages. Alfred Russell Wallace himself wrote an approving preface to Edward Westermarck's "History of Human Marriage," in which there is a great show of learning to prove that "in every country, in every race, beauty stimulates passion," and that "men and women began to ornament, mutilate, paint, and tattoo themselves chiefly in order to make themselves attractive to the opposite sex—that they might court successfully, or be courted."

Missionaries and explorers have described a multitude of practices indulged in by savages and barbarians which seem to speak in favor of this view. Nevertheless, some years ago I expressed the conviction that among the lower races the women choose—if they choose at all—"not the handsomest men, but those whose boldness, pugnacity, and virility promise them the surest protection against enemies, and general domestic delights," and that while the men may perhaps be more disposed to select wives in accordance with some standard of beauty, that standard is so low and grotesque that it leads to results which do not make for true beauty. Westermarck's specious pleading, I confess, almost persuaded me, subsequently,

that he was right and I wrong. But while I was collecting and digesting the vast amount of material on which my book entitled "Primitive Love and Love-Stories" is based, the conviction simply forced itself on me that I was right after all; and I proceeded to prove in detail what I can here only touch on very briefly: first, that the personal decorations of savages have nothing to do with love and beauty, but are, in most cases, part of a language of signs; and secondly, that bodily beauty unadorned, also, so far as it exists among savages, inspires neither the feeling of esthetic admiration nor that of love.

A visitor coming across a band of Dakota Indians and noticing that some of the men were decorated with feathers that were marked with peculiar spots or colored stripes, would naturally infer that these were worn for ornamental purposes, perhaps to make a pleasing impression on the women. In reality these feathers had nothing to do with women or



LA CAVALIER.

beauty. They were simply specimens of the Indian language of signs, indicating, according to the color or the number of the dots or stripes, that the wearer had killed an enemy, or wounded one, or taken a scalp, or killed a squaw, and so on.

Tattooing used to be practised by Indians in all parts of North and South America, as it was by savages in other parts of the world. What was their object in thus marking their skins in various patterns? According to the advocates of the sexual selection theory, they did it to make themselves attractive to the opposite sex. But

there are no facts whatever to warrant this conclusion. When Agassiz was in Brazil, Major Coutinho, who had made a thorough study of the Indians, informed him "that the tattooing has nothing to do with individual taste, but that the pattern is appointed for both sexes, and is invariable throughout the tribe. It is connected with their religion and with their caste, the limits of which are very precise." Mallery, the expert on picture-writing, has written several hundred pages on this subject in the Reports of the Washington Bureau of Ethnology. He found and described no fewer than seventeen reasons why tattooing is or was in use, such as to distinguish between a slave and a freeman, or between a high and low status in the tribe; to indicate courage in supporting pain; to mark exploits in war; to show religious symbols; to avert dis-

ease; to indicate disgrace; to show that a woman is married, or marriageable; to inspire fear in the enemy; to bring good fortune; and so on. Charming the other sex is not even one of the seventeen objects of tattooing, except magically, which, of course, is a question of superstition, not of beauty. These are only a few instances out of hundreds I might cite to prove that savages decorate their persons in various ways not to make themselves beautiful, but merely to indicate certain things to the eyes at a glance. In other words, their supposed personal "decorations" are, to make the statement more comprehensive, simply part of a language of signs to express various things in relation to rank, religion, war, mourning, and other diverse social customs. Some of the alleged decorations—as where Patagonians or Canadian Indians smear their bodies with paint—served simply as a protection against wind and weather. In innumerable other cases all sorts of objects—feathers, teeth, bones, fins of fishes, shells, pieces of metal, etcetera—seemingly intended as personal ornaments, are, in reality, nothing but amulets, "medicines" and charms, which are worn without the remotest notion of beauty or love. Every tribe has this language of signs, and it



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A PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY.

is so complicated that a volume would not suffice to explain all the skin marks and amulets in detail.

These are only a few instances out of hundreds I might cite to prove that savages decorate their persons in various

Indirectly, the "ornaments" worn by a savage may influence the choice of a mate. A warrior's plumes may call attention to his prowess and thus win a maiden's instant favor; or the maiden's particular ornaments may indicate her rank and thus stimulate the ardor of a warrior



AMERICAN GIRL AT THIRTY—AND AT SIXTEEN.

eager to make a good family alliance. But of an esthetic interest in these decorations—that is, a love of them for their own sake as objects of beauty—I have not found any evidence in the thousands of books of travel I have consulted.

But there is another side to the question. The colored feathers and other ornaments worn by savages are not, as in the case of birds, an integral part of their bodies, but mere external appendages, paints and patterns. How about their bodily beauty unadorned? Have they any such beauty, and does it inspire love in them?

Most animals are naturally beautiful in their own way. Even the unsightly camels while young are pretty-looking animals. Savages, on the other hand, are usually plain or ugly even in youth, and in old age more hideous than camels. This anomaly is due to the fact that nature (natural selection) takes care of animals and teaches them to lead normal, healthful lives instinctively, whereas primitive man relies on his own intellectual faculties, which are so weak and rudimentary that he is constantly exposed to error and misdeeds.

Nature evidently *tries* to make young savages as pretty as young animals, but her efforts are thwarted in so many ways that the results are discouraging, particularly as far as the females are concerned. Occasionally an explorer sees a well-shaped figure or a pretty face, but as a rule the women and girls are most uncomely. Even the South Sea Islanders, who are not savages but belong among the highest barbarians, do not deserve the reputation for beauty given them by the old sailors, to whom, after a three months' solitary voyage, any woman seemed charming. Wilkes could not discover the much-vaunted beauty of the Tahitian females, and Edward Reeves declared that "to compare the prettiest Tongan, Samoan, Tahitian, or even Rotuman, to the plainest and most simply educated Irish, French or Colonial girl that has been decently brought up, is an insult to one's intelligence."

Galton and other explorers noticed that if there was an exceptional pretty girl among the races they



A FAMOUS FRENCH MODEL.



JAPANESE GIRL AT TWENTY-ONE—AND AT THIRTEEN.

amorous attention of the men. American Indians were observed to select their wives not for their personal beauty, but for "their strength and ability to work." But this indifference to beauty is of much less significance than the hostile attitude toward it assumed by savages and barbarians. They are never content to leave nature alone, but mutilate and deform every part of the body till it is disgusting to behold.

Philosophers and anthropologists seem to have hitherto assumed unanimously that these mutilations simply indicate a peculiar sense of beauty on the part of these savages, and some have even maintained that they have as much right to their "taste" as we have. But this is perfect nonsense. The mutilations are part of the savages' language of signs, or a result of fashion. They have nothing to do with taste or a sense of



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beauty. My theory that the lower races have no sense of personal beauty at all, does away with a thousand absurdities and difficulties in the interpretation of their customs.

Apart from the loathsome mutilations referred to, there is nothing which more convincingly argues their lack of any sense of beauty than their habitual indifference to filth; for personal cleanliness is the first and most essential of all esthetic virtues.

How then can we ascribe a sense of beauty

to Mono Indians, for example, concerning whom John Muir writes that "the dirt on their faces was fairly stratified, and seemed so ancient and undisturbed it might almost possess a geological significance"? Or to the Apaches, concerning whom Cozzens tells us that "the sight of a man washing his face and hands almost convulsed them with laughter"?

Schopenhauer declared that the figure is more important than the face as an inspirer of amorous sentiment. If this is the case, we may perhaps find what we are hunting for in the attitude of the savage toward the human figure. Here we do find one personal peculiarity which attracts him strangely and determines his choice of a mate—excessive corpulence. Native Australians, Brough Smyth tells us, seldom hesitate to risk their lives if there

is so great a prize to win as "a very fat woman." This, however, has nothing to do with personal beauty; for not only is excessive corpulence antipodal to such beauty, but Smyth expressly adds that a fat woman will be sought for "however old and ugly she may be." Similarly, we are informed concerning the Hottentots by the missionary Theophilus Hahn that "their sole love affair is the fattening process, on the result of which, as with a pig,

THE INFLUENCE OF BEAUTY ON LOVE.



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A GREEK GIRL.
From a Painting by Edward J. Poynter.*

depends the girl's value and the demand for her."

This, indeed, indicates the ideals of "love" and "beauty" among much higher peoples, such as the Somali, the Moors, and Orientals in general. The Somali have this characteristic love-poem: "You are beautiful and your limbs are fat; but if you would drink camel's milk you would be still more beautiful." "The Moors have singular ideas of feminine perfection," wrote Mungo Park. "With them corpulence and beauty seem to be terms nearly synonymous."

In all these respects the races referred to are not only infinitely beneath our own ideals—they are lower even than animals. For animals never mutilate themselves; nor are they uncleanly, if they can possibly help it; nor do they select partners for their obesity; and, however much the males may fight among themselves, they never maltreat the females.

How it is in this last respect among savages, may be inferred from two speci-

men citations. Regarding Australians the Rev. G. Taplin says: "The woman is an absolute slave. She is treated with the greatest cruelty and indignity, has to do all laborious work, and to carry all the burthens. For the slightest offence or dereliction of duty, she is beaten with a waddy or a yam-stick, and not unfrequently speared." G. P. Belden, who lived twelve years among the Sioux Indians, wrote: "So severe is their treatment of women, a happy face is hardly ever seen in the Sioux nation. Many become callous, and take a beating much as a horse or ox does."

Considerations like the foregoing, enforced by thousands of corroborative instances, induced me to maintain that the capacity for true, altruistic love, and for the appreciation of personal beauty, instead of being, as commonly supposed, shared with us by the lower races, belongs in reality among the highest and latest products of civilization. The savage recognizes no beauty, and he knows no spiritual love. What has been said of the Creek Indians admirably sums up the whole subject: "The refined passion of love is unknown to any of them, although they apply the word *love* to rum or anything else they wish to be possessed of."

Where, then, shall we seek the first manifestations of true love and a genuine appre-



*Copyright, 1895, by Baker's Art Gallery.
AN ORIENTAL TYPE.*

ciation of personal beauty? Our mind naturally reverts at once to the Greeks, who had such a high civilization more than two thousand years ago, and who are especially famed for their works of art. In the matter of love, however, there is so little difference between Greeks and Greeks that I see no incongruity in placing a paragraph on the Greeks side by side with one on Indians. The passion of the Greeks is of course less gross than that of the Greeks, yet it does not rise above sensuality. A writer in Plutarch's "Dialogue on Love" tersely sums up the Greek feeling on the subject when he declares: "True love has nothing to do with women, and I maintain that those of you who are inclined toward women and maidens do not love them in any other way than as flies love milk or bees honey." In that famous poem of Sappho that has been so often declared a compendium of all the wrote, "could not have been deep and emotions that make up love, I have not been able to find anything but a comic catalogue of such feelings as might overwhelm a woman if she met a bear in the woods—"deadly pallor," "a cold sweat," "a fluttering heart," "tongue paralyzed," "trembling all over," "a fainting fit." Of the imaginative, senti-

mental, esthetic, moral, altruistic, sympathetic, affectional symptoms of what we know as romantic love, there are but faint traces in the love-poems of any of the Greeks.

Nor is this in the least surprising when we bear in mind how these Greeks regarded and treated their women. Girls were practically kept under lock and key till their wedding-day, when they were

given away without regard to their own choice. They never had the benefit of associating with bright men, or of seeing the world, nor had they any schools, either public or private. They were compelled to vegetate in ignorance, and therefore could have had none of the individuality, the expression, the beauty of mind and character, which alone can inspire the higher love in men.

"Their eyes," as

Shelley



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A PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY.

intricate from the workings of the mind, and could have entangled no heart in soul-enwoven labyrinths."

The ancient Greeks, in a word, with all their superior culture, failed to discover the charms of true femininity. They were as preëminently masculine in their ideas and ideals as American Indians. Their

Venus is a wanton; their Juno, a shrew; while Diana, goddess of the cruel chase, is repulsively mannish, the professed enemy of love; and Minerva, goddess of war and wisdom, has, in the words of Gladstone, "nothing of sex except the gender, nothing of the woman except the form."

Nay, the Greeks did not even discover that physical beauty is a specifically feminine attribute. Every reader of Greek literature, every observer of Greek statuary, knows that Winckelmann spoke the truth

when he said that "the supreme beauty of Greek art is male rather than female."

Greek beauty was youthful masculine beauty; that was the beauty which inspired most of their poetic rhapsodies. Tallness, which is a masculine attribute, was made a desideratum in women, and I have seen no Greek statue in which all the lines and curves are so exquisitely and unmistakably feminine as, for instance, in the "Psyche"

of Bouguereau; while even in the Venus statuary, as Sir Charles Bell has remarked, there is no womanly expression; as he says, "it has no human softness, *nothing to love.*" Before woman could become lovable, beautiful and adorable in accordance with our ideals, an event of supreme importance had to happen. Christ had to come into the world and preach the virtues of gentleness, compassion, patience, humility, meekness. These are feminine

virtues, and femininity thus had, for the first time, a mighty champion against the rough, brutal, selfish masculinity theretofore rampant in the world. It is true that the early professors of this religion misinterpreted the new message, and women were by them despised quite as much as by the Greeks and the Greeks. But the seed had been sown, and it gradually bore fruit: first, in the worship of Mary, which exalted both motherhood and womanhood; and secondly, in the practice of Chivalry, which, with all its hypocrisy and inconsistency, nevertheless was a great civilizing agency in accustoming the mind of rough man to the thought that woman might be his superior and deserve his homage, because of her feminine beauty and her womanly virtues.

This attitude marks a tremendous advance over the ancient Greeks, who honored only such women as performed deeds of masculine heroism. But in one regard the Greeks were in advance of the Christians of the medieval centuries: they respected the body and took pains to preserve its health, at least so far as the men were concerned; whereas the medieval Europeans despised the body and allowed it to degenerate amid filthy and unsanitary surroundings; the result of this contempt being an almost universal ugliness, nay, hideousness, of which the European art-galleries contain many startling examples.



Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

MISS CAROLINE FRYE.

Before beauty in art and life could make any progress, the Greek esteem for the healthy body had to be united with the medieval exaltation of the soul. The Renaissance brought about this combination, by reviving the knowledge of Greek art and sanctifying the charms of living beauty: To the resulting union of bodily and spiritual beauty we owe the best of the countless Madonna pictures, exquisite portraits of true femininity.

Coarse, carnal beauty can inspire only coarse, carnal love. To insipidity (by which inspire refined love, beauty itself must first be refined. Beauty such as is embodied in these Madonnas is capable of inspiring true love; but in the Italian and Spanish country girls who served as models for most of these pictures there is, nevertheless, something lacking. Bellini and Murillo had little chance to paint the very highest type of feminine beauty, because that type is chiefly a product of the last two centuries, particularly the nineteenth. Their model maidens were good, pure, lovely, but they were not educated; and education gives the finishing touches to beauty, *per se* and as an inspirer of love. Goethe, indeed, declared that intellect in a woman does not help her to make a man fall in love with her;



A WELL-KNOWN FRENCH MODEL.



AN ENGLISH GIRL.

From a painting by James Sant, R.A.
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and it is true that intellect *alone* does not. But I maintain that if a girl is otherwise attractive, intellect will double her beauty and her charms. Why this is so, is made clear by Ruskin in a passage wherein he speaks of "the operation of the intellectual powers upon the features, in the fine cutting and chiseling of them, and removal from them of signs of sensuality and sloth, by which they are blunted and deadened, and substitution of energy and intensity for vacancy and

which wants alone the faces of many fair women are utterly spoiled and rendered valueless); and by the keenness given to the eye and fine molding and development to the brow."

The recent reviewers of the nineteenth century have ignored this interesting phase of evolution. They have ignored also another delightful acquisition for which we are indebted mainly to the last century—*prolonged girlhood*. To look like a girl as long as possible is the passionate desire of most women; yet how few succeed even now! Among the lower races a girl of sixteen or eighteen looks, as we have seen, more than twice as old. Among American negroes, has any one ever seen a girl of sixteen or twenty? They seem to jump at once from fifteen to thirty. The

Japanese men are in some cultural respects our superiors. Their women are not masculine, but delightfully feminine, and in youth some of them are very pretty. But their girlhood is very brief, and their beauty ephemeral. Look on the two pictures reproduced on page 592 and note the sad havoc created in the interval between the ages of thirteen and twenty-one. Then look at the American girl's pictures and note that whatever change there has been from the sixteenth to the thirtieth year (after eight years of married life) is actually an improvement. There is more mind, more character, and she still has the look of a young girl. Formerly girls used to fade before their expanding minds could impart their beauty to their features. Now many of them are able to combine physical and mental beauty, and this means for Cupid a new quiver full of the sharpest arrows of pure gold. The progress is due to the emancipation of women from hard work (a dray-horse cannot be beautiful), the observance of the laws of health, and the avoidance of too early marriage.

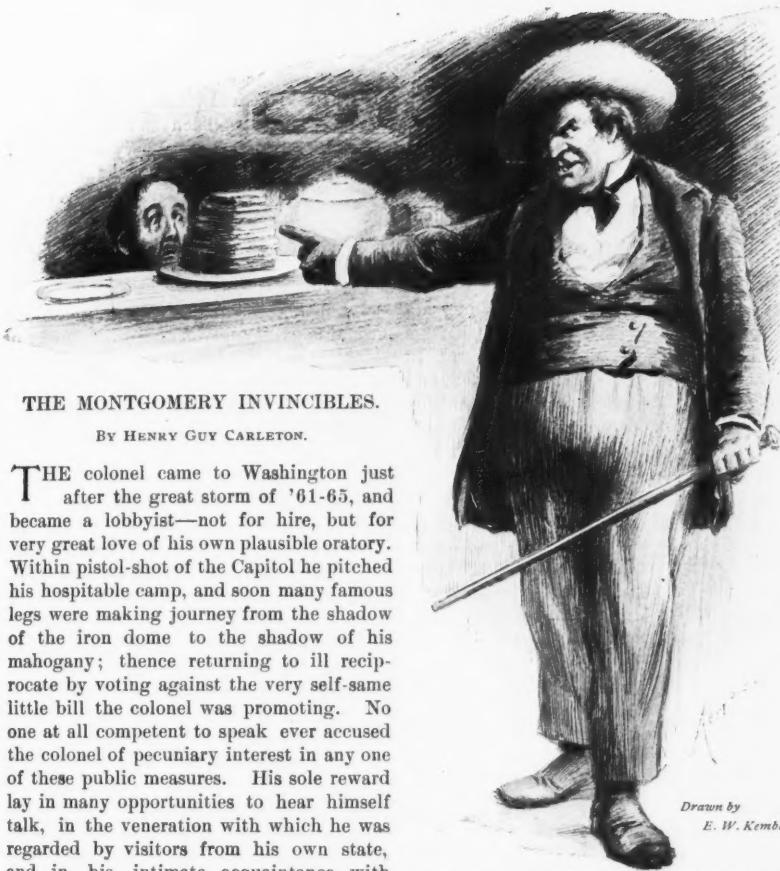
The nineteenth century has also settled the question as to the sex of beauty. A few modern writers have maintained that the Greeks were right in considering man

the beautiful sex; but they are now in a hopeless minority. When we speak of the fair sex, we always mean women. The definition given by Crabb in his "English Synonyms" shows how this idea has become part of the very substance of our language: "Beauty is peculiarly a female perfection; in the male sex it is rather a defect; a man can scarcely be beautiful without losing his manly characteristics, boldness and energy of mind and robustness of limb."

Beyond all doubt, beauty is of the feminine gender. It has at last become woman's special prerogative, the attainment of it her duty. Within its realm, and not in competition with man, lies her future. She used to be man's slave, then his companion, and now she seems to strive to make herself entirely independent of him. Fatal error! She should make him her slave, ask him to emancipate her from all outdoor labor, to let her live and grow up, with her children, like a flower in his garden, so that he may have beauty for beauty's sake. And as the perfect beauty which is possible only under such circumstances involves mental culture and moral beauty as well as physical health and charm, it will insure the evolution of love of the highest kind—love as pure as a flower, as lasting as a mother's affection.



A TYPE OF THE PARISIAN STAGE.



THE MONTGOMERY INVINCIBLES.

BY HENRY GUY CARLETON.

THE colonel came to Washington just after the great storm of '61-'65, and became a lobbyist—not for hire, but for very great love of his own plausible oratory. Within pistol-shot of the Capitol he pitched his hospitable camp, and soon many famous legs were making journey from the shadow of the iron dome to the shadow of his mahogany; thence returning to ill reciprocate by voting against the very self-same little bill the colonel was promoting. No one at all competent to speak ever accused the colonel of pecuniary interest in any one of these public measures. His sole reward lay in many opportunities to hear himself talk, in the veneration with which he was regarded by visitors from his own state, and in his intimate acquaintance with strong men of the day. The source and amount of his income were both known—a deceased wife had left him thirteen thousand dollars a year on condition that he should not marry again—and his life was unfretful, and rich in content, except on rare occasions when a nomadic spirit uncontrollably possessed him, and compelled him to come to New York.

It was during one of these aimless sojourns that Ecclesine and I met him. We had had a late supper and were passing through the lobby of an uptown hotel, when the colonel rose from a chair, doffed his hat with impressive courtesy and said: "I beg yo' pahdon, suhs, for trespassin'

Drawn by
E. W. Kemble.

"THE UNSPEAKABLE PROPRIETAH SCANDALOUSLY REFUSED. SUH, TO ALLOW MAJAH BOB YAN-DELL TO KILL HIM IN A DUEL."

on yo' hospitality, but I'm almost a complete stranger within yo' gates, and I feel, suhs, within me, an almost uncontrollable impulse for a little quiet spo'tin'. May I therefo' ask you, suhs, to direct me—or I'll be charmed if you will pussonally escoot me, suhs—to a fa'o bank—or where I can crdah a chilly but cohnvivial quart, suhs—ary one place or both?" We pleaded ignorance, but the colonel gently insisted upon walking with us, and such was the charm of his conversation that before long he had us both spellbound in a cozy nook, each with a steaming jorum at

his elbow, and held us there, alternately ordering, till nearly sunrise. He then told us that if either called upon him in Washington, it would be a courtesy he would always remember and esteem, and bade us an elaborate farewell.

My next encounter was in Washington —in the rotunda of the Capitol. The colonel recognized me just as he was in the act of showing the echo to a party of open-mouthed sight-seers from Iowa, whom he had been guiding through the labyrinth.

I may be mistaken in thinking I saw a faint blush rise to his cheek, but he bade his party a lordly adieu, and lifting his hat like a plumed cavalier, came across to welcome me to the seat of government, suh, and to say that if there was any matter of mine before Congress, to which he could give his influence and attention, he would esteem it, suh, a puusonal honor, suh, and a proud distinction. I found out later that the colonel had for seventeen years been giving his undivided influence and attention to a deceased relative's claim for seven thousand three hundred and forty dollars, for mules confiscated by General Sheridan during one of his rude raids; and though he had spent the full value of the claim in dinners, and had compelled the Court of Claims to acknowledge the loss of those mules, the bill for relief had always managed in a miraculous way to elude attention in either the upper or the lower House. Once it passed both Houses, but the engrossing clerk forgot in the hurry of the last day to enter its passage in the record. Meanwhile, the colonel toiled on, dining and wining the magnates of both parties, and became one of the ornaments of the Capitol.

I had no little matter before Congress, but I had several friends to entertain in the evening, and to make sure of their happiness, invited the colonel. He came.

During the first three juleps he enlightened us as to the tremendous importance of that little matter of mules, and proved by his documents that unless Congress adjudicated the claim before Cuban, Puerto Rican and Philippine affairs came to the front, the nation's credit would be seriously impaired at Front Royal, Virginia, and for twenty miles therefrom, up and down the

Shenandoah, where every man and boy knew the claim by heart, and expected to share in its benefits.

Naturally then the conversation drifted upon the subject of war, and the colonel was asked if he had taken part in the great struggle of '61. Then and thus we got the history of the Montgomery Invincibles. "No, suh," replied the colonel. "I was not in the fust paht of that mem'able cohnflict. Befo' my esteemed relative passed away, suh, and bequeathed his mule-claim to me, I lived in Mon'gome'y, Alabama, suh."

"I acknowledge, suh, with profound grief, that the only blot on the honor of the fair state of Alabama is the low-flung abolition railroad eatin'-house established in Mon'gome'y by the coa'se and unfeelin' corporation that runs that railroad, but that, suh, should not be charged against her. No self-respectin' citizen of Mon'gome'y has evah refreshed himself at that abolition eatin'-house, since the unspeakable proprietah scandalously refused, suh, to allow Majah Bob Yandell to kill him in a duel. He left town, suh, till the majah drank himself into a low feval and died. Then he returned to the eatin'-house, but socially was ostracized, suh, from that ve'y day. The eatin'-house still runs, but its amazin' vulgarity is entirely suppo'ted by No'thern towrists, suh, at fifty cents a head, payable befo' the on-principled conductah—who is cappah fo' the game—will consent to start the train. But we'll let that disgraceful mattah pass.

"I was a membah, suh, of the Mon'gome'y Dancin' and Hunt Club, which was founded by my double kinsman, Cunnel Beaufo't Mon'gome'y, who was the head of the Mon'gome'y family, from which the town, suh, took its impressive name.

"Cunnel Mon'gome'y, suh, always put special cohnfidence in me, on the sco' of our double relationship. When my great-grandfathah died, his widow, on her second attempt to fohget her intense bereavement, ma'ied a Mon'gome'y, and my fust wife's brother-in-law's stepdaughter cohntracted an alliance with a Beaufort—thus creating between me and the cunnel a double bond to which I was always proud to allude, and which, suh, he would always most affably remembah.

"In foundin' the Mon'gome'y Dancin' and Hunt Club, the cunnel cohnfided to me that he proposed placin' it, suh, on the highest social plane it was possible for a club to be, by incorporatin' into the cohnstitution a by-law which made no one eligible to membahship who was not distinctly related to the Mon'gome'y family. And I am proud to say, suh, in electin' ovah nine hundred membahs, this by-law was nevah broken.

"When the news reached Mon'gome'y, suh, that war had actually begun, there was great excitement, and we all hurried to the club, knowin' that the cunnel would give us advice and counsel beftittin' the solemn occasion.

"Aftah roll-call, to which eve'y membah heartily responded, Cunnel Mon'gome'y rose, and in the midst of a ve'y impressive silence, informed us that the tocsin had sounded, the watch-fire was ablaze on the battlement, the hideous gauntlet of the foe had been insolently flung at our ve'y feet, suh, and the heel of the ruthless invadah was planted on our sacred soil. He added, suh, that it was clearly the duty of eve'y patriot to rise up and drive the invadah back to his lair.

"On this announcement, suh, the silence was so profound that for several minutes the youngah membahs could hear their hair growin'. Then one of the oldest directahs arose, and, in a voice tremblin' with emotion, inquired if we should have time to go home and bid our families a hurried good-by befo' goin' to the front.

"Cunnel Mon'gome'y replied, suh, that we should have ample time, and mo' than was necessary. He had carefully cohnSIDered the question, suh, and was sorry to

say that, although he loved his country to distraction, and presumed eve'y membah did the same, there was one duty we owed as patriots, and anothah that we owed, suh, as membahs of the Mon'gome'y Dancin' and Hunt Club, which had a by-law prohibitin' any membah doin' anything calculated, suh, to bring the club into disrepute. The field of battle, he explained, was simply, on a large scale, a field of honah, on which a gen'leman could only meet his social equal, and he failed to see, suh, how any self-respectin' membah of the Mon'gome'y Dancin' and Hunt Club could go to the front and condescend to meet any low-flung abolitionist on the field of battle, without practically flingin' away his social position and comin' under the by-law by bringin' the club into disgrace. Therefo', he said, whereas it was clearly the duty of eve'y membah to encou'age the movement to the front of patriots from humblah walks, he could not see how the Mon'gome'y Dancin' and Hunt Club could countenance any such degradin' action as to volunta'ily meet a Yankee upon any pretext whatevah.

"Thereupon, suh, we cohnfined our efforts to encou'agin' the recruitin' of patriots who were tabooed from society, and about two years elapsed. Meantime remarks began to pass, suh, especially among the ladies, some of whom went so far as to say that our club was full of able-bodied kyowards who ought to be sent up to the front in a tin cage. Cunnel Mon'gome'y was always extremely sensitive to criticism, especially from the fair sex, and in about a week aftah this last remark had been repeated to him in cohnfidence, he called anothah gen'ral meetin' of the club.



Drawn by
E. W. Kemble.

"CUNNEL MON'GOME'Y ROSE."

"Cunnel Mon'gome'y was radiant. He infohmed us, suh, that he was delighted to find that investigation had proved to him that he could now safely po't the helm and pilot the fair name of the club outer the breakahs which had erst threatened to whelm her. He had learned, suh, that several citizens of fair social standing in othah communities—Gen'ral Robert E. Lee, of Vah-giniah, Gen'ral Huger, of South Ca'llinah, Gen'ral Albert Sidney Johnston, Gen'ral Beau'gard, of Louisianah, Gen'ral Longstreet, of Georgiah, and othahs, had met the Yankees on the field of battle, or thereabouts, and had thereby established a precedent, so that he now considered that the membahs of the Mon'gome'y Dancin' and Hunt Club could go to the front without impai'-in' their social status or comin' under that fatal by-law. Therefo', suh, he had telegraphed Gen'ral Lee, askin' whethah he couldn't arm and equip the Mon'gome'y Dancin' and Hunt Club as the Mon'gome'y Invincibles, and command them to the front, and he was happy to repo't that Gen'ral Lee, with the curtness of a soldier, had wired him back, C.O.D., that the Mon'gome'y Invincibles could arm and equip at their own expense, and that the cunnel could command 'em and take 'em wherevah he pleased.

"When the frenzied enthusiasm aroused by these flatterin' words by Gen'ral Lee had somewhat subsided, the cunnel sang a battle-hymn in fo'teen long stanzas, composed 'fo' that ve'y occasion by Mrs. Mon'gome'y and a young lady who was visiting her, from Waycross, Georgia; and then, suh, drawin' his swode, with which he had just opened a line of credit at the sto' run by Majah Beriah Jones, now Chairman of our House Committee, and

wavin' it solemnly around his head, with what he aftahwards told us was the Cohnfed'r ate yell, he infohmed us that we were now organized into the Mon'gome'y Invincibles, and would muster ourselves in fo' thwith.

"But, suh, he explained furthah, we should still be an organization of gen'lemen. Eve'y private could have his own private servant—and a chef, if he so desired; and as fo' unifohms—he would not prehsume to dictate to any gen'leman what he should wear. Let every gen'leman select his unifohm according to his taste and his means, and repo't to his

Drawn by
E.W. Kemble.

"EVE'Y PRIVATE COULD HAVE HIS OWN PRIVATE SERVANT."



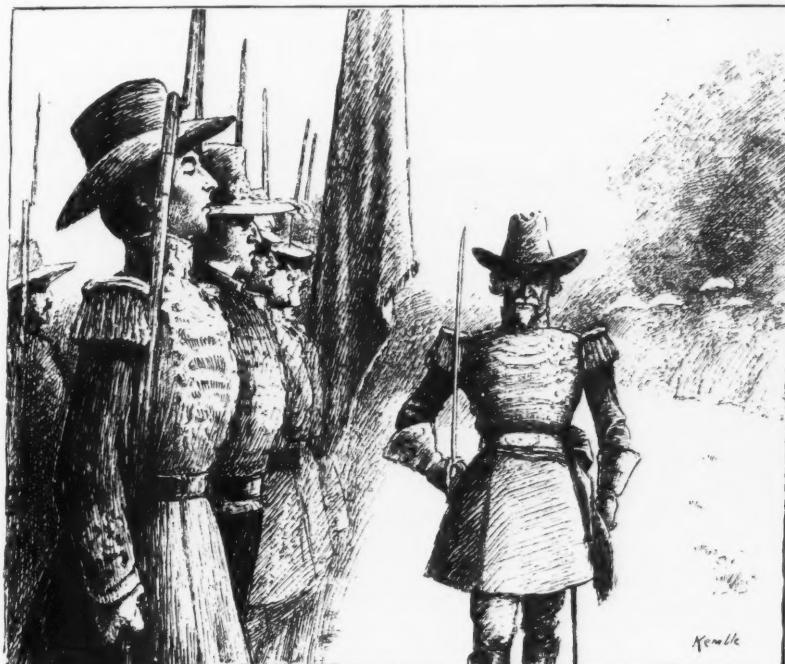
cunnel fo' inspection two weeks aftah date.

"Well, suh, you should have been present at that inspection. An officah who had served two years with Longstreet, and was home with one leg, told Mrs. Mon'gome'y that our appea'nce was absolutely amazin'. He said he didn't think there was a body of troops like us on the globe, and he felt sure that when we went to the front we should create a sensation. Mrs. Mon'gome'y presented a reg'mental flag

lowin' the great excitement, that nearly all the Invincibles had to be actually ca'ied from the place.

"Next day, suh, we started for the front. We arrived late on the followin' evenin', and aftah goin' into camp, fell to discussin' whethah Gen'ral Lee would probably give us a dinnah, a ball or an aftahnoon tea, by way of welcomin' us.

"The followin' mornin', it couldn't have been a minute later than nine o'clock when our band was rooted out of bed and



Drawn by E. W. Kemble. "OUR APPEA'NCE WAS ABSOLUTELY AMAZIN'."

composed most tastefully of pieces outen a silk dress of each Invincible's wife or sweetheart, and the gifted young lady from Waycross recited a pohm which filled ovah three columns in the mornin' papah's description of the glowin' scene: Then we went to suppah, and eve'y five minutes the cunnel would wave his swode, give us the Cohnfed'rata yell, and drink a bumpah to our motto, 'Our Country and the Ladies,' and such was the exhaustion, fol-

told to sound reveille, and fancy our amazement, suh, when we were told that Gen'ral Lee had directed that in thirty minutes we were to turn out on pahrade, and be turned over into the command of a Gen'ral Stonewall Jackson, whoevah he was!

"Well, suh, we were speechless with indignation, but we knew our honah was safe in the hands of our cunnel, and at the appointed time, suh, we marched out and foimed line.

"There was a lot of other troops drawn up on our left—low-flung ragamuffins, all dressed alike, like convicts—and two gen'rls in front, with their staffs, which we was infomed were Gen'ral Lee and Gen'ral Jackson. Their eahs would have burned, suh, at the onfav'able comments passed on the uniform they had chosen to meet the Mon'gome'y Invincibles in. There wasn't a private in our command didn't have fo' times as much gold lace and buttons on as Gen'ral Lee, and any one of our corp'rls looked like a risin' sun alongside Gen'ral Jackson.

"Well, suh, as we were standin' there, a young officah none of us knew even by name, rode up on our right, and in a loud, coa'se mannah yelled out—'Pre-sent ahms!' Didn't even say *please!*—just like he was talkin' to a lot of dawgs. Fifty of us, suh, would have shot that young ruffin dead in his tracks, but our cunnel made a little quietin' gesture, and we knew our honah was safe in his hands.

"Well, suh," the othah troops on our left, like slaves, came to a present, but as not one membah of the Invincibles stirred, the young scoundrel yelled that command even loudah; but we remained, suh, ca'm and cool, watchin' our leadah.

"Finally, suh, an aide rode ovah, presented Gen'ral Lee's compl'ments to the cunnel and begged to inquiah why the Mon'gome'y Invincibles had not saluted their commandah, Gen'ral Stonewall Jackson.

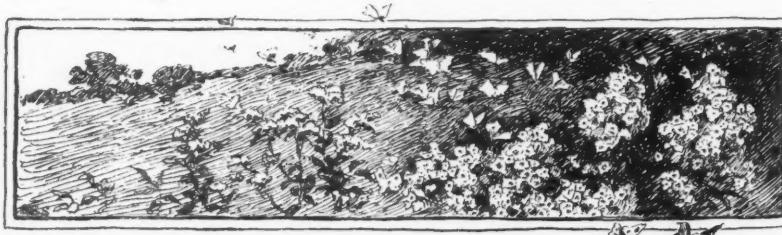
"*That*, suh, was the cunnel's opportunity. Drawin' himself up with that cold hauteur which belongs to the Mon'gome'y race, he returned *his* compl'ments to Gen'ral Lee, with the distinct infoimation that the Mon'gome'y Invincibles had not presented ahms to Gen'ral Stonewall Jackson,

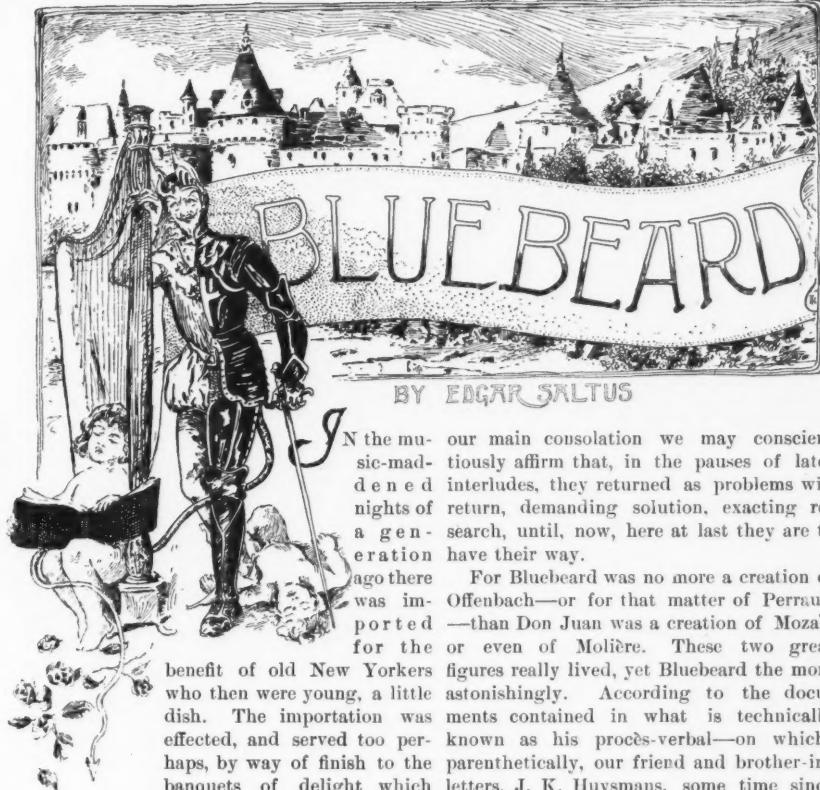
because, suh, they had not yet met him in the mannah custom'a'y among gen'lemen.

"Well, suh, we could all see that both those gen'rls realized their error. On gettin' that message, suh, they got red in the face, turned their backs on us, and fai'ly shook with emotion fo' about five minutes. Then that young aide came back—and *he* had realized *his* mistake, for his face was red and his mouth twitchin'—and, salutin', suh, he presented the most distinguished compl'ments of Gen'ral Robert E. Lee, commandin' the Ahmy of No'thern Vahginiah, to Cunnel Beaufo't Mon'gome'y, commandin' the Mon'gome'y Invincibles, requestin', as a special favor, that the Invincibles waive the ce'emony of introduction till later, and salute their commandah, Gen'ral Jackson.

"Well, suh, *that* was the amende honorable—all that could be done in the immediate premises—so Cunnel Beaufo't Mon'gome'y drew that historic swode, waved it three times with a Cohnfed'rate yell to gently attract our attention, and then said in his usual quiet, courteous mannah, 'Gen'lemen of the Mon'gome'y Invincibles, if it entiahly suits yo' convenience, will you kindly execute that military manoeuvr which is described in yo' tactics as a present ahms?' And, suh, it wasn't fo' minutes befo' the last man on our line was salutin'.

"Then, suh, anothah-aide rode over with a message from Gen'ral Jackson. The gen'ral could not enduah, suh, he said, the thought of deprivin' the city of Mon'gome'y of such noble defendahs, and he begged Cunnel Mon'gome'y, as a fust, last and special favah, to take the Invincibles back at his own expense, and present 'em, suh, to the ladies of the metropolis of Alabama, with his compliments."





N the music-maddened nights of a generation ago there was imported for the benefit of old New Yorkers who then were young, a little dish. The importation was effected, and served too perhaps, by way of finish to the banquets of delight which the opéra seria provided. The dish was "Barbe Bleue." It was light and palatable. It suggested nothing so much as cream beaten with champagne into an ethereal foam. It left none of the after-taste of truffles and red pepper which the more gorgeous fare produced. It expressed, as music should, that which cannot be told and concerning which it is impossible to be silent. Yet, though it charmed, it did not satisfy. It surprised and evoked. For who was this chimerically bearded prince who sang so deliciously and behaved so ill, who married and murdered so melodiously? From what land did he come? And was it all real or was it romance?

These problems shuttled the score. At this late date we can hardly look back and swear that they kept us awake, but with due regard to that love of truth which is

our main consolation we may conscientiously affirm that, in the pauses of later interludes, they returned as problems will return, demanding solution, exacting research, until, now, here at last they are to have their way.

For Bluebeard was no more a creation of Offenbach—or for that matter of Perrault—than Don Juan was a creation of Mozart or even of Molière. These two great figures really lived, yet Bluebeard the more astonishingly. According to the documents contained in what is technically known as his procès-verbal—on which, parenthetically, our friend and brother-in-letters, J. K. Huysmans, some time since laid violent hands—his name was Gilles de Retz, and, at a period contemporaneous to the apparition of Jeanne d'Arc, he was seigneur of the domain of Tiffauges and, therewith, seigneur de lieux dont j'ignore le compte.

The domain of Tiffauges squats on an edge of Brittany. The manor is still there. Its towers have tottered, the moat is choked, the drawbridge has crumbled. But the massive wings of the keep—festooned with lichens and astragaled with moss—extend intact. The interior rhymes with the walls. There are there high baronial halls, contracted cells, narrow corridors, a stairway which cavalry could mount, other stairs precipitately spiral, a circular gallery where the guard was stationed, a chapel in which a choir sang, a silence which you can feel, an odor of ruin, a sensation of chill, a savor of things dead and

damned, an impression of space, of shapes of sin, of monstrous crimes, of sacrilege and sorcery.

To-day the castle is a skeleton. Yet in the days that were, it must have been sumptuously if strangely splendid, a succession of elaborate suites hung with exquisite tapestries, furnished with that art which only the fifteenth century knew, set with combinations of woods, colors, leathers, silks and metals, decorated with amazing frescoes, with scenes of pagan love and pastoral affections. There amid the glare of fanfares and the swirl of plumes, Gilles de Retz held court.

The chronicles of the day unite in describing him as insolently rich and alarmingly good-looking, a fine chap, a brave soldier, unfathomably devout, serving fealty his God and loyally his King—so loyally that at the tolerably adolescent age of twenty-five Charles VII. created him Marshal of France. At the time, an epidemic of mysticism, induced by the occurrences connected with Jeanne d'Arc—with whom, by the way, he had assisted at the siege of Orleans—infected the doct. It infected Gilles. The fever of it accentuated his fervor. He surrounded himself with prelates, enlarged his choir, alternated between mass and meditation, aspired to union with the supersensible, imitated the inimitable life.

Existence then was not what it had been before or what it has since become. For “Noblesse oblige” read “Noblesse néglige.” The lords and gentry were lack-luster brutes, ignorant as carps, without other aims than dice, without other ambitions than brawls. Gilles de Retz had as much in common with them as they had with him. He was a scholar, a musician and a poet. In an age in which no one read, he wrote. In an age in which the best music was the click of swords, he preferred the hum of harps. In an age in which the foremost diversion was drink, he collected curious missals, startling gems and surprising birds. Within the moat pink flamingos brooded and about it white peacocks flocked. He delighted in the conversation of thinkers, in the observations of artists, in the subtleties of metaphysicians. In his large and splendid castle he entertained magnificently all who came,

providing not merely open house, but the spectacle of a great noble living nobly, a prince properly presented, one who had his own men-at-arms, his own garrison, and therewith pages, squires, knights, deans, vicars, choristers, and, above and beyond these, the right of justice high and low.

To-day the castle crouches sullenly. In the meager hamlet at its base there are women who cross themselves at mention of its former lord. To them is Barbe Bleue. Not the Bluebeard of the lyric stage nor yet the Bluebeard of the fairy tale, but the monster who maltreated and murdered.

It is the opinion of thinkers that the conscious gratification of the senses is an unconscious flight toward the ideal, that the most poignant excesses are engendered by a desire for the impossible, by aspirations for that felicity which is superterrestrial and divine. These premises accepted, it may be then that the gulf of blood which Gilles proceeded to undike is susceptible of explanation. But what was his own excuse? Or rather, by what sudden steps was the mystic converted into a reptile? The question seems complex. The answer is simple. It will be found in the limitations of wealth. During the progress of the war for which he had furnished troops, during the leisure of court, where in his quality of great noble he had advanced sums more or less imposing, and during the prodigalities at Tiffauges, where he resided in a fashion entirely regal, his patrimony had become tolerably fluid.

In an effort to maintain the splendor to which he was accustomed, he mortgaged fiefs, bartered farms, alienated domains, and even put jewels in pawn. His heirs took fright. Charles was petitioned to interfere. As a result, by letters patent Gilles de Retz was inhibited from further disposing of his property, and there suddenly was this sumptuous individual literally without a dime.

In epochs more modern and recent, individuals less sumptuous, perhaps, but equally prodigal, have found themselves in a similar plight. To remedy it some have taken to trade, some have taken to stocks. None of these avenues was open to Bluebeard. But at the time, there was another and a wider one, an immense highway de-

scending from the remotest past, but which latterly had dwindled into a blind alley with a dead wall at the end. In it was a group of savants, a congress of the wise men and charlatans of the day. Gilles joined them. Or, to be exact, those whom he could he lured to Tiffauges.

These people were called hermetics. They were in search of the alkahest which Hermes discovered and which had enabled the satrapes of old to create enchantments which the world no longer knows, to erect at will cities fairer than the uplands of dream, palaces more luminous than the twelve signs of the zodiac, and with them shimmering retrospects of paradise. The escaping memories of that alkahest, Caligula had tried in vain to detain. Bacon sought them in alembics, Thomas Aquinas in ink.

Experiments not similar, but cognate, had resulted in the theory that at that later day success was impossible without the intervention and direct assistance of the Very Low. The secret had escaped too far, memories of it had been too long ablated, to be rebeckoned by natural means. For the recovery of the evaporated arcana it was necessary that Satan should be evoked.

Satan at that time was very real. The atmosphere was so heavy with his legions that spitting was an act of worship. In the gloom of the abbeys, legates of his shouted tauntingly at the cowering monks, "Thou art damned!" In the cathedrals, through shudders of song his voice had been heard inviting maidens to swell the red quadrilles of hell. From encountering him at every turn, society had become used to his ways, and had imagined that pact whereby, in exchange for the soul, Satan agrees to furnish whatever is wanted.

For the sake of gold, into that pact Gilles presently prepared to enter. The crucibles, retorts, aludels and furnaces which the alchemists unpacked at Tiffauges, cooked nothing which savored however slightly of the alkahest. They were repacked, the alchemists dismissed, and, from the confines of the Sabbat, into the manor magicians trooped. Either the Very Low was evoked or else they lied basely. It will be said that they lied. But may not the evocation of Satan consist less in actual apparition than in suffering evil to enter

the heart, in suffering it to batten there until it has gnawed the finer fibers away, until it has made us as base as we have conceived Satan to be?

Something of that kind must have occurred in this horrible keep. Gilles de Retz became really possessed. Alchemy failing, the soul of the mystic turned a somersault, and where the saint had been the vampire emerged.

"There is," he announced, "no one on the planet who has dared what I have done." We believe him. It was under his hand that the real massacre of the innocents occurred. Satan was believed to enjoy the blood of the young, and to minister to that taste Gilles killed boys and girls, stalking them as another stalks game. In eight years he bagged eight hundred. More perhaps, for he had not kept tally.

Meanwhile the country was devastated. Wherever he passed, shepherds vanished and school-girls disappeared. His first victim was a little boy, whose heart he extracted, whose wrists he severed, whose eyes he dug out, and with whose blood he wrote an invocation to Satan. Then the list elongated immeasurably. That lair of his echoed with cries, dripped with gore, shuddered with sobs. The subterranean passages were turned into cemeteries, the high walls reeked with the odor of burning bones, and through them Bluebeard prowled, a virtuoso and vampire in one, conjecturing how he might destroy not merely bodies but souls, inventing fresh repasts of flesh, devising new tortures, savoring tears as yet unshed, and with them the spectacle of helpless agony, of unutterable fear, of the contortions of little limbs simultaneously subjected to hot irons and cold steel.

There is a limit to all things earthly. Precisely as no one may attain perfection, so has sin its bounds. There are depths beneath which there is nothing deeper. To their ultimate plane, Gilles de Retz descended. There, smitten perhaps with terror, he considered the possibility of groping back through penitent acts, pious endowments and nights of prayer.

It was too late, however. The echo of the cries with which the castle rang had reverberated beyond. The odor of the calcinated had filtered through the land. The

anguish of parents fused with these things, and so insistently that the conjunction of clamors and stenches reached Nantes, reached the authorities, civil and ecclesiastic, with, for result, the besieging of Tiffauges, the taking of Gilles, his arrest, imprisonment, public confession—a confession so horrible that women fainted of fright, and a priest, rising in horror, veiled the face on a crucifix which hung from the wall—a confession followed by excommunication and the stake. *Et ainsi finit l'histoire de Barbe Bleue.*

Yet where in this super-Neronian history is Barbe Bleue? Surely Gilles de Retz is not the charming prince who married and murdered so melodiously? Surely he is not the Bluebeard whom we met in the nursery and who, with a courtesy which we should call red-heeled were it not that red heels had not then come in, warned his wife not to see anything which was not intended for her; surely, in spite of certain vagaries, that noble hero was not this ignoble hyena.

And yet he was. Legend takes strange licenses. Sometimes it will so smear a seraph that he will look like a fiend, and again it will make a villain look highly virtuous. Tiberius, we are convinced, never dreamed of the infamies which are imputed to him, and had the ghost of Washington any sense of humor, which is doubtful, it would be rather amused at the veneration in which his memory is held.

It was much the same thing with Gilles de Retz. The legend regarding him fattened on frescoes instead of on facts. Some years ago, in a Breton church which dates from the thirteenth century, there was found a series of mural paintings. In one you behold the marriage of the noble demoiselle to an equally noble seigneur. In the next there is the same seigneur. He is leaving his castle, and as he goes he entrusts to his wife a little key. The scenes which follow represent the lady peering into a room from the rafters of which six women hang. Then come the return of the lord, his questioning and menacing glance, the tears of the lady, her prayers to her sister, the alarm of the latter, the irruption of her brothers and her rescue from sudden death.

The story which the frescoes tell still

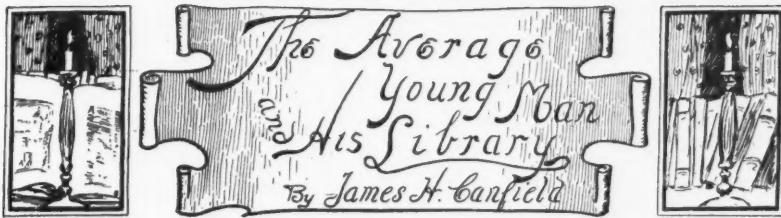
endures in Brittany. There is many another like it. One and all have Gilles de Retz for hero. Yet, for the honor of his race, instead of his name that of Bluebeard has been given.

So, at least, says Michelet. Michelet usually knew what he was talking about. He devoted forty years to his History of France. When he finished it, he sighed and said, "I have swallowed too many vipers, too many kings." Gilles de Retz must have been one of the former. In any event, Michelet had at his disposal texts which we lack. Lacking the texts, we lack also pretexts for differing with him. We assume, therefore, that it is as he has explained it. Moreover, other historians, otherwise competent, have stated that Gilles, after marrying Catharine de Thouars, one of the great heiresses of the day, subsequently and successively became the husband of six other women—a circumstance which, the frescoes aiding, doubtless suggested to Perrault the tale with which we are all familiar and from which Offenbach wove his enchanting score.

Yet whether he murdered these women or whether they just died of delight, we have now no means of knowing. What we do know is that this vampire really lived and that his lair any tourist may visit.

In considering it, even the indifferent must wonder how such a contradiction could be, how it is possible that a man could alternately charm and torture, pray and deprave. The complexity, however, is common enough. It is due to what novelists call heredity, what psychologists term Dual Personality, and plain people the Old Adam. More or less, and generally more than less, it exists in us all. Its home is the brain. In the majority of civilized beings it is, through one factor or another, subordinated and controlled, sometimes forgot, more often ignored. But it is there. And when, through the shock of atoms, the play of destiny, excess of fatigue or cerebral commotion, the other, the inherited, the secreted self appears, then from the individual ordinarily normal emerges the human reptile.

Such is Bluebeard's case. Such too, perhaps, is the meaning of the archaic allegory which symbolized the struggle between Darkness and Light.



GIVEN—a young man, of average intelligence, average education (not necessarily a college graduate), average income and average leisure—"just an ordinary, every-day young man": how much of a library may he be reasonably expected to own? How shall he select it? What are some of the more important titles? These are the queries which this article is to answer.

As in everything else, "that depends."

If he is following some calling, he is compelled to gather first the books bearing directly upon his vocation. These are the tools of his trade. If he is a resident of a city, he may depend largely upon public libraries for his general reading, and his purchases consequently will be less. If he has a "fad"—and every sane man ought to have one, as an avocation, that which calls him away from his daily tasks and directs his thoughts into other and possibly larger channels—he will naturally and properly consort with the authors who will be most helpful to him in this matter. Something will "depend" also upon his early surroundings, his inherited tastes, his acquired tendencies.

However, there are some general propositions which may be safely put forward. In all this there is great room for diversity of opinion. One might almost as well undertake to determine who shall be the associates and friends of another, as to determine what books he shall own. The illustration is so entirely pertinent as to become a condition; since the best books are simply the best men and women, at their best, more than ready to enter into most close and friendly and helpful relations. In all experience with books, other than encyclopedias and dictionaries, their personality should never be forgotten.

Let this "ordinary young man," then, remember that the true library is a matter

of growth under most careful and intelligent cultivation. Its volumes come to the shelves in order that they may satisfy a very clearly recognized demand, and they come as such needs make themselves felt. Only as these relations and conditions are understood and keenly appreciated, are books positively helpful, and is reading beneficent. A man who knows what he has read, and who loves what he knows, and who knows how to use what he knows, is worth a dozen men who have skimmed lightly over much more extended territory. Not that which is eaten, but that which is assimilated, made a very part of one's bone and sinew, gives health and strength. We may well "beware of the man of one book," if that book is well chosen and thoroughly mastered. Buy slowly, and read slowly.

Do not hesitate to buy a cheap edition, if your resources are at all limited; provided it is a perfect book. Large and clear type, fine paper, wide margins, tasteful bindings—all very desirable—simply mean fewer books. Some of the best-read books in my own library, books which have been a positive inspiration in my own life and in the lives of my wife and my children, are in the series known as the "Franklin Square Library," or in the "Half-Hour Series"—costing from fifteen to twenty-five cents each. This means five books rather than one; which is an excellent ratio to establish.

Haunt the second-hand bookstores—those of good repute. Again and again you will be able to satisfy a two-dollar desire with an expenditure of fifty cents; and while you are looking over the stock, your education will be greatly stimulated by the mere contact with authors and titles. Always examine second-hand books, noting completeness in paging and in titles and indexes. Most of the high-priced and

desirable subscription books may be secured in this way, at a tithe of their first cost.

For all current publications, have your own bookseller. A man ought to speak of "my bookseller" even more proudly than he speaks of "my physician." Select a responsible firm, well-established, old enough and large enough to know much of the general literary field; pick a salesman whose personality is satisfying and inviting; give him your card, and say in substance: "I am in business in this city, and have just begun to gather a library. I cannot buy heavily or often, but I would like to buy here; and I would be glad of your advice and coöperation." Some of the most delightful relations of a lifetime have been formed in this way, and have even grown into warm friendships. Having found a good man, stick to him and use him—that's what he is for!

One more preliminary. Subscribe for a thoroughly reliable, competent evening daily—a paper with some sense of perspective as far as news is concerned; for that reputable trade journal or professional journal which will be most directly helpful in your business; for some weekly publication which will give you a well-considered review of the world's work; and for at least one standard monthly magazine. The evening daily will contain all the news of importance, it will be delivered when you have more leisure for its careful perusal, and above all you will thus escape the serious mental injury caused by rapidly scanning the morning paper while on your way to work or during the first few hurried moments of office hours. If you can read en route, daily, slip into your pocket Henry Van Dyke's "*The Other-wise Man*," or any of the convenient little sixteen-mos. which you can pick up for a quarter. This is far and away better than any morning paper.

Now for the library proper (although the daily, the trade journal, the weekly and the magazine are all very properly a part of your library). Let these be your cornerstones:—

The Bible—revised edition, with notes, maps and concordance. No man is well-read (even if no higher ground be taken) who is not thoroughly acquainted with this book of books. Stormonth's Dictionary—the three-dollar edition will answer

all ordinary demands. Roget's "*Thesaurus*" of English words—my own copy is in its third binding! A good working encyclopedia—say, Johnson's—as soon as you can possibly afford it (if you are near a public library, this purchase may be deferred). Shakespeare—Hudson's or Rolfe's annotated edition; let the historical plays wait until they fit in with your later historical reading. The four great American poets—Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant. Fisher's "*Outlines of History*"—one volume; especially valuable because of the suggestions as to collateral reading, found at the close of each epoch. Ploetz's "*Epitome of History*"—one volume; by far the best "find-all," a valuable aid in all reading. Green's "*History of England*"—the one-volume edition. Bryant and Gay's "*History of the United States*"—still to be found at the second-hand stores, occasionally; if you cannot run across it, then get "*The Story of the Thirteen Colonies*"—from "*The Story of the Nations*" series; because you will doubtless buy more of that series. Some simple treatise on government, such as Macy's "*Our Government*," Johnston's "*American Politics*," Bowker's little volume on "*Economics for the People*," and his equally valuable study "*Of Work and Wealth*."

Let us draw breath. You have spent not to exceed twenty-five dollars, unless you have already bought the encyclopedia; and, in addition to three books of reference, you have the foundations reasonably well laid for reading in general literature, in history, in civics and in economics. This may be the first year's expenditure and growth—it may be more and it may be less; that does not matter. The chief thing is that you appreciate what you have bought, and that in you there has begun a growth. That growth ought to be natural and sure; it were surprising if the pace does not increase as the months pass.

As illustrations: you are reading in Fisher, and you become especially interested in the history of Greece. What more natural than that you purchase another of "*The Story of the Nations*" series (there are sixty distinct volumes in that series, covering nearly all history, piecemeal), Alfred Church's "*Three Greek Children*,"

Keightley's "Mythology," possibly Bryant's translation of Homer, and Kingsley's "Greek Heroes"? Or the rise and fall of Rome becomes a fascination, as it has been to students through all the centuries. This will mean another "Story," and possibly Kingsley's "The Roman and the Teuton"—a most brilliant bit of historical writing; Ebers' "The Emperor"—a picture of the customs and manners in the early days of Christianity; Kingsley's "Hypatia"—a tale of the decline of Greek influence. Later Continental history will send you to Boyesen's "Vagabond Tales of the Norsemen"—at home and in America; Mabie's "Norse Stories Retold"; Irving's "Alhambra" and "The Conquest of Granada"; "Don Quixote"—for a satire on the life of Spain in the sixteenth century; Ebers' "Burgomaster's Wife"—a story of the revolt of the Netherlands; Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic"; Ruskin's "Our Fathers Have Told Us"; Lanier's "The Boy's Froissart"; Stevenson's "Treasure Island"; Scott's "Quentin Durward"—with its plot laid in the days of Louis XI. and Charles the Bold.

If you wish to enlarge upon Green, as you read his "History of England," you will add "Tom" Hughes' admirable sketch of "Alfred the Great"; and you will read Alfred Church's "Count of the Saxon Shore"—with its pictures of the opening of the fifth century; Palgrave's "Treasury of English Song"; Hughes' "Scouring of the White Horse"—the crest of Hengist; Shakespeare's historical dramas—in their chronological order; Scott's "Ivanhoe" and "Talisman"; Stevenson's "Black Arrow"—a tale of the times of the troubles between the houses of Lancaster and York; Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper"; and, coming down to rather later days, Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"—a most fascinating and inspiring volume; Scott's "Kenilworth"; Blackmore's "Lorna Doone"—a story of Devonshire that has become one of the English classics; Macdonald's "St. George and St. Michael"—a tale of Cromwell's time; Scott's "Rob Roy"—dealing with the Jacobite rebellion of 1715; Stevenson's "Kidnapped"; and Thackeray's "Henry Esmond"—thought by many to be his best work.

Every American ought to be profoundly

interested in the history of his own country. It is rich in what may be called its material history, in events which stir the blood and quicken the pulse. It is even richer in the spirit and temper of its people—those remarkably common people who have brought such uncommon things to pass. Once fairly in the current of this history, there is practically no end to your reading. Unless you guard yourself closely, it will become a positive dissipation! As you close "The Story of the Thirteen Colonies," begin McMaster's "History of the People of the United States"—if you can possibly get at it (it has several volumes and is expensive, but every public library ought to have it on the shelves). You can afford to own Scudder's "Men and Manners in America"—covering the period of the Revolution; Eggleston's "American War Ballads"; and John Fiske's "War of Independence." As your reading progresses and your interest grows, buy from time to time a volume of the "American Statesmen" series, and of the "American Commonwealths" series—admirable in their conception and execution; till both series stand complete upon your shelves. Nothing on the war of the Rebellion will be so satisfactory as Grant's "Memoirs," and these may still be found in the second-hand shops. Go to the public library for those wonderful volumes of Parkman's touching our early history; but own them as the years pass and your resources increase. Some day you will have gone deep enough into political history to be able to read Von Holst's "Constitutional History of the United States"—keeping within easy reach some sure antidote for his imperialism. Long before that, however, you will read the best of Cooper and Hawthorne; Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Minister's Wooing"; Eggleston's "Hoosier School-master"; Hale's "A Man Without a Country"; at least three of Howells' best (they are all good)—"The Lady of the Aroostook" and "The Minister's Charge" and "The Rise of Silas Lapham"; and Holmes' "Guardian Angel" and classical "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

If your interest in economics and civics is quickened, you will do well to purchase occasionally one of the "Questions of the Day" series. There are about one hundred

numbers now out; all in pocket editions, and cost but a few cents each; very convenient for use on the cars, or while waiting for lunch or for dinner. After a while you will put on your shelves Francis A. Walker's "Political Economy"; Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men"—a sketch of the possibilities of intelligent socialism; Nordhoff's "Politics for Young Americans"; Parton's "Captains of Industry"—and from that on your path is easy and tempting, each step suggesting the next.

Some morning you will waken to find the spring here, and then will come the longing for out-of-doors—a longing which you ought to gratify. Then you should read Burroughs' "Wake Robin" and his "Locusts and Wild Honey"; anything which Seton-Thompson has written; Ingersoll's "Birds Nesting"; Lubbock's "Ants, Bees and Wasps"; Mary Treat's "My Garden Pets"; Ruskin's "Ethics of the Dust"; Coffin's "Yachts and Yachting"; Gibson's "Camp Life"; Roosevelt's "Hunting Trips"; Tyndall's "Forms of Water" (which will tell you all that is worth knowing about clouds, rain, snow, glaciers, et cetera); Shaler's "First Book in Geology"—an admirable presentation of fundamentals; Huxley's "Cray-Fish"—which will show you how from the study of a simple form you may follow on and up and out to all creation.

When you have gone back to the long winter evenings again, and the night sky is clear and brilliant, you will read Proctor's volumes on "Easy Star Lessons" and "Half-Hours With the Stars"; and on stormy nights, when you have grown a little weary of the heavier work, you will take down from your shelves Lamb's "Essays of Elia"; Warner's "My Summer in a Garden" and "Back-log Studies"; Mitchell's "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life"; Holland's "Letters to Young People"; Curtis' "Prue and I"; Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" and "Mosses from an Old Manse"; Stockton's "Rudder Grange"; Macdonald's "Alec Forbes"; Taylor's "By-Ways of Europe" and "Views Afoot"; Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent"; Du Chaillu's "Explorations and Adventures" and "Land of the Midnight Sun"; Hornaday's "Two Years

in the Jungle"; Stevenson's "Letters"; Irving's "Sketch-Book" and "Knickerbocker's History of New York"; Hugo's "Les Misérables" and "Toilers of the Sea"; Jules Verne's "Mysterious Island" and "Around the World in Eighty Days"; George Eliot's "Silas Marner" and "Daniel Deronda"; Craik's "John Halifax, Gentleman"; anything that Charles Reade has written, but surely "The Cloister and the Hearth" and "Peg Woffington"; something of Dickens—but the field is too wide and too white and too inviting. Unknown pleasures are before you. What would not some of us grayheads give if we could only enter this field once more for the first time—and experience again all the intense delights of discovery!

It will be noticed that there is one inquiry still unanswered: How much of a library may this young man be reasonably expected to own? This is unanswered simply because it is impossible to make definite reply. His library will be a growth. Like the ripples on the surface of a quiet pool, it will expand, more and more widely every week and every month and every year. Its limitations will be his desire, and his ability to satisfy that desire. If the work of collecting the library is wisely begun and is undertaken in the right spirit, it will stop just where the growth of the child will stop—when, for any reason, it suffers from insufficient nourishment. It would be as unwise to say that a young man must have a hundred volumes as to say that a hundred volumes must suffice. Normally, the hundredth volume will be purchased to satisfy a desire kindled or not satisfied by the ninety-ninth; and will in turn make way for the first volume of the second hundred. If this is not true, then the library should stop and will stop with the ninety-ninth volume.

As well ask how many friends this "ordinary young man" shall have—and make the same answer: "As many as will make life larger, the sky brighter, and the stars of God nearer." Long before the limit is reached, this "ordinary young man" will have become an extraordinary old man; and the world will be far better and richer because he has thus learned the value of close and constant association with the wise and good of all ages.



ON THE LAGOON.

SPRING DAYS IN VENICE.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

WHEN the gulls begin to leave the Grand Canal, and the still grander one of the Giudecca, you know that spring in Venice has commenced its reign, and that these silver-gray little pilots are going out on the lagoons to find it and to lead it, by their mystic persuasions, day after day, safely ashore. But it is a very capricious influence, and it sometimes needs a lot of coaxing before it consents to become a permanent one. At last, however, say by the middle of April, great blotches of light dance and glitter on the murky emerald of the waterways. If the season be propitious, great clusters of *sempe verde* peer, too, above the mellow masonry of covert gardens. White boskages of apple-blossom will break upon you as your boat slips between moldering structures and you glance at their distant courtyards through the rusty iron trellises of their gates. But sweetest evidence of all, I think, are the haphazard knots of weed that tuft the old melancholy brickwork in thousands of crannies. They lack reverence as regards another kind of invasion, and fearlessly preen their plumes on the façades of the old churches themselves. Their audacity only equals that of the pigeons; and it is as common a sight to watch some S. Bartolomeo or S. Giovanni

with a purple, iris-necked bird cooing on his head as to perceive one of his shoulders epauletted by tasselings of verdure.

But the chief charm of spring in Venice comes inevitably from her skies alone. Nearly everything that she proffers you is unique, yet of all her amazements none so teems with saliency as this intimate kinship of heaven and earth. Perhaps in earlier times it was felt less; for then, we are told, the palaces were splendid with Giorgione frescoes and Murano mosaics. But now they are all in their dim decline and eclipse. The sun was once like a lover to Venice, but latterly the bond between them, I should say, is of more touching kind. The bridegroom still thrives in glorious vigor; the bride has grown faded and forlorn. Yet she responds, and with exquisite pathos, to the ardors of his caress. Astonishing is it, indeed, how that caress can vivify and transform. Shadowy lilacs, vague pinks, mysterious purples, will start out from unnumbered nooks and coigns. Venice is a ghost at all times, the ghost of her dead imperial self. But there are times when she is a bit grimly phantasmal. It is the coming of spring that makes her lovably so. Of course, at such hours the Piazza San Marco is often densely thronged. If there is one thing above all others that



ARCADE OF THE FONDACO DEI TURCHI.

the Venetian dearly loves to do, it is to loaf, and his worst foes must admit of him that he does it extremely well. When he belongs to the masses he is capable of lying all day long on his stomach with the grimiest of slouch-hats askew against his shock of coarse black, shiny hair. When he belongs to the classes, he sips endless cups of coffee at Florian's or the Caffè Quaddri, sometimes on the outer sidewalk, sometimes in the little gilded, uncomfortable rooms. His wife and daughters are often with him, and they in turn are often

unaccompanied by any male companion whatever. All the best Venetian monde gathers here on the Piazza. It is not smart in any Anglo-Saxon sense, nor smart, for that matter, in any sense at all. The ladies are mostly dressed with a tasteless contempt for style and color in their apparel; the men, whether princes, counts or advocates, are universally garbed in shabby gear. Economy, if not poverty, strikes in them one continual dingy note. And yet they lounge here, in what is still the most magnificent square of Europe, close to the grandly towering Campanile, close to

the noblest church on which human eyes have ever gazed. For the Basilica di San Marco is undoubtedly that. You must observe it long and well; you must learn to cherish it thoroughly for the priceless and perfect thing it is, before you feel fully authorized in this bold claim. Yet always the assertion will justify itself to your reverent credence after patient scrutiny has left no process untried. Then, at last, the truth of its unearthly loveliness and grandeur will dawn upon you. It might be called the orchid of architecture,



THE RIVA DEGLI SCHIAVONI.

so gorgeous is its coloring while at the same time so hardy are its fragilities. It is one jewel of matchless mosaic, and if it were lifted from its foundations and set in the bosom of some fabulous giantess it might carry out its costliness there with a splendid, felicitous ease. No edifice that I have ever seen in Italy expresses at once an equal amount of precious workmanship and lordly expanse. The Duomo at Florence is perhaps its closest rival, with walls a vast network of numberless choicest marbles. But enter the Florentine cathedral, and you will find only austere gloom, though illumined, as I grant, by superb stained glass. Enter the St. Mark Cathe-

their relations to this tiger-lily interior. One feels as though he were some pygmy elf, slipped into the heart of a flower unparalleled for luxurious dyes. But these, as they grow less chaotic, pierce you with a deeper admiration. Every square foot of them becomes more and more treasurable; and when you begin to realize that these same square feet, in their halcyon bloom, are almost fifty thousand as regards actual area, and that their age is from eight to six centuries, you reach that stage of emotion when awe and delight thrillingly blend.

Spring in Venice works a subtle necromancy throughout all her numerous



THE RIALTO BRIDGE OVER THE GRAND CANAL.

dral. Let us imagine the day a radiant one in spring. Shafts of sunlight slant from the upper casements of the soft-gray domes outside. You are engirt by the bloom and glow of mosaics. You tread on them; you glance about at them; you gaze up at them. Keenest and richest color, of every imaginable tint, greets you everywhere. At first you may tend to pronounce it an almost meaningless riot. Then it resolves itself, on the pavements, into the most fascinating Byzantine arabesques. Afterward, letting your gaze roam at random, you perceive that the most impressive Biblical and Apostolic legends are told on surfaces which seem like close-joined petals in

churches, with their dim sweet memorials of crumbled years. It steals from their aisles and chancels and alcoves and sacristies that chill which winter has lodged there. If you are as bald as seventy sometimes makes you, the doffed hat now becomes no inconvenience. And what a long, enchanting succession of visits these Venetian churches invite! It would be absurd to attempt separate descriptions of them. Nobody who has not seen them would be contented with such portrayals, and to those who have roamed their rich-paved floors, whether spacious or the reverse, all printed reminders of pilgrimages so inspiring would seem weightless if not

wearisome. Of course, there are the great churches, the tourists' churches, as one might call them, and though some of these are both outwardly and inwardly bad, others are informed, either way, with bounteous attraction. The Church of Saint Mary of the Salvation is a curious example of horrid taste and impressive majesty, fused together in one haughty union. It has long made itself indispensable to any adequate view of the Venice harbor. Near by, it is positively ugly, but scanned at a distance it is loved for its towering stateliness of dome, walls and façade. Then there is the Church of St. John and St. Paul, justly famous for its burial-vaults of doges, and for other monuments, marble or bronze, not to mention the peerless equestrian statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni in the courtyard, declared by the rhapsodie Mr. Ruskin to be the most "glorious work of sculpture existing in the world." The Church of the Frari is hardly less fine, and the Scuola di S. Rocco, only a few steps away, is a revel of Tintoretto's genius. Here you see the supreme master as you can see him no-

where else. Stairways by which you ascend to the great main hall are paneled with the opulent fruits of his genius. The Lower Hall and the Large Hall, as they are named, abound in paintings which it is an education to survey. All are on an immense scale, for Tintoretto was ever Miltonic, Dantesque. A doorway finally leads you into the Sala dell' Albergo, and here, if you care in the least for art, you will feel yourself spiritually bowed in worship. For here is the prodigious "Crucifixion," which one might spend hours each day, through a whole month, in studying, and then feel that its revelations were but half comprehended. There are more grand churches, but I confess that some of them, like S. Giovanni in Bragora and S. Cassiano, not far from the Rialto, amid a maze of unspeakably dirty streets, gave me keenest enjoyment. In the latter is a Tintoretto—another Crucifixion, of copious beauty. Strangely enough, the guide-books never hint of S. Cassiano, though they record other ecclesiastic piles, not all interesting and some atrocious with the bastard architecture of the later Renaissance.



A CORNER OF ST. MARK'S.



CHURCH OF SS. GIOVANNI E PAOLO AND STATUE OF BARTOLOMMEO COLLEONI.

Above all things, I should advise those who contemplate a spring in Venice to choose apartments on one of the broad, wholesome thoroughfares—the Grand Canal, the Riva degli Schiavoni or the Zattere. This last proudly indeed overlooks the Giudecca, in all its blue breadth and length, with a stone embankment hugged by scores of sea-worn ships from almost every nation on the globe, their rigging black against the intense azure of daytime or eerie against the pillars of clustered stars. In among the smaller canals it is malodorous and tedious living. Especially, I should say, is the Grand Canal a fortunate location. It is like dwelling on Piccadilly in London or Broadway in New York, minus all the noise and bustle. During my recent residence of ten weeks, I had apartments that gave upon this "canalazzo," as it is called, and sometimes, in the warm mornings, when I had slept with a window open, I would lie half-wakeful, half-somnolent, and dream that the tops of passing steamboats (convenient if unromantic, and much resembling those of the Seine in Paris) belonged to omnibuses or drays. But the silence, the ever-refreshing silence, of Venice, gradually de-

stroyed all such illusion. On a raw, chilly day, when rain blisters its breast and the mottled gulls float over it with hunger in their thin croaks, the Grand Canal is by no means void of both human interest and pictorial; for even then there are voyagers in plenty, and of countless differing types. But when clemency rules the weather, this broad yet unechoing highway becomes panoramic indeed. Boats of all kinds flit past you. Chiefly in the mornings come the tourists. Gondola follows gondola, each loaded with them. The bland gondolier, in his grotesque yet somehow not ungraceful pose at the stern, points out the various palaces, naming each one twice, and with a precision that grows more comic the more his iterative diligence appeals to your ear. It appealed to mine incessantly, because I chanced to dwell next door to the Palazzo Barbaro, once owned by lofty princes of that line. "Palazzo Barbaro," in dual repetition (the Venetian never calls it "Palazzo" as the Romans and Florentines do), came sounding up to me, through the stillness of sunny or clouded noontides, at least a hundred times during my stay. It seemed to me, at first, that I could tell the American wayfarers from others, but soon



THE DOGE'S PALACE FROM THE MOLO.

I discovered my mistake. "Here," I would reflect, "is a little band of persons from Chicago or Cincinnati. The stout paterfamilias breathes America in every grayish hair of his beard, every wrinkle of his florid visage, every crease of his pepper-and-salt raiment. The timid, astonished materfamilias, with a visible watch-chain drooped along her ample bust and plump hands folded in her silken lap, tells me unmistakably that she is my national sister. The slender girl, nattily geared, poring over her scarlet Baedeker one minute and craning her pretty neck in visual observation the next, hails from transatlantic regions, beyond a hint of doubt. The youth, with another Baedeker, and a cigarette glinting below his dimly-downed upper lip, never got that eager, aggressive Yankee profile outside "the land of the free and the home of the brave." But suddenly, while gazing forth from the semi-ambush of my casement, I hear the gondolier's "Palasso Barbaro" answered by one of this domestic group in precarious Italian, with a strong German accent. Not too German, however, for it has the Austrian

rather than the Fatherland tinge. And so my Americans turn out to be Austrians (who inundate Venice each spring), just as my Italians now and then turn out to be real Germans, and my real Germans to be Americans from anywhere east of San Francisco or west of New York. The truth is, personal appearances have now become so cosmopolitan all over the Continent (and I might safely add in England and the New World as well), that detection of race from outward manner or garb becomes yearly more difficult. But I always had a firmer suspicion of the Italian nativity of certain ladies when they aired themselves on the Canal—or at least I so flatter myself, however fallaciously, in this regard. My clue was one of an almost fierce brilliance. It consisted entirely of parasols. These were of every color—violet, purple, crimson, orange, lemon, and sometimes (I regret to add) that illegitimate and depressing hue, "magenta." But in total they were a sweet embellishment of radiance, contrasting with the changeless funeral black of the gondolas. Then, too, there was always

the element of traffic, sometimes awkward and cumbrous in the way of ungainly barges, lumbering from the lagoons of the Lido to those that surround northern isles. But smaller barks were often inspirations for the artist's brush. They have all been so repeatedly made a subject of it, that I hesitate in my belated mention of them. Yet as everything Venetian has been "done before" by painter, poet, essayist and even historian, I may rank with my general presumption the redisclosure of this or that pleasant imperative charm. For example, I would see a bark sweep past my home, laden with the fresh emerald of new-cut grass; another, piled high with fagots of tawny wood; another, full of bright-appareled soldiers, usually with the long, slim "Virginia" cigars clenched between their teeth, though these were parted by frequent laughs and frequent chaffing sallies to their own pilots, their own comrades, and the boatswains or other occupants of neighbor craft. Or a military officer would dart by, gaily buttoned and braided, reclining at royal ease in a gondola of sumptuous outfit. Now and then the supposable

grandees would appear, sometimes rowed by four men in livery, with broad purple or red sashes, golden-fringed. These personages, of both sexes, were mostly canopied by the black arched cabin, with its trail of dusky cloth drapery stretching toward the poop behind it, and its highly suggestive effect of a marine wheelless brougham. But I confess that this aristocratic feature of the Canal attracted me less than that of the vegetable boats, gliding to and fro. Women and men almost equally steered them. They struck me as perhaps representing the medieval Venice more markedly than all their fellow-nomads. For you find the Venice of old, unless I err, far more in its plebeian element than in its rather shabbily patrician one. Laden with oranges, figs, apples, cauliflowers, cabbages, onions, potatoes, these homely vessels wear the look of having been just what they now are five hundred years ago. Cabbages, onions and their prosaic kindred suffer no changes from politics, religion or warfare. The doges, like the commons, required and ate them.

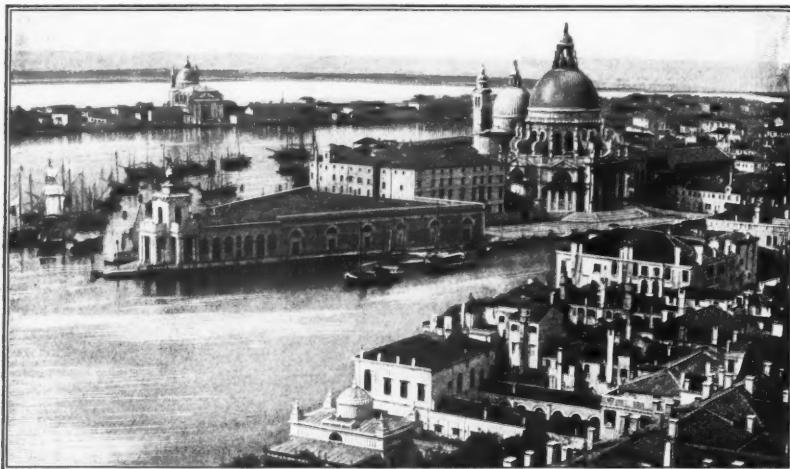
Often one hears the islands of the la-



THE CAPPELLO PALACE ON THE RIVO DI CANONICA.

goons raved over for their extreme winsomeness, and especially in spring. At that season I visited many of them, and in most I gained but a melancholy pleasure. Murano, with its glass industries of so antique a renown, is the forlornest of places—a kind of drearier fragment torn from the time-dimmed brocade of Venice herself. It has a few intersecting canals, a few desolate and brutally commercialized palaces, a throng of pink, white and ochre hovels, and there its principal traits end. It is wholly without verdure, and even the April sun assails its unshaded streets with a violence prophetic of coming solar rigors. Lace-making Burano is still sadder, and in

as American Consul there, more than three decades ago, will give a fillip to Yankee pride—especially because of his charming “Venetian Life,” a classic justly prized. But perhaps the most agreeable of all the islands on whose shores I touched is Torcello. Six miles from Venice, in the Northern Lagoon, it is a revel of pastoral greenness, with briery hedges, numberless wild flowers and the most captivating of sinuous creeks, overarched by an occasional bridge, so old that you greet with respect every moss-grown inch of its drowsy and sagging brickwork. The cathedral, the includable cathedral of all Italian settlements, is reached after a short ramble, and



VIEW FROM THE CAMPANILE OF ST. MARK'S.

both a ragged poverty of the inhabitants piercingly prevails. San Lazzaro, a tiny island, with its Byzantine monastery and its Armenian monkish brotherhood, faultlessly polite to all visitors and refusing the least fee proffered them, richly repays you for the brief sail from the Lido which it necessitates. Here you are amazed by the printing-presses which distribute myriads of Bibles and other religious works, each year, translated into the Armenian tongue. The museum is tame enough, but certain framed autographic letters of thanks and gratulation will detain the most careless. Many famous names, like that of Byron, arrest attention, and the signature of Mr. Howells, who lived four years at Venice

you enter it with mingled awe and amusement. Some of its mosaics, representing martyrs being devoured by flames and evidently enjoying themselves a great deal during this mortuary process, challenge the disrespectful smile. But others are vested with a rude yet sacred poetry, and certain semi-Oriental marble sculptures, adjacent to the altar, would make an infidel feel like crossing himself for the crime of having yielded to a humorous twinge. This duomo dates far back beyond the Middle Ages, and so does the small Church of Santa Fosca, only a step away. What renders Torcello so individual among all the islands and islets of the lagoons, I should say, is her continual contrast be-

tween the ever-recurrent idyllicism of open meadows or wilding clusters of simple rustic thickets, and the enormous antiquity of these two hoary ecclesiastic fanes. History is in the air, and you feel that the very daisies you crush underfoot, the very copses from which you pluck a scented spray, have their delicate rustic ancestries, dating back to Attila, who is said once to have brought his destructive presence where now such sweet solemnity of desertion and quietude unmolestedly rules. Of course, the one supreme sorcery of Venice lies in her unrivaled treasures of painting. Elsewhere you can see Titian, and perhaps at his best. But nowhere else can you really see the high masteries of Tintoretto, nowhere else can you stand face to face with Paul Veronese, nowhere else can you even gain a glimpse of Carpaccio. The Ducal Palace and the Academy give you the magic of these three wondersmiths in its amplest felicity. Carpaccio never strikes me as a great painter. I mean by this that I forget his greatness, if he really has it, in his even calmness of power, so childlike, and yet so full of a prophetic modern subtlety. But with the others no such feeling is possible. I doubt if any of them could have painted Carpaccio's amazingly tender yet dramatic series, "The Legend of St. Ursula"; yet to scan the works of those who conceived "The Assumption," "The Rape of Europa" or "The Paradiso" is to think of sunsets behind San Marco as pallettes, and as a pencil almost the lightning itself. They are a miraculous trio, and to differentiate their capacities can by no means be called so easy as it looks. Perhaps for Titian might be claimed the greatest majesty of Color in his manipulation of its effects, for Tintoretto the serenest and sanest understanding of it, and for Paul Veronese the most sensitive receptivity to its contrasts and massings.

One most deplorable feature accompanies the survey of all art in Venice. It is under the tyranny of custodians. The Academy opens at nine in the morning and is closed at three in the afternoon, an hour which has been complained of without avail by scores of malcontents. With the Ducal Palace it is the same. There seems no possibility of appeal against this ridiculous regulation. And what makes it more seriously



APPROACH TO THE RIALTO BRIDGE.

so is the fact that on Sundays and holidays, when free admission exists, the hours allowed are but four daily—from 10 A.M. until 2.

Still, after all, Venice may truly be called the city of inconveniences. During summer the steamboats ply after nightfall between the Lido and the mainland. But in spring, however delightful may be the weather, you must take a gondola, if your time is later than six o'clock. Sometimes you are ill prepared for this. Dusk has overtaken you unawares; you have to dress and keep an engagement at seven or half-past. But the little vaporini are inflexible, and so you must go curtseying with a good deal of bothersome slowness over that blue lapse of lustrous brine which intervenes. I could never take the Lido, somehow, quite into my heart. That, no doubt, is because I have never seen this stretch of grassy and bush-plumed sand, with the forts of San Niccolo at one side of it and the des-

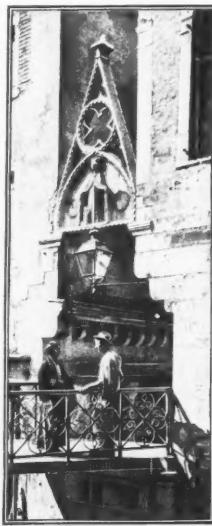
olate yet historic little town of Malamocco at the other, as Lord Byron and many a previous visitor saw it in former days. Then it was a bourn of placid marine simplicity, with the Adriatic washing it on its southern shore and on its northern the stiller tides of the lagoon. Now it is hideous with cheap trattorie, a gaunt wooden casino, and glaring villas that have less really sincere architecture about their pink-and-lemon bulks than the blocks of ice-cream which they prosily resemble. One thing may be said, however, in their favor. They are mostly exempt from those uncouth wooden shutters which everywhere disfigure the best buildings in Venice; since it is true of this poetic metropolis that though you might roam its crooked little streets and explore its antennae of intertwined canals for hours, you would never light upon a single real "Venetian blind." "Venetian blinds" appear to have become the peculiar property of more or less grimy London purlieus, where they usually suggest as much obsolete desuetude as though they had been imported from the Palazzi Vendramin, Pisani or Giustiniani in their cinquecento periods.

Spring brings many sight-seers to Venice, but it fails to enliven a native society which languishes throughout the entire year. A friend, a fellow-countryman,

who had dwelt almost a quarter of a century between the Fondamenta Nuova and the Riva degli Schiavoni, recently said to me: "You ask about Venetian 'society.' The thing hardly exists. There is no one house here where a man of letters or an artist would be likely to meet congenial people. There are a few isolated personalities, rather small than great. There is, for instance, Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, and there is Mr. Horatio F. Brown, an Englishman [author of "*Life on the Lagoons*," "*An Historical Sketch of Venice*," "*Venetian Studies*," et cetera], and there is the marvelously beautiful Contessa Morosini. Add to these a few English frumps, an American or two whose predilections are not for art or

poetry, but for the raw material of both, which is (is it not?) life. Again I say, there is no society in Venice; there are only 'kings in exile,' and great men who come and go."

All this may be accurate enough; but, in respect to the social allurements of Venice, one may live there three months or so, as I profitably have found, without any very serious thought of them. The city itself, in its "dying glory," is replete, even for an unenforced solitary, with radiant companionships and intimacies half divine.



THE PARADISO BRIDGE.



THE ISLAND OF SAN LAZZARO.



A YOKE OF OXEN FOR THE HEAVIER HAULING.

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

BY MAX BENNETT THRASHER.

MY first recollections connected with the making of maple sugar go back to a time when, just after I was four years old, my father tied me securely on top of a load of wooden sap-buckets which he had piled upon a light hand-sled, made with wide, flat wooden shoes so as to work to the best advantage on the snow-crust, and guided his double load down over the half-mile of firm, glistening snow which covered the ground between our Vermont farm-house home and the sugar-house so deep that we went over the tops of the fences and walls without trouble. After that year, there was not a spring for a quarter of a century which did not find me in the woods at sugaring-time; and even now, no vacation during the whole year gives me more thorough satisfaction than one spent back among the maple-trees in March or April, just when all the world, there, is throbbing with returning life.

On the farm of which I have spoken, the sugar-place was, as is usually the case, a part of the farm and within easy walking distance of the farm buildings. The next year, however, my father sold that farm and bought another, where the sugar-place

was five miles distant and situated on the slope of the Green Mountains. I use the term "sugar-place" advisedly, for it is the one word universally in use among the inhabitants of the region where most of the maple sugar produced in the country is made; and the process and the time devoted to it are both called "sugaring."

Where the maple-woods form a part of the farm, the work is carried on in connection with the regular farm-work, always light at that time of the year. The men have their meals at home and the sugar-house is left alone at night, unless there happens to have been an unusually plentiful run of sap which necessitates boiling day and night both, in order to take care of it before it sours. The quicker the sap



TAPPING A TREE.



THE SUGAR-HOUSE.

can be converted into syrup, after it leaves the tree, the better will be the quality of the sugar. When the sap is first gathered, it is as clear and sparkling as spring water. If kept for twenty-four hours it will have become clouded, and by another day will have taken on a decided milky tinge. Sugar made from it then loses its delicate flavor and is dark in color.

Where the sugar-place is as far away as on our new farm, however, the planning of the work becomes a different matter. The sugar-house becomes a "camp," and after the harvest has fairly begun, if the weather continues favorable, the men rarely come out except to get supplies of food, for Vermont roads are well-nigh impassable during the period of melting drifts and thawing mud which intervenes between good sleighing and smooth wheeling. I speak of Vermont particularly because climate and soil are both so favorable to the industry there that, though it is so small a state, it produces every year a much greater crop of sugar than any other state in the Union. Moreover, the sugar made there is of such a superior quality that "Vermont maple sugar" has become a standard of excellence all over the country.

The introduction of improved

methods and utensils has done as much to change the process of maple sugar-making, during the last fifty years, as it has every other industry, and even in the time which I remember, that work has been shorn of many of its most picturesque and, it must be confessed, least practical features. The result of these changes has been a great increase in the quantity, and a vast improvement in the quality, of the crop. The Indians made sugar in small quantities, gashing trees with

their hatchets in a wasteful fashion, and storing such small amount as they made in birch-bark baskets; and the methods of the early settlers were scarcely less rude. A coarse wooden spout, driven into a large auger-hole bored into the tree, conducted the sap into shapeless wooden troughs roughly hollowed out and set flat upon the ground or the snow at the foot of the tree. The sap gathered from these was boiled in huge iron kettles, hung in the open air from a stout beam called a "lug pole" supported on two crotched stakes driven firmly into the ground.



A DOUBLE DRAIN.

Sometimes as many as six kettles would be hung on one pole. An enormous log, called the "boiling-log," was rolled up on each side of the row of kettles as a support to the roaring fire kept burning beneath them. A log would last for three or four days before it would be burnt so that another would be required to take its place. The smoke and embers from the fire, along with the general abundance of dirt, which could not be guarded against, rendered the compound, when completed, of about the color and consistency of tar.

These crude methods were long ago done away with, and I do not remember having seen more than one such rough establishment.

In time, the lean-to shed, built between two trees, to shelter the men who watched the boiling kettles, was replaced by a roughly built but more comfortable house, and the kettles gave way to a brick arch built inside the house. The heat of the fire confined in this arch was greatly economized, and a broad, flat pan of sheet-iron



AN OLD TREE.

in which the sap was now boiled hastened the process by increasing the evaporating surface. The value of this principle, once understood, has led to many and various inventions in the way of heaters and evaporators, until to-day the modern camp is furnished with a cast-iron arch, which is really nothing but a large stove, on which an ingenious arrangement of boilers receives cold sap at one end and discharges thick, hot syrup at the other. The rough trough, which soon became sour and black, gave way to a wooden bucket, easier to handle; and this, in turn, to a neater, lighter one of tin. The amount of the yield, however, and in some particulars the quality, will always depend upon circumstances over which the sugar-maker can have no control. He cannot make sugar unless he has sap, and this will not flow from the trees unless the conditions of the weather are favorable. The time during which the sap flows varies from February to May, according to the latitude;



SAP-YOKE AND PAILS FOR GATHERING SAP.



A GROUP OF YOUNG TREES.

During this period, though, there will be many days, perhaps a week at a time, when the trees will remain wholly dry. The first flow of sap comes with the first days which are warm enough to cause the snow, as the farmers say, "to give." After that, the most favorable weather is a succession of cold, frosty nights followed by warm, sunny days. Occasionally the trees will flow all night, if it is warm, but generally they dry up, to begin anew the next morning. After several days of good running weather during which the sap has flowed freely, the yield grows less and less until a storm, either of snow or rain, seems to give the trees renewed life. As the snow melts, and the ground warms up under the spring sun, the flow grows less until, with the swelling of the first buds, it ceases entirely. Under the most favorable circumstances, a good tree will yield from four to five gallons of sap in twenty-four hours, delivered drop by drop into the bucket hung against the rough brown bark.

The location of the sugar-place makes much difference in the time for harvesting the crop, and in the quantity which can be made. What are called "second-growth trees," that is, trees which have grown

and the length of time it remains flowing differs greatly, even in the same grove, in different years. In northern Vermont the season begins from the 1st to the middle of March, and lasts from four to six weeks.

up after the original forest has been cleared away, yield the most and the sweetest sap. Such a grove as this is usually more open to the sunlight and air. A tree which stands alone, in a pasture, where the roots and branches have plenty of room to spread in every direction, will flow more and sweeter sap than any other.

The carefully located sugar-house is built, if possible, upon a little rise of land, so that the water from the melting snow will drain away from it. If it can be placed near a spring, or a little brook, it will be found a great convenience. Early in March the work begins. Once an entrance is made, a good fire is built in the arch and the pans are filled with water if it can be had; if not, with snow to be melted. If the snow is not deep, a well-trained horse, or a yoke of oxen, has been brought into the woods, with a stock of hay and grain to feed it, and is comfortably quartered in a shed built against the side of the sugar-house. If its help can be employed, the work is made much easier, for, hitched to a stout sled, it draws the buckets about the forest to be scattered to the trees, and, later, draws back to the camp the sap as it is gathered. Very often, however, the snow for the first week



A PILE OF SAP-PAILS.

or two is too deep for a horse or an ox to get about, and all the work must be done by the men on snow-shoes. Mounted upon his stout, coarse snow-shoes, which are strongly strapped to his thick boots, the sugar-maker poises upon one shoulder a stack of buckets as heavy as he can carry and starts off with them, leaving one or two turned carefully bottom up at the foot of every maple-tree, and coming back for more when his load is exhausted. Often the farthest trees from the camp are a good quarter of a mile away. Nor is the carrying out of the buckets the hardest part of the work, for as soon as the sap begins to flow it must be gathered and brought to the sugar-house to be boiled. The only way in which this can be done, while the snow is still deep, is to bring it in big pails hung one on each end of a "sap-yoke" resting on the neck and shoulders of a man. After the sap-buckets have been scattered, the work of tapping begins. With a sharp hatchet the farmer cleans the rough bark off a spot upon the side of a tree, and bores in a clean-cut hole half an inch in diameter and about an inch in depth. Experience has shown that nearly as much sap is drawn from a hole of this size

as from a larger one, and the injury to the tree is not so great. Until recently, a tin spout about four inches long was used, and this was driven into the bark of the tree just beneath the tap, to conduct the sap into the bucket. The latter was hung upon a nail driven into the tree just beneath the spout. But the wounds made in the tree by the spout and nail often healed more slowly than the tap itself, and now a tubular metal spout has come into general use. This is driven directly into the tap itself, and has fastened to it a stout hook on which the bucket hangs. Unless a tree is tapped too deeply, or in too many places, it is not injured, although the cuts made in it heal over so slowly that old trees often bear distinct traces of ten years' service. If the farmer scatters his buckets on snow-shoes, and taps his trees when



TAPPING AN ISOLATED TREE.



NECK AND BACK AND SHOULDERS PROTEST AGAINST THE STRAIN.



THE LAST LOAD OF THE DAY.

the snow is four feet deep, he must be careful to place the buckets down close to the snow, else when this melts and he comes down to terra firma, he will find them hung up out of reach.

As a general thing, if the snow is too deep at the beginning of sugaring to allow of using a horse, it soon settles so as to admit of this, and as soon as this is so the work is made much easier. Roads are broken out in every direction through the woods, and along these the horses or oxen draw a stout sled made with wooden shoes so as to go with almost equal ease over bare ground or snow. Upon this sled is fastened a big tub called the "draw-tub." Into this the sap is gathered, being poured from the buckets at the trees and brought to the sled in pails. The draw-tub is made largest at the bottom, so as to sit firmly upon the sled, and chained down.

A sugar-place may vary in size from the few second-growth trees scattered about a pasture, the sap from which is boiled in the farmer's kitchen, to the mountain-side covered with fifteen hundred or two thousand trees, which keep two camps running day and night. We had about seven hundred trees, and with the conveniences which we had, usually found it necessary to keep the fires going at night.

The yield varies much, as I have said, owing to weather and location. In a good season it should be four or five pounds of sugar to a tree, and it may go higher than this.

When the gathering team reaches the sugar-house, the contents of the draw-tub are pumped or dipped out, and carefully strained into huge tubs called holders. Most camps now have an automatic feeding apparatus by which a stream of cold sap is delivered into the pans as fast as needed, but back in the days when I tended camp this work was all done by hand, and once in so many minutes a dozen pails of cold sap must be poured into the rapidly lowering pan kept boiling constantly by the hot fire beneath. The cooler the sap can be kept, the better, and for this reason the holders are usually left out of doors unless it seems likely to storm. When one is boiling at night, the going out from the warm, fire-lighted interior to the holder outside, is like going into another world, a fresh, pure world, of which most of us know nothing. The air is crisp, and clear, and cold. All about stand huge trees of the original forest, no one knows how many years old, their gray-white



WHEN THE SNOW IS TOO DEEP FOR THE ANIMALS.

trunks rising in the dim light like pillars in some vast cathedral. Far above, the stars shine through the interlacing branches. Or perhaps the moon is out, flooding all the place with a clear light which dissipates the lurking illusions of the starlight, but replaces them with a bewildering tangle of light and shadow which is no less beautiful. Unless there is a murmuring brook near by, the silence is intense, until, far back on the mountain-side, an owl sounds forth his deep, reverberating call.

After the work of the camp has been really got into good running order, life

renders codfish, herring and pickles delicious dainties, and salt pork and ham more appetizing than beef and mutton. Tea and coffee are made in a tin pail hung by a string from a rafter, just low enough so that it will swing about in the pan of boiling sap, and, being made with sap instead of water, are just sweet enough to be palatable. Eggs are boiled in the same way, potatoes are roasted in the ashes, and ham and pork are broiled upon a crotched stick before the blazing fire.

In the dryest corner of the house a wide, soft bed of hemlock boughs is made, with a bag of hay for a pillow, and spread with



A VETERAN TEAM DOES THE QUICKEST WORK.

there, if there is a reasonable amount of help to do the work, is one glorious picnic. A generous supply of food, cooked and raw, is brought in, for the appetites which life in a sugar-camp develops are something alarming. Some one person must stay in camp all the time to replenish the fires and keep the pans filled, and to this one falls the task of getting the meals. Bread, doughnuts and pie are ready to eat. Meat, potatoes and eggs are to be cooked. No sweets are wanted, and the constant work over the sugar makes the stomach crave salts and acids to an extent which

abundance of coarse, warm blankets. Here the men who have been hard at work during the day sleep as soundly at night as if in bed at home. With the doors closed, the interior of the sugar-house is warm and snug. Years of smoke have stained the walls a rich, dark brown, and the play of the firelight upon these and upon the clouds of steam rising from the pans gives a succession of effects which would be at once the delight and the despair of an artist. Sometimes the watcher, having fixed his fire and filled the pan, allows himself to doze off for a short nap, but

this is never really safe to do. Many a man who felt sure he should sleep only a few minutes, and wake in ample season, has found himself mistaken, and been roused by choking smoke, only to find that the contents of the pan, not refilled when it should have been, have boiled down and down, until a mass of coals is all that is left, the sugar ruined, and too often the boiling apparatus itself injured or even spoiled outright.

Several hours' boiling, the pan being constantly refilled as the water evaporates, brings the contents down to what is called syrup, a thick brown liquid about half-way between sap and good molasses. This syrup is then taken out, carefully strained, and put away in clean wooden tubs to cool and settle. The settling process removes from it that mysterious substance called "sugar sand," the presence of which no one has as yet been able to explain.

When several tubs have been filled with syrup, and the slackening flow of sap has given the boilers a chance to catch up, all hands gather in to the house for the "sugaring off." This is made a festive occasion, not only for the inmates of that particular camp, but for all their neighbors and neighbors' friends to whom word can be passed. And if a stranger happens to hear of what is going on, and drops in too, uninvited, he is made just as welcome, for it is a point of honor to keep open house at this time, and no severer sentence of condemnation can be passed upon a farmer than to say of him, "He sugars off without letting folks know about it."

If the product is to be marketed as maple syrup, it is simply boiled until of the required thickness, and then put into the gallon tin cans in which it is to be shipped. If sugar is to be made, the boiling is continued for a length of time which

varies according to the form into which it is to be finished. There is style in this, as in everything else, and fashions change.

The process of bringing the boiling panful of the amber-colored syrup down to the required point, is a delicate one, and the experienced farmer will take charge of this himself, standing before the arch with a cup of sweet cream in one hand and a bucket of snow within easy reach of the other. If the bubbling mass rises in the pan until it threatens to overflow, he lets fall a few drops of cream into it, and this causes it quickly to subside. The fire is kept well down, all the time, because the thicker the sugar becomes the more apt it is to burn. If at any time

there seems to be danger of this, a handful of snow is thrown into the open door of the arch to deaden the blaze. There are various ways of telling when the sugar is boiled enough. An experienced maker can tell by the thickness as it drips from the edge of a wooden paddle which he has dipped into it. When it has reached a certain consistency, a snowball held firmly and dipped into it comes out capped with a thin brown coating,

delicious to be eaten. This is called "waxing it," and is the favorite form for eating. When the cry goes up from some watcher who has been experimenting, "It's ready to wax," the visitors leave their various occupations of whittling, story-telling, et cetera, and crowd in around the arch, bringing with them buckets which they have filled with clean snow from some belated drift. The hot brown syrup poured upon the snow soon cools so that it can be conveniently eaten with a small wooden paddle, and he who has once eaten it under the conditions and amid the surroundings which I have described, will never taste anything else quite so delicious until he goes back to the sugar-camp to feast there again.



A PIPE-LINE TO THE SUGAR-HOUSE.



Drawn by Dan Smith.

"HIS GUN WENT UP TO HIS SHOULDER AND STAYED THERE."

THE LAME COYOTE'S LONE WAR.

BY CHARLES MICHELSON.

"**N**Ow," said the padre of the San Carlos Mission, when the christening was done, "go into the kitchen and get something to eat, and the woman will try to find something to wrap around the baby."

The old Spanish priest was in a hurry; he had a great deal to do that morning, but the staring Apache baby got his name and his chance for salvation, and his mother got a cold, leathery tortilla, for all the demands on the padre's time.

The squaw crouched on the clay floor, ravenously bolting the bread given her by the scowling Mexican housekeeper, while the baby, new-named, lay sprawling naked beside her, staring at the big beam that supported the mission roof.

Thereafter, on the agency books this boy figured as Jesus. Against that name his rations and blankets were drawn. A

Spanish priest left without counter-suggestion will name a baby Jesus as surely as an Irish one will name him Patrick.

Mother and babe were integers in a handful of renegade Apaches, whose short and bloody race from the reservation had just been terminated by their capture. They had murdered, they had burned, they had tortured and robbed.

It had been a very successful raid for such a short one. There was not a ranch-house down the San Gabriel valley that was not a smoking ruin, and the ranchmen, their wives and children, had been done to death in all manner of grotesque ways. It was really a fine raid, one to brag about to the old men who had not gone out that spring because the first freshet had come at the full of the moon, an omen not to be lightly disregarded. The old men were, in a measure, vindicated because the

soldiers had rounded up the renegades in a fortnight. Two of the Indians fully identified as individual murderers were about to be hanged, and that is why the priest hurried through the christening. One of the condemned bucks was the father of the baby who had just been christened. The boy had been born on the war-path, and the soldiers, when they brought in the hostiles, fetched the brown baby and his ugly mother to the mission, as being in the sectarian department of the reservation. The two bucks were hanged.

It was ten or a dozen years after this that the old priest fell dead across the threshold of the mission-house with a bullet through his brain, and among the yelling crowd that danced around the burning mission was one Apache boy tricked out in the worn vestments of the priest who had christened him and tried to make things easier for his father.

The mission-burning was an episode of no mean foray to be ended in a fortnight. This was a real uprising. White Mountain Apaches, Chiracahuas, Tontos, were all in it. The red trail was broad and long this time, as they swept down one of the hills across the plains and past the border into Mexico. Not until the snow came and the warm government blankets of the agency called them home, did the soldiers get them rounded up. The Apache boy had been over that track before, during the years that had elapsed since the soldiers brought him with his mother to the mission, but this was the first raid he would remember. A wonderful journey it was. He was gorged the whole way with roasted horse-meat, and he rode alone instead of being packed by the squaws or tied on behind a man too old to walk. He had dead men to play with and rummaged through their clothes and their cabins, and he had war-paint on like a real warrior.

Jesus never forgot the big raid. The next time he went out, he helped in the killing, and when the soldiers brought him back his foot was shattered by a bullet so that it was never quite straight again.

Then came another big raid, followed by a summer of splendid idleness in the fastnesses of the Sierra Madre, where the soldiers always lost the Indians. Through the Moon of Leaves and the Moon of No-

Water, the Apaches lived high on the stock they had driven before them.

When the acorns were falling, some of them went hunting in the big valley, and as they hunted they read the trail, and what was writ in the dust sent them back to the band with a rush. There was a big talk that night. The old men said the hunters were women who were scared by their own tracks, but the hunters insisted that the marks they saw were made by shod hoofs, and at last Jesus, the veteran, went away to learn the truth. He was not Jesus to them for all that the priest had sprinkled water on him and said medicine words. To his followers he was Coyote-that-drags-his-foot.

Down the mountain-side where a hill-rat could hardly run without starting an avalanche of loose stones, Jesus passed with no more noise than a swimming fish makes. He was looking for soldiers, and when you hunt soldiers it does not do to start the rocks to rolling or scare the birds.

When the Lame Coyote left, his band began a new war—the war of Jesus the Apache against two great nations.

It was a long war, and until its end, the casualties were all on the side of the allied nations.

Jesus found no soldiers and was soon back to the camp of the others.

From the bluff he looked down on the hiding-place, meaning to shoot through the encampment and kill a horse or wound a squaw and so startle the hunters whose timorousness had given him an unnecessary journey. It is a mistake to say the Apache has no sense of humor. To rouse the camp in this fashion was an excellent joke, and Jesus chuckled as he raised his rifle in anticipation of the tumult his shot would cause. His gun went up to his shoulder and stayed there.

The place was deserted. Dotted over the floor of the cañon were the ashes of all the little camp-fires, the bones of horses and cattle slaughtered for food, a rawhide bucket or two, and all the rest of the litter to show where a hundred Apaches had bivouacked for two months.

The Indian who stared down from the brushy bluff couldn't understand it. He had been gone only a few days. He had left a village rich with the spoil of a great

raid. The band had had, when he went out to look for soldiers, as many horses and oxen as they could drive before them, and the squaws were fat with gorging, and gay with the rings and watches of those who had met the column on its wild ride from the reservation to the Mexican mountains.

No; there was nothing but the live-Indian smell in the air; it was not small-pox; there were no dead there.

So much ascertained, he no longer hesitated, but swiftly gained the camp. It did not take him long to understand, then. There were tracks in the ashes never made by moccasins, and a broad new trail. He followed the new trail half a mile and then he knew what had happened as well as if the history had been painted on a sign-board. The soldiers had come from the east, while he was hunting for them in the west, and were taking the renegades back to San Carlos. He looked for battle-signs but found none.

The last raid before this one, the soldiers had also found them, and many were killed in the fight, and when they got the rest back to the reservation, some were hanged and some were sent to far-off prisons. But this time, he realized, the war-party had surrendered without a fight; that also had happened before.

He did not follow the back trail longer than was necessary to decipher what the trail could tell; then he turned back to wait. Maybe his mates would break away from the soldiers. If they didn't, they would surely come back in the spring, after they got their blankets and the white men began to crowd the roads with teams. He would not wait where the big camp had been. That was hard to reach and well hidden in the mountains, but the soldiers knew the way there now, and the strongest article in his faith was to keep clear of soldiers. He could not understand them. They were always after him and his kind when they left the agency, and yet, when they had him there, they derived neither amusement nor profit from him, for they neither tortured him nor made him work. He never stole soldiers' horses, and did not fight them, except when they crowded him, because they went too many together; yet they hunted him incessantly and made his life a

hardship, made his murdering a danger and his stealing difficult, and generally interfered with his every pastime. He had kept away from them pretty successfully so far, though he did limp.

The first movement of Jesus' initial campaign was a defensive one. The soldiers might come back to hunt for stragglers. He trudged away from the abandoned camp, leaving a plain, slurred track wherever there was dust or mud enough to hold it. He dropped a cartridge now and then, leaned his rifle against a tree and scarred the bark at each of his many stops, broke down branches of the underbrush and trampled grass—plain advertisement that a lame, moccasinied Indian, armed with a 45-90 Winchester, had passed that way. For five miles he made plain trail, then he walked back and mixed a mile of it, so whoever followed might not know his ruse too soon; then he struck for high ground.

Never did he put down foot without noting where. If no rock offered, and the ground told tales where he had stepped, he sifted dry dust over the mark or buried it beneath leaves and twigs. It was slow work, but when he had gained the basalt, where a rough-shod horse might have traveled without leaving a scratch, the keenest tracker that ever conned a trail could not have read the riddle his feet had written in the Sierra Madre. He followed the basalt ridge back beyond the old camp, passing far above it in the mountains, and he made camp on the other side of the cañon, high up where he could watch the approaches to the old stronghold.

For a week or two he waited to hear from the rest of the band, but no raiders returned. He would wait until spring; there never had been a spring without its uprising. Old Geronimo, and Chatto, and Juh, and the rest, always broke away in the spring. He did not guess that the incomprehensible white man would send the chiefs away in the railroad train, so far tha' they could never get back.

At last Jesus started out on his lonely war. Few people move about in the Sierra Madre. Once in a while a Mexican hunter might be tempted up from the ranches in the foot-hills, and he knew a trail where prospectors sometimes traveled. The trail was the best chance. He camped along

it until he saw a mounted man coming over the bald place on the hill, outlined plainly against the sky. By that he knew, even at that distance, it was not an Indian, because even an Apache squaw knows better than to ride along a ridge where her silhouette can be seen from miles and miles away. So Jesus slipped behind a rock and waited, and the man, with his pack-burro trotting ahead, came on down the trail and passed the rock that hid the Indian. From where the trail curved around this boulder it ran straight and clear for half a hundred yards. There was not a tree-branch or an encroaching bush to hinder a rifle-ball's progress. It was the sublimation of assassination, the utter luxury of murder; there was even a shallow notch on the top of the rock in which Jesus' Winchester balanced perfectly as he rested it across and aimed for the middle of the prospector's back. The white bead of the fore-sight showed up plain and globular on the blue shirt of the man on the horse's back—the Apache's weapon had come to him from a stray Eastern sportsman on his first outing, caught in his blankets one morning during a raid long ago, and had the dainty little conceits of peep-sights, cross-hatched butt, and the other extra trimmings the city man is so fond of—and Jesus held it there in pure enjoyment of the perfect conditions while the horse traveled two rods before he pulled trigger.

The man rolled off, and Jesus watched him struggle and choke and die. Then he crushed the dead man's face to show his derision. He did not scalp his quarry, as a Comanche or a Sioux would have done. Scalping is a rite, and implies imagination. The Apache has no superstitions; neither has a scorpion. Jesus completed the episode of the prospector's murder by hamstringming his victim's horse. He did not need a horse, and this one would starve to death thus crippled. He could have shot the horse with infinitely less trouble but that would not have been in accordance with what he had always done, and the Apache is a creature of habit. What he found in the prospector's pack was welcome. He got drunk, and he feasted until he could eat no more, and he slept off the effects of his debauch in a clump of mes-

quit brush that overlooked where the dead man lay. Drunk as he was, the sprawling tracks he made from the bloody trail to his cool resting-place were covered and obliterated. The instinct of self-preservation did not cease to develop when the Apache evolved from the rattlesnake.

The next time he waited along that trail, two men passed, but they rode single file and fifty feet apart, and Jesus, lying flat behind the convenient boulder, followed the foremost man with his rifle bead, and then watched the second out of sight. He could have killed the first certainly, and the other, probably, but he might have missed the second shot, and then the chances between his life and the white man's would have been equal; and even the squaws would have laughed at a warrior so maladroit as to get into such a situation. Jesus took no chances. He killed only when he could do so safely, not because he cared for the resulting plunder particularly, but for the same reason a white man kills a snake whenever he can.

It is not possible to tell of all the crimes the lone Apache committed during the years he prosecuted his war, any more than it is to recount the nightly depredations of a fox among the hen-roosts of a countryside. Jesus molested the ranches in the foot-hills as little as possible. He stole a horse or a cow for food when he needed it, but there is danger round men's houses. He was not the first savage that had haunted those mountains, and the Mexicans in the foot-hills had learned to be ever on the watch for his kind. But they dreaded him, for all their experience. When a man of them ventured on the great mountain, he became fair game for the evil huntsman. It was not their fault he remained the specter of that country. At every fresh manifestation of his presence, the ranchmen would band together and hunt him, following his halting, slurred track as far as they could. Once or twice he was seen by such a party, but always in full flight, afar off, and they might as well have tried to wear out the wind as run him down on his own mountain. The women of the ranches used to scare their crying children into silence by telling them the Lame Coyote would hear them, and around the solitary red man grew a jungle

Drawn by Dan Smith.

"WATCHED HIM STRUGGLE AND CHOKED AND DIED."



of mystery. These people, almost as ignorant as he, but with the imagination of which he had no gleam, deemed him supernatural for his success. The tendency of man to boast, and his reluctance to confess inferiority, were the parents of the tale that the evil spirit of the mountains was invulnerable, that bullets fired at him at point-blank range turned aside and would not pierce him, that he had the power to transform himself into a mountain-cat or a snake and so escape his pursuers. When they hunted him, some loaded their guns with silver bullets marked with a cross. And yet the object of all this was only a solitary savage, with a mind of hardly higher order than the beasts into which he was supposed to change himself.

For three years he kept his lonely trail of murder and thievery. He spoke to nobody in all that time, unless to his dead. From them he got ammunition and arms and everything else he required. To a being to whom a handful of mesquit beans was a day's rations, there could be no starvation, so Jesus' life in the Sierra Madre was a happy one. He often waited in his old ambush by the trail the prospectors frequented, and rarely failed of his quarry; he lay in the brush where the shepherds drove their sheep, and the sheep wandered shepherdless over the ranges after that. One day he went as far as the deep cañon through which the wagon-road led to the north. He saw the great teams hauled by twenty yoke of oxen crawl by, but there were too many drivers for him to risk a shot; but long after these creaking wains were out of sight, and even the pistol-like cracks of the bullwhackers' whips no longer came back to him, he heard the sound of wheels, and a light wagon with only a Mexican man, a woman and a baby in it came along. From his perch among the rocks he shot the man. The Mexican knew what an Apache was. He had life enough left in him to kill the woman before Jesus' second shot finished him, but the baby was left and Jesus got what satisfaction he could out of killing that.

As usual, the slaying brought out men to hunt for him. He kept out of their way, and even managed to pick off one of the band, who became separated from the other pursuers. Still, it was a bad killing for

Jesus. The man in the carriage had had position and influence, and brothers who knew how to pull the long strings that led a thousand miles to the City of Mexico, and the result of it all was that a regiment of cavalry marched into the Sierra Madre, and the colonel of that regiment had come with private advices as well as public orders that made it obvious to him that he had better give up the profession of arms than return without laying the ghost of the Sierra Madre.

The scouts of the cavalry found Jesus' camp by the Lake of the Virgin, and the soldiers, each behind a bush or rock, waited in a wide circle for Jesus to come home. He came in the evening, and from far away saw the wild ducks coming to the lake break their flight and sheer off when they neared where he had laired. He came no closer, and the colonel after three days gathered in his soldiers from their useless ambush; while Jesus made his way into still deeper fastnesses and lay on a mountain-top and waited for the soldiers to get tired of the hunt. He did not know about the plain, unofficial words that had been said to the colonel before he started on this expedition.

While he waited, there came what Jesus had expected ever since he found the big camp deserted and his mates gone back to the reservation. Half a dozen of the old band, hard-pressed after the murder of a teamster, crossed the line and came to the old hiding-place. By the instinct that civilization has atrophied, Jesus knew they were come, and found them. There is nothing wonderful in this. Free a quail in the woods. The bird may have been brought from a thousand miles away, but he starts straight as a bullet for the covey. The Mexican soldiers were not moved by the wild instinct, but their business was hunting wary wild men, and they knew their business well. They read the trail and knew there were more than Coyote-that-drags-his-foot in the mountains. There was no catching them by pursuit; but nobody but a fool tries to get a wolf by running him down. They marked the trail and counted the tracks, and followed the six until a seventh joined them. A single man can hide his trail if he has time; a hurrying band leaves the history of its pass-

age all along the way to be learned by anybody who cares to look.

The soldiers chased the seven for the usual time with the usual no result, and then the regiment filed out of the mountains, and Jesus and his six fellows, who fled no farther than they were pursued, came back and followed like jackals far behind the regiment. But the colonel whose official head was in danger was by no means through with his efforts to avoid its loss. At the first and most exposed ranch in the foot-hills, the human habitation nearest the Apache-haunted mountain, the regiment bivouacked for the night, and when it went on again the colonel and a dozen of his best men were not with it. The sharpest eye cannot mark the loss of thirteen men out of a column of half a thousand, and the Indians perched up in the bluffs watched the departure of the foiled regiment without apprehension.

It was the old conflict between savage sapience and civilized guile. For a week the colonel and his twelve rurales lay in the ranch-house. During that time they never had a fire and not one of them showed himself outside of the door. But a trap unbaited is no device to tempt wolves, and after a week, a rancher's wagons, ox-drawn, with the rancher plodding in the dust beside his beasts, crawled up to the ranch. In the covered wagon were women and children. Their high voices and laughter echoed through the cañon. The crack of the driver's long whip told for miles that a bull-team was being driven there. The buzzards, circling up in the blue, marked the outfit, and the buzzard was never hatched whose eye caught what a watching Apache missed.

Jesus and his followers knew the ranch was tenanted again. They saw the rancher tinkering about, making repairs and cleaning out the spring, they saw the women filling the ollas with drinking-water and kneading tortillas in the doorway, they watched the children playing with the dogs in the yard, and they saw the smoke come from the chimney, and all the other signs of homely homesteading. The land all about the house was clear, so there was no way of stalking the one man of the party and shooting him at his work, and they knew no rancher would come there who

was not prepared to fight. The women and children moved about the place unmolested, accordingly, and the colonel of rurales and his dozen men lay in their crowded quarters and sweated and swore, but never came out. Still nobody in that ranch-house had caught sight of an Apache.

That grizzled colonel knew his business too well to deduce from this that there was none about, though he hated the trouble of campaigning. The temptation must be increased, the way to the bait made easier.

The next morning the rancher rode away from the house, driving before him a pack-mule, the empty bags on whose saddle proclaimed the rancher was going for supplies. There was not time to arrange an ambush, so the rancher rode unmolested, while seven pairs of cruel eyes watched the ranch-house from the pine-patch that overlooked it.

Just at dark the Apaches came, not with a rush, but crawling and creeping, the barking of the ranch-dogs betraying their advance, until only the space of the door-yard separated them from the houseful of women and children. Then they started up boldly. The Apache yell of triumph was still in the air when every door and window of the adobe house vomited thunder and lightning. The Mexican colonel had saved his eagles. There was no missing. The first volley brought every Indian to the ground, and the firing continued until the seven forms were still. The colonel counted and inspected the dead, and chuckled over his success.

"Chica," he said, to the corporal, "if we hurry, we can flag the midnight train at the mouth of the cañon, and be back in Chihuahua in the morning. These women can go to-morrow, or when they will; there is no more danger in the Sierra Madre. Man, I am dead for a bath and a clean shirt."

So the soldiers went away, and the holy Sister of St. Genevieve who had come with the other women prayed until far into the night for the dead. While she prayed, she heard a voice from out of the moonless night, a weak, dying voice, and it pleaded and begged for water. "Aqua! Aqua!"

The voice was growing weaker. Her prayers ceased; she found herself straining to catch the whisper. "Aqua! Aqua!"



dicts look back. She is a living, vital, influential reality, a product of the twentieth century that has come to stay.

"What is the secret of American men's success?" asked Albert Edward of Amalie Kussner, when she painted his portrait at Marlborough House.

"Their wives," said the painter of portraits promptly, and out of that short response his Royal Highness got a better insight into American conditions than he will ever extract from books. But what is the secret of American wives' success? is the vital question which brings us down to first causes—which concerns the women of all countries, and floods the American matrimonial market with foreigners of every class.

Wherein is the American wife's superiority?

In England women serve their husbands; in France they obey them; in Germany they idolize them; in Russia they plot for them, with them, against them; in China they are given in marriage and become nonentities. In America, women choose their husbands, love them, share their interests, and make them happy.

There is your recipe for ideal wifehood; but like every recipe, from "How to cook

a steak" to "How to bring up children," it is deceptive in its apparent simplicity.

In the first place, America is the only country in the world where conditions are ripe to develop the ideal wife. In no other country is the choice of a husband left wholly with the girl who is to marry him. How is it possible to realize an ideal in a man or woman who is the choice of some one else, when the ideals of all men and women differ and the needs which create them are in quantity and quality unlike? How is it possible for parents, who, unfortunately, seldom comprehend the natures of their children, because of the years between them, the different schools in which they were reared and the different ages in which they grew, to choose successfully men who will make their daughters happy? For parents often labor under the disadvantages of difference in point of view, and ignorance of the requirements of the one, and the ability of the other to fulfil, which the girl who is in love instinctively feels.

Once in a while the upholders of the parental matchmaking theory point proudly to results and say, "Could they have chosen better for themselves?" It would indeed be strange if, out of the millions of haphazard unions of sons and daughters whose dowries or social positions happen to fit, a few couples were not occasionally found who enjoy mutual love and good-fellowship. Accidents will happen. But when happiness does ensue from this marketing of staple quantities, it is purely a matter of accident.

A short while ago, the writer talked on

this subject with Wu Ting Fang, Chinese Minister to America. The topic of American womanhood versus the womanhood of China, is as keenly interesting to Mr. Wu as affairs of state. After a somewhat heated argument the Minister concluded with what was intended to be a triumphant summing-up. "I believe," he said, "that one of your very good American maxims is, 'The proof of the pudding is in the eating.' I refer you, therefore, to results. A day never passes in America without seeing the undoing of some of your marriage contracts. In China, divorce is unknown. Is it necessary to say more?"

Yes, Mr. Wu, it is necessary to say enough more to convince you, by your own argument, of the superiority of our system over yours. The increase of divorce in America represents, not an increase of unhappy homes, but their decrease. Resorting to courts of law by unhappy wives or husbands signifies, not that they lightly regard the bond of marriage or its requirements, but that they have come to a better knowledge of its purpose and possibilities, and regard it too sacredly to use it as the cloak for a living lie.

"China is a country of homes," Mr. Wu said, impressively—a very euphonious sentence, but it meant nothing. Every country is essentially one of homes, but the question is: What of those homes? What are the standards by which they are governed? How high is the plane on which they rest? America can give no better answer to these questions than the annals of her divorce courts. It is these that prove the raising of the standard for homes, and the existence of the ideal wife, for they prove the growing disposition to refuse anything less than the highest and best attainable.

The American spirit is to get all there is to be had. When it's dollars, we don't mind work; when it's pleasure, we don't mind dollars; when it's a principle, we don't mind either. The tendency to progress applies to things ethical as well as material. Since the ideal wife and the ideal home have come to be possibilities realized, flourishing on every side of us, no less goal will satisfy any American man or woman. And if, in endeavoring to fulfil the best there is in them, in the

allotted time of their lives, men and women whose spirits have been crushed through unfortunate marriages, whose power to cheer is lost through their own cheerlessness, whose ability to inspire is deadened by the death of their own hopes, whose influence for good in the lives of others is soured and perverted by the bad in their own—when these seek the divorce courts to readjust these conditions, it is for the greatest good for the greatest number, and that is the pivot on which all things ideal should hinge.

If ideal wives and ideal homes increase in ratio during the next century as they have in the latter part of the last one, America will have small use for divorce laws a couple of generations hence. They are usually the children of loveless parents who make unhappy marriages; and they are usually the children of loveless homes who make bad men and women. The crime of continuing homes where hate and dissension rule, and where unsuited natures chafe beneath bonds which every law of natural affinity would sever, is not expiated in the sufferings of husband and wife. The sin of a loveless marriage and a loveless home, is one of those sins that are "visited upon the third and fourth generation." The children of such parents enter the world with a handicap that can seldom, if ever, be wholly overcome.

The woman most apt to make an ideal wife, is one who has been brought up in a real home, by a mother who loves and is loved. The greatest power in the world is love. It is the beginning of all things, as its loss is the end of all things. It is the foundation of character, the keynote of happiness, the unit that stands for the ideal home. The man and wife who have not mutual love have as little chance for realizing the ideal as they would have for life without food in their larder. Indeed, their chances are less, for the privilege of working for bread is open to all, but the privilege of knowing how to love does not come to everybody.

To be able to love well is generally an art that is the result of training and cultivation, though it may be a gift, like genius. But it is rarely that the girl or boy on whose early life no love has fallen, who has been deprived of parents' or sister's or

brother's love, is prepared to accept or give the love of a lover. To those little men and women who have never known love in their home life, the "grand passion" means only an infatuation or sometimes not so much; and the greater beauties of love, its unselfishness, its sacrifices, its humbleness, its gentleness, its lasting interest and its everlasting growth, are hidden treasures, which in the future they may or may not discover.

Not long ago, a woman of cold, indifferent temperament, whose married life is far from ideal, although her husband is devoted and her home provided with every luxury, was taken to task for the over-indulgent manner in which she is rearing her children. Her reply to the intruder came with a quick impulse. The subject was evidently close to her heart. "If I err at all," she said, "in the rearing of my children—and I suppose most mothers do—I prefer to err on the side of too much indulgence and too much love. It may make them hypersensitive, and bring them misery in the future if they realize less of love than they have been taught to believe is their portion; but it is better to know how to love, even though the chance to use the knowledge never comes, than to let the opportunity for happiness find one's nature dwarfed and one's capabilities wanting."

Those who know this woman's history, remember that her childhood was one of strict discipline, her parents cold to each other and reserved toward their children, and the social and spiritual atmosphere of the home chill and loveless. It is not remarkable that the nature which was stunted in the child should fail to respond to the call of the woman.

This instance is one of many which prove how great a part love plays in the ideal home, and how vapid are all things without it.

There are people who contend that the ideal marriage results, not from love, which may satiate, sicken, die and leave an unwholesome vacuum, but from mutual respect, kindred tastes, and a comfortable sort of regard that increases with age. These theorists are invariably spinsters and old bachelors. Which, of their single condition and their theory, is the cause,

and which the effect, would be difficult to state; but both are wrong. I should like to start an old maid and an old bachelor off on the sea of matrimony, in a mutual-respect bark of their own making, just for an experiment. It would be an interesting log-book, theirs, when they got out of sight of land, and ran into a few of the squalls and cyclones and heavy seas that are frequent on that tempestuous ocean. It is doubtful if even the log-book would be rescued from the first encounter; for these barks of mutual respect are neither waterproof, nor weatherproof, nor fireproof, nor proof against anything but safety.

It is hard enough pulling for love itself, sometimes. What chance, then, has a comfortable regard, with promise of future growth? What part does mutual respect play in Mary's dreadful awakening to John's occasional use of cocktails and cuss-words? And what of John's comfortable regard, after the first breakfast where weak coffee and curl-papers make an indelible impression; or after the first realization that Mary's cooking-school education is limited to a knowledge of how to string welsh rarebits? And on that first occasion when Mary waits till nine, then dines alone; then waits and worries and watches until John comes home at last from the club?

In every domestic trial, big or little, it is the yearning, pleading, telling logic of love which comes straight from the heart, that wins in the end.

In all of married life there is no joy that love does not share, no pain that love does not lessen, no circumstance so practical that love does not enter in and influence. The love that makes ideal wives, and ideal homes, is not merely an exchange of caresses or a maudlin sentiment. From the beauty of the ideal wife to the presence of the ideal husband; from the flowers, and sunshine, and neatness, and system, in the ideal household, to the flourishing business in the office of that household's head; from the health of the baby to the good nature of the cook, all things are dependent upon and inspired by love.

"Perfect congeniality," says some one, "is the secret of ideal marital happiness." But what is the secret of perfect congeniality? Love! No two who knew not

love, ever found the first principles of "perfect congeniality." Love is a rare instinct. It needs not touch, nor taste, nor smell, nor scarcely sight or hearing, to help in its understanding. Love is instinctive comprehension; and the man and wife who have it come in time to be a unit. Therein is the ideal reached. Mutually comprehended and shared are their thoughts, their aims, their hopes, their standards, plans, purposes, tendencies, tastes. Whatever is of interest to the woman, is of equal interest to the man; and likewise the man's interests are of vital importance to the woman. The ideal wife does not share her husband's interests after business hours only. His work is as much a part of her sphere as his recreation; his hours of taxation as much to her as his hours of relaxation. The ideal wife is not congenial and co-operative with her husband up to a certain point, but throughout all points. That is why we have come to know her as "the ideal wife and helpmeet." That is why she figures in his professional success, as well as in his social success. That is why, in many instances, he is a success at all. "Two heads are better than one"—especially when there are two loyal hearts beneath them. Many a man has missed the mark toward which he aimed just for the lack of a woman's restraining or incentive influence, or the judgment of human nature with which a well-poised woman measures plumb. Just as a great ship needs a pilot, just as a mill-wheel needs the water, so the man who may have within him all the elements of success, needs just that complement which the ideal wife supplies, before his talents can be utilized to the greatest scope. For none of us is within himself a perfect whole. Every truly great man is in some way truly small; every powerful man has his weakness, every good man his vice; every artist has his sordidness, every poet knows the depths. For every virtue within us, is an accompanying vice; for every greatness that exalts us, is a littleness that appals. All extremes have their penalties, and it is to balance the extremes, to thwart the penalties, to round out the unevenness of our natures, that the possibility of a human complement is held forth in the ideal wife or husband.

She is not the woman who is a great beauty, or a great wit, or a great intellect, who makes the ideal wife. She is not the woman who writes books, or reads essays before women's clubs; nor is she the doll-faced piece of bric-à-brac who poses and looks pretty for his edification; nor the thrifty woman who figures and saves, nor the spendthrift who squanders, nor the slavey who cooks and cleans and scrubs. These are not faults or virtues which make or mar the ideal wife. She may be all or none of these. The ideal wife did not win her place and sobriquet because of any set virtue or quality. Neither staying at home to darn his socks, nor suffering the tortures of the table d'hôte with him in bohemia, will place her name upon that envied list. The ideal wife is not made by trivialities. She is the woman who studies her husband with love for a text-book.

It is not necessarily in high life that we find the ideal wife. The laborer has as good a chance as the lord to attain the truest living; for the point where we reach the ideal is not a fixed point; it is a viewpoint, and depends on each one's individual point of view.

The ideal wife may be very wise or she may not be able to read or write. She may dote on riding and driving, if her husband loves horses; she may doctor the disposition to seasickness, if he has the yachting craze; she may cultivate the taste for books, if he be a student; she may bend her energies toward shining in society, if that be his aim; she may be able to broil a steak or manipulate a chafing-dish if he be a gourmand. She may be an autocrat if he desires, a bohemian if he prefers. She may be pretty or homely, nice or coarse, dainty or vulgar, good or bad. But if she is the complement to her husband's nature; if she supplies what he needs, makes him successful, makes him happy, makes him progress, and remains always the least bit above him, whatever his social and moral plane may be, she is an ideal wife, and one of a large and growing class in America.

Perhaps the class will spread in other countries, too, when those countries realize what it is doing for us, and when the men of those countries realize that if they

want ideal womanhood, they must give it room to grow. For, after all, it is to the liberality of American men that the growth of American womanhood must be credited.

Why does the American wife have a better comprehension of her husband's business affairs than her English sister, and figure more prominently in his financial and professional success? Because the American husband allows it and encourages it. Because he gives his wife credit for as much good sense and good judgment as himself; because he does not deny her right to "share, and share alike," all of his interests; because he respects her suggestions, follows her incentive, and treats her as an equal.

There can be no doubt about the generosity of the American man, and there can be no doubt, either, about the splendid returns of his liberal investment.

It is not only upon an intellectual basis, however, that men have grown liberal; but also upon a conventional basis. The women of to-day are not hemmed in and stunted by rules and restrictions as their grandmothers were. They may be detained out after dark, may travel alone, may follow a profession, ride, drive, golf, sail a boat, own a yacht, carry on a business, and even deduce opinions from the problems of life, without greatly agitating the community.

Once in a while we meet an old-timer whose nerves are sincerely jarred by the short skirts, the low-heeled walking-boots, the large waists, the wholesome, healthful athletic gait, and the unesthetic glow in the cheeks, of the up-to-date young woman. He tells us that girls didn't do those things in his day, and that our grandmothers stayed at home and were womanly and men put them on a pedestal and looked up to them. It is just as impossible to convince the old-timer that girls who enjoy outdoor sports in sensible outdoor costumes are womanly, as it is to convince him that standing on a pedestal is uncomfortable and unprofitable.

The unfortunate thing about the pedestal was its narrowness. There wasn't room to do anything requiring a wider swath than tatting. Then there was the emphasized distance between the base and the top. There is no doubt that men admired

those pedestal women of Puritan days. But women were intended for something more than to be admired—they were intended to be companions, associates, helpmeets. There is no power in the universe so mighty as woman's influence over man. Yet those women who have swayed the destinies of men and nations, who have undermined thrones, side-tracked kings, changed the course of battles, made and unmade heroes and directed the course of genius, have been types of inferior womanhood, and, almost invariably, not these men's wives.

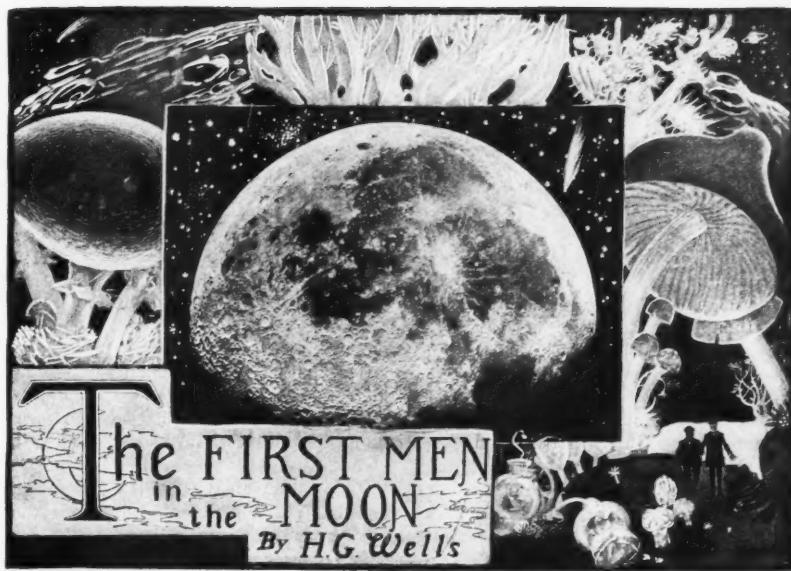
And why not their wives? Because their wives were busy with their pedestals.

When a new murderer is committed to the Tombs, the first scent which the chief of police follows is for "the woman in the case."

When a new genius bursts upon the public, you may usually follow the same scent, to get at the root of his genius, or to discover the bit of mechanism that has forced it to the front.

The American woman has halted in her pointless study of men to devote a few moments to the study of herself. The result of her reflections is everywhere visible—on the links, on the water, in every field of athletic sport, in the college, the lecture-room, the theater, the church, the home; in every place where decent man goes, there decent woman goes with him. Companionship is the watchword—mental, physical, spiritual, ethical companionship, wherein the oldtime pedestal woman, the woman of pure and lofty motive, enters into the lives of men, sharing their sports and studies, their work and pleasure, their troubles and joys, and demonstrating, from an equal footing, that the best success, the best work, the best play, the best feeling, the best fun, the best, the truest, fullest living, can be extracted from life as honey is sipped from the flower, without demolishing its fairness, without poisoning its petals by foulness.

These are the women who, slowly and steadily, are accomplishing what the high-voiced advocates of "Woman's Rights" never will: the social equality of the sexes. They are the ideal wives, and mothers, and comrades, of the present; and they will constitute themselves "the woman in the case" for future genius and generations.



Drawn by E. Hering.

XX.

MR. BEDFORD IN INFINITE SPACE.

I WENT nearer to it. It was the little cricket-cap Cavor had worn.

I saw then that the scattered branches about it had been forcibly smashed and trampled. I hesitated, stepped forward and picked it up.

I stood with Cavor's cap in my hand, staring at the trampled ground about me. On some of them were little smears of something dark, something that I dared not touch. A dozen yards away, perhaps, the rising breeze dragged something into view, something small and vividly white.

It was a little piece of paper, crumpled as though it had been clutched tightly. I picked it up, and on it were smears of red. My eye caught faint pencil-marks. I smoothed it out and saw uneven and broken writing, ending at last in a crooked streak upon the paper.

I set myself to decipher this.

"I have been injured about the knee, I think my knee-cap is smashed, and I cannot run or crawl," it began—pretty distinctly written.

Then, less legibly: "They have been chasing me for some time and it is only a question of"—the word "time" seemed to have been written here and erased in favor of something illegible—"before they get me. They are beating all about me."

Then the writing became convulsive. "I can hear them," I guessed the tracing meant, and then it was quite unreadable for a space. Then came a little string of words that were quite distinct: "a different sort of Selenite altogether, who appears to be directing the —" The writing became a mere hasty confusion again.

"They have larger brain-cases, and are clothed, as I take it, in thin plates of gold. They make gentle noises and move with organized deliberation. And though I am wounded and helpless here, their appearance still gives me hope—" That was like Cavor. "They have not shot at me or attempted injury. I intend—"

Then came the sudden streak of the pencil across the paper, and on the back and edges—blood!

And as I stood there, stupid and perplexed, with this dumfounding relic in my hand, something very, very soft and

light and chill touched my hand for a moment and ceased to be, and then a thing, a little white speck, drifted athwart a shadow. It was a tiny snowflake, the first snowflake, the herald of the night.

I looked up with a start, and the sky had darkened almost to blackness and was thick with a gathering multitude of coldly watchful stars. I looked eastward, and the light of that shriveled world was touched with a somber bronze—westward, and the sun, robbed now by a thickening white mist of half its heat and splendor, was touching the crater rim, was sinking out of sight, and all the shrubs and jagged and tumbled rocks stood out against it in a bristling disorder of black shapes. Into the great lake of darkness westward, a vast wreath of mist was sinking. A cold wind set all the crater shivering. Suddenly, for a moment I was in a puff of falling snow and all the world about me gray and dim.

And then it was I heard, not loud and penetrating as at first, but faint and dim like a dying voice, that tolling, that same tolling that had welcomed the coming of the day, "Boom! Boom! Boom!" And suddenly the open mouth of the tunnel, down below there, shut like an eye and vanished out of sight.

Then indeed I was alone.

Over me, within me, closing in on me, embracing me ever nearer, was the Eternal, that which was before the beginning and that which triumphs over the end; that enormous void in which all light and life and being is but the thin and vanishing splendor of a falling-star, the cold, the stillness, the silence—the infinite and final Night of space.

"No!" I cried. "No! Not yet! Not yet! Wait! Wait! Oh, wait!" and, frantic and convulsive, shivering with cold and terror, I flung the crumpled paper from me, scrambled back to the crest to take my bearings, and then, with all the will that was in me, leaped out toward the mark I had left, dim and distant now in the very margin of the shadow.

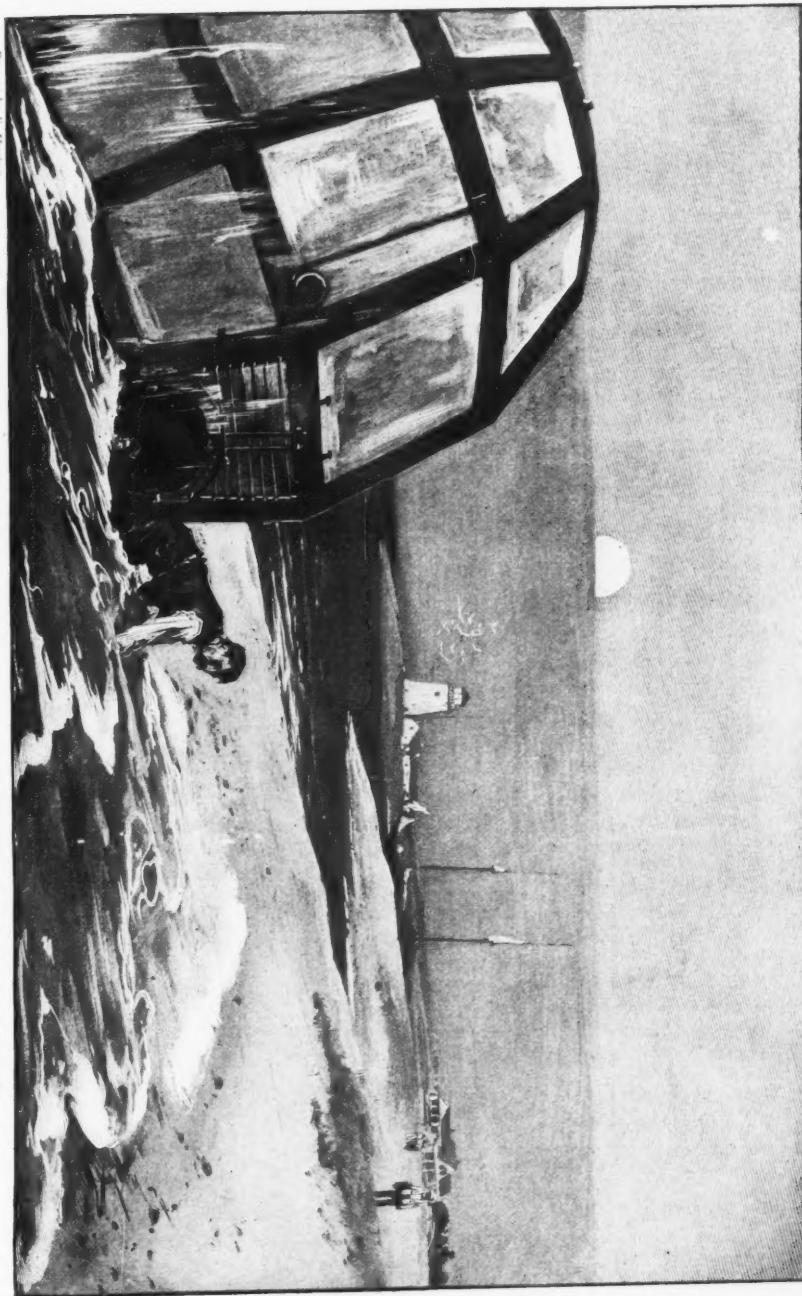
Leap, leap, leap, and each leap was seven ages. Before me the pale serpent-girdled sector of the sun sank and sank, and the advancing shadow swept to seize the sphere before I could reach it. Once, and then again, my foot slipped on the

gathering snow as I leaped, and shortened my leap; once I fell short into bushes that crashed and smashed into dusty chips and nothingness, and once I stumbled as I dropped and rolled head over heels into a gully, and rose bruised and bleeding, and confused as to my direction. But such incidents were as nothing to the intervals, those awful pauses when one drifted through the air toward that pouring tide of night. "Shall I reach it? Oh, Heaven! shall I reach it?"—a thousand times repeated until it passed into a prayer, into a sort of litany. And with the barest margin of time I reached the sphere.

Already it had passed into the chill penumbra of the cold. Already the snow was thick upon it, and the cold reaching my marrow. But I reached it—the snow was already banking against it—and crept into its refuge with the snowflakes dancing in about me, as I tried with chilling hands to thrust the valve in, and spun it tight and hard. And then, with fingers that were already thick and clumsy, I turned to the shutter studs.

As I fumbled with the switches—for I had never controlled them before—I could see dimly, through the steaming glass, the blazing red streamers of the sinking sun dancing and flickering through the snow-storm, and the black forms of the scrub thickening and broadening and bending and breaking beneath the accumulating snow. Thicker whirled the snow and thicker, black against the light. What if even now the switches overcame me? Then something clicked under my hands and in an instant that last vision of the moon-world was hidden from my eyes. I was in the silence and darkness of the interplanetary sphere.

It was almost as though I had been killed. Indeed, I could imagine a man suddenly and violently killed would feel very much as I did. One moment, a passion of agonizing existence and fear; the next, darkness and stillness, neither light nor life, nor sun, moon or stars, the blank Infinite. Although the thing was done by my own act, although I had already tasted this very effect in Cavor's company, I felt astonished, dumfounded and overwhelmed. I seemed to be borne upward into an enormous darkness. My fingers



Drawn by A. Herring.

"I MANAGED TO CRAWL OUT UPON THE SAND, OVER WHICH THE RETREATING WAVES STILL CAME AND WENT."

floated off the studs, I hung as if I were annihilated, and at last very softly and gently I came against the bale and the golden chain and the crowbars, that had drifted to the middle of the sphere.

I do not know how long that drifting took. In the sphere, of course, even more than on the moon one's earthly time sense was ineffectual. At the touch of the bale it was as if I had awakened from a dreamless sleep. I immediately perceived that if I wanted to keep awake and alive, I must get a light or open a window so as to get a grip of something with my eyes. And besides, I was cold. I kicked off from the bale, therefore, clawed on to the thin cords within the glass, crawled along until I got to the manhole rim and so got my bearings for the light and blind studs, took a shove off, and flying once round the bale and getting a scare from something big and flimsy that was drifting loose, I got my hand on the cord quite close to the studs and reached them. I lit the little lamp first of all, to see what it was I had collided with, and discovered that old copy of "Lloyd's News," which had slipped its moorings and was adrift in the void. That brought me out of the Infinite to my own proper dimensions again. It made me laugh and pant for a time, and suggested the idea of a little oxygen from one of the cylinders. After that, I lit the heater until I felt warm, and then I took food. Then I set to work in a very gingerly fashion on the Cavorite blinds to see if I could guess by any means how the sphere was traveling.

The first blind I opened I shut at once, and hung for a time flattened and blinded by the sunlight that had hit me. After thinking a little, I started upon the windows at right angles to this one, and got the huge crescent moon and the little crescent earth behind it, the second time. I was amazed to find how far I was from the moon. I had reckoned not only that I should have little or none of the "kick-off" which the earth's atmosphere had given us at our start, but that the tangential "fly-off" of the moon's spin would be at least twenty-eight times less than the earth's. I had expected to discover myself hanging over our crater and on the edge of the night, but all that was now only a

part of the outline of the white crescent that filled the sky. And Cavor—?

He was already infinitesimal.

Under the inspiring touch of the drifting newspaper, I became very practical again for a while. It was quite clear to me that what I had to do was to get back to earth, but as far as I could see I was drifting away from it. Whatever had happened to Cavor, I was powerless to help him. There he was, living or dead behind the mantle of that rayless night, and there he must remain until I could summon our fellow-men to his assistance. That, briefly, was the plan I had in my mind: to come back to earth, and then, as maturer consideration might determine, either to show and explain the sphere to a few discreet persons and act with them, or else to keep my secret, sell my gold, obtain weapons, provisions and an assistant, and return with these advantages to deal on equal terms with the flimsy people of the moon, and either to rescue Cavor or to procure a sufficient supply of gold to place my subsequent proceedings on a firmer basis. All this was pretty clear and obvious, and I set myself to decide just exactly how the return to earth should be contrived.

I puzzled out at last that I must drop back toward the moon as near as I dared, to gather velocity, then shut my windows and fly behind it, and when I was past, open my earthward windows and so get off at a good pace homeward. But whether I should ever reach the earth by that device, or whether I might not simply find myself spinning about it in some hyperbolic or parabolic curve or other, I could not tell. Later I had a happy inspiration, and by opening certain windows to the moon, which had appeared in the sky in front of the earth, I turned my course aside so as to head off the earth, which it had become evident to me I must pass behind without some such expedient. I did a very great deal of complicated thinking over these problems—for I am no mathematician—and in the end I am certain it was much more my good luck than my reasoning that enabled me to hit the earth. Had I known then, as I know now, the mathematical chances that there were against me, I doubt if I should have troubled even to touch the studs to make any attempt.

And having puzzled out what I considered to be the thing to do, I opened all my moonward windows, and squatted down—the effort lifted me for a time some foot or so into the air and I hung there in the oddest way—and waited for the crescent to get bigger and bigger until I felt I was near enough for safety. Then I would shut the windows, fly past the moon with the velocity I had got from it—if I did not smash upon it—and so go on toward the earth.

A time came when this was done and I shut out the sight of the moon from my eyes, and in a state of mind singularly free from anxiety or any other distressful quality, I sat down to begin my vigil in that little speck of matter in Infinite Space that would last until I should strike the earth. The heater had made the sphere tolerably warm, the air had been refreshed by the oxygen, and I felt perfectly comfortable, for the first time indeed since I had left the earth. I had extinguished the light again, lest it should fail me in the end; I was in darkness save for the earthshine and the glitter of the stars below me. Everything was absolutely silent and still; I might indeed have been the only being in the Universe; and yet, strangely enough, I had no more feeling of loneliness or fear than if I had been lying in bed on earth. Yet during my last hours in the crater of the moon the sense of my utter loneliness had been an agony.

I remember that after I had been sitting in this manner for some days—though at the time they seemed no more than hours to me—I found myself thinking with a strange breadth and freedom of all that we had undergone and of all my life and motives and the secret issues of my being. I seemed to myself to grow greater and greater; all sense of movement passed from me, until I was floating amid the stars; and always the sense of earth's littleness, and the infinite littleness of my life upon it, increased.

I can't profess to explain the things that happened in my mind, though no doubt they could all be traced directly or indirectly to the curious physical conditions under which I was living, but I set them down here for what they are worth. One curious idea dominated me more and more

as these strange days of suspense followed one another, and that was an increasing doubt of my own identity. I became, if I may so express it, dissociated from Bedford; I looked down on Bedford as a trivial, incidental thing with which I chanced to be connected. I saw Bedford in many relations as an ass or as a poor beast, where I had hitherto been inclined to regard him with a quiet pride as a very spirited or rather forcible person. I saw him not only as an ass, but as the son of many generations of asses. I reviewed his school-days, and his early manhood, and his first encounter with love, very much as one might review the proceedings of an ant in the sand. Something of that period of lucidity, I regret, still hangs about me, and I doubt if I shall ever recover the full-bodied self-satisfaction of my early days. But at the time, the thing was not in the least painful, because I had that extraordinary persuasion that as a matter of fact I was no more Bedford than I was any one else, but only a mind floating in the still serenity of space. Why should I be disturbed about this Bedford's shortcomings? I was not responsible for him or them.

For a time I struggled against this really very grotesque delusion. I tried to summon the memory of vivid moments, of tender or intense emotions, to my assistance; I felt that if I could recall one genuine twinge of feeling the growing severance would be stopped. But I could not do it. I saw Bedford rushing down Chancery Lane, hat on the back of his head, coat-tails flying out, en route for his public examination. I saw him dodging, and bumping against, and even saluting, other similar little creatures in that swarming gutter of people. *Me?* I saw Bedford that same evening in the sitting-room of a certain lady, and his hat was on the table beside him and it wanted brushing badly, and he was in tears. *Me?* I saw him with a lady in various attitudes and emotions—I never felt so detached before. I saw him hurrying off to Lympne to write a play, and accosting Cavor, and in his shirt-sleeves working at the sphere, and walking out to Canterbury because he was afraid to come! *Me?* I did not believe it.

I still reasoned that all this was hallucin-

nation, due to my solitude and the fact that I had lost all weight and sense of resistance. I endeavored to recover that sense by banging myself about the sphere, by pinching my hands and clasping them together. Among other things, I lit the light, captured that torn copy of "Lloyd's" and read those convincingly realistic advertisements again, about the Cutaway bicycle, and the gentleman of private means, and the lady in distress who was selling those "forks and spoons." There was no doubt *they* existed surely enough, and said I: "This is your world, and you are Bedford, and you are going back to live among things like that for all the rest of your life." But the doubts within me could still argue: "It is not you that are reading, it is Bedford—but *you are not Bedford*, you know. That's just where the mistake comes in."

"Confound it!" I cried, "and if I am not Bedford, what *am* I?"

But in that direction no light was forthcoming, though the strangest fancies came drifting into my brain, queer remote suspicions like shadows seen from far away. Do you know, I had a sort of idea that really I was something quite outside of not only the world, but all worlds, and out of space and time, and that this poor Bedford was just a peephole through which I looked at life.

Enough of this remarkable phase of my experiences. I tell it here simply to show how one's isolation and departure from this planet touched not only the functions and feeling of every organ of the body, but indeed also the very fabric of the mind, with strange and unconjectured disturbances. All through the major portion of that vast space journey, I hung thinking of such immaterial things as these, hung dissociated and apathetic, a cloudy megalomaniac as it were, amidst the stars and planets in the void of space; and not only the world to which I was returning, but the blue-lit caverns of the Selenites, their helmet faces, their gigantic and wonderful machines, and the fate of Cavor, dropped helpless into that world, seemed infinitely minute and altogether trivial things to me.

Until at last I began to feel the pull of the earth upon my being, drawing me back again to the life that is real for men. And

then indeed it grew clearer and clearer to me that I was quite certainly Bedford after all, and returning after amazing adventures to this world of ours again, and with a life that I was very likely to lose in this return. I began to puzzle out the conditions under which I must fall to earth.

XXI.

MR. BEDFORD AT LITTLESTONE.

My line of flight was about parallel with the surface as I came into the upper air. The temperature of the sphere began to rise forthwith. I knew it behooved me to drop at once. Far below me in a darkling twilight stretched a great expanse of sea. I opened every window I could and fell—out of sunshine into evening and out of evening into night. Vaster grew the earth and vaster, swallowing up the stars, and the silvery, translucent, starlit veil of cloud it wore spread out to catch me. At last the world seemed no longer a sphere, but flat, and then concave. It was no longer a planet in the sky, but the world of man. I shut all but an inch or so of earthward window and dropped with a slackening velocity. The broadening water, now so near that I could see the dark glitter of the waves, rushed up to meet me. I snapped the last strip of window and sat scowling and biting my knuckles waiting for the impact.

The sphere hit the water with a huge splash; it must have sent it fathoms high. At the splash I flung the Cavorite shutters open. Down I went, but slower and slower, and then I felt the sphere pressing against my feet and so drove up again as a bubble drives. And at the last I was floating and rocking upon the surface of the sea and my journey in space was at an end.

The night was dark and overcast. Two yellow pin-points far away showed the passing of a ship, and nearer was a red glare that came and went. Had not the electricity of my glow-lamp exhausted itself, I could have got picked up that night. In spite of the inordinate fatigue I was beginning to feel, I was excited now, and for a time hopeful in a feverish, impatient way that so my traveling might end.

But at last I ceased to move about, and



*Drawn by
E. Hering.*

"'WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT THING?' HE ASKED."

sat, wrists on knees, staring at a distant red light. It swayed up and down, rocking, rocking. My excitement passed. I realized I had yet to spend another night, at least, in the sphere. I perceived myself infinitely heavy and fatigued. And so I fell asleep.

A change in my rhythmic motion awakened me. I peered through the refracting glass and saw that I had come aground upon a huge shallow of sand. Far away I seemed to see houses and trees, and seaward a curved vague distortion of a ship hung between sea and sky.

I stood up and staggered. My one desire was to emerge. The manhole was upward and I wrestled with the screw. Slowly I opened the manhole. At last the air was singing in again as once it had sung out. But this time I did not wait until the pressure was adjusted. In another moment I had the weight of the window on my hands and I was open, wide open, to the old familiar sky of earth.

The air hit me on the chest so that I gasped. I dropped the glass screw. I cried out, put my hands to my chest and sat down. For a time I was in pain. Then I took deep breaths. At last I could rise and move about again.

I tried to thrust my head through the manhole, and the sphere rolled over. It was as though something had lugged my head down directly it emerged. I ducked back sharply or I should have been pinned face under water. After some wriggling and shoving I managed to crawl out upon the sand, over which the retreating waves still came and went.

I did not attempt to stand up. It seemed to me that my body must be suddenly changed to lead. Mother Earth had her grip on me now—no Cavorite intervening. I sat down heedless of the water that came over my feet.

It was dawn, a gray dawn, rather overcast but showing here and there a long patch of greenish-gray. Some way out,

a ship was lying at anchor, a pale silhouette of a ship with one yellow light. The water came rippling in in long, shallow waves. Away to the right curved the land, a shingle bank with little hovels, and at last a lighthouse, a sailing-mark and a point. Inland stretched a space of level sand, broken here and there by pools of water and ending, a mile away perhaps, in a low shore of scrub. To the northeast some isolate watering-place was visible, a row of gaunt lodging-houses, the tallest things that I could see on earth, dull dabs against the brightening sky. What strange men can have reared these vertical piles in such an amplitude of space, I do not know. There they are like pieces of Brighton lost in the waste.

For a long time I sat there, yawning and rubbing my face. At last I struggled to rise. It made me feel that I was lifting a weight. I stood up.

I stared at the distant houses. For the first time since our starvation in the crater I thought of earthly food. "Bacon," I whispered, "eggs. Good toast and good coffee.—And how the devil am I going to get all this stuff to Lympne?" I wondered where I was. It was an east shore anyway, and I had seen Europe before I dropped.

I heard footsteps scrunching in the sand, and a little round-faced, friendly-looking man in flannels, with a bathing-towel wrapped about his shoulders and his bathing-dress over his arm, appeared up the beach. I knew instantly that I must be in England. He was staring most intently at the sphere and me. He advanced staring. I dare say I looked a ferocious savage enough—dirty, unkempt, ragged to an indescribable degree—but it did not occur to me at the time. He stopped at a distance of twenty yards. "Hul-lo, my man!" he said, doubtfully.

"Hullo yourself!" said I.

He advanced, reassured by that. "What on earth is that thing?" he asked.

"Can you tell me where I am?" I asked.

"That's Littlestone," he said, pointing to the houses; "and that's Dungeness! Have you just landed? What's that thing you've got? Some sort of machine?"

"Yes."

"Have you floated ashore? Have you been wrecked or something? What is it?"

I meditated swiftly. I made an estimate of the little man's appearance as he drew nearer. "By Jove!" he said, "you've had a time of it! I thought you—Well—Where were you cast away? Is that thing a sort of floating thing for saving life?"

I decided to take that line for the present. I made a few vague affirmatives. "I want help," I said, hoarsely. "I want to get some stuff up the beach—stuff I can't very well leave about." I became aware of three other pleasant-looking young men with towels, blazers and straw hats coming down the sands toward me. Evidently the early bathing section of this Littlestone.

"Help?" said the young man; "rather!" He became vaguely active. "What particularly do you want done?" He turned round and gesticulated. The three young men accelerated their pace. In a minute they were about me, plying me with questions I was indisposed to answer. "I'll tell all that later," I said. "I'm dead beat. I'm a rag."

"Come up to the hotel," said the foremost little man. "We'll look after that thing there."

I hesitated. "I can't," I said. "In that sphere there are two big bars of gold."

They looked incredulously at one another, then at me with a new inquiry. I went to the sphere, stooped, crept in, and presently they had the Selenites' crowbars and the broken chain before them. If I had not been so horribly fagged, I could have laughed at them. It was like kittens round a beetle. They didn't know what to do with the stuff. The fat little man stooped and lifted the end of one of the bars and then dropped it with a grunt.

Then they all did.

"It's lead or gold!" said one.

"Oh, it's gold!" said another.

"Gold right enough," said the third.

Then they all stared at me, and then they all stared at the ship lying at anchor. "I say!" cried the little man, "but where did you get that?"

I was too tired to keep up a lie. "I got it in the moon."

I saw them stare at one another.

"Look here!" said I, "I'm not going to

argue now. Help me carry these lumps of gold up to the hotel—I guess with rests two of you can manage one, and I'll trail this chain thing—and I'll tell you more when I've had some food."

"And how about that thing?"

"It won't hurt there," I said. "Anyhow—confound it!—it must stop there now. If the tide comes up, it will float all right."

And in a state of enormous wonderment these young men most obediently hoisted my treasures on their shoulders, and with limbs that felt like lead I headed a sort of procession toward that distant fragment of sea-front. Half-way there we were reinforced by two awe-stricken little girls with spades, and later a lean little boy with a penetrating sniff appeared. He was, I remember, wheeling a bicycle, and he accompanied us at a distance of about a hundred yards on our right flank and then I suppose gave us up as uninteresting, mounted his bicycle and rode off over the level sands in the direction of the sphere.

I glanced back after him.

"He won't touch it," said the stout young man, reassuringly, and I was only too willing to be reassured.

At first, something of the gray of the morning was in my mind, but presently the sun disengaged itself from the level clouds of the horizon and lit the world and turned the leaden sea to glittering waters. My spirits rose. A sense of the vast importance of the things I had done and had yet to do came with the sunlight into my mind. I laughed aloud as the foremost man staggered under my gold. When indeed I took my place in the world, how amazed the world would be!

If it had not been for my inordinate fatigue, the landlord of the Littlestone hotel would have been amusing as he hesitated between my gold and my respectable company on one hand, and my filthy appearance on the other. But at last I found myself in a terrestrial bath-room once more, with warm water to wash myself in, and a change of raiment, preposterously small indeed, but anyway clean, that the genial little man had lent me. He lent me a razor, too, but I could not screw up my resolution to attack even the outposts of the bristling beard that covered my face.

I sat down to an English breakfast and ate with a sort of languid appetite, an appetite many weeks old and very decrepit, and stirred myself to answer the questions of the four young men. And I told them the truth.

"Well," said I, "as you press me—I got it in the moon."

"The moon?"

"Yes, the moon in the sky."

"But how do you mean?"

"What I say, confound it!"

"That you have just come from the moon?"

"Exactly! Through space—in that ball." And I took a delicious mouthful of egg. I made a private note that when I went back to find Cavor I would take a box of eggs.

I could see clearly that they did not believe one word of what I told them, but evidently they considered me the most respectable liar they had ever met. They glanced at one another and then concentrated the fire of their eyes on me. I fancy they expected a clue to me in the way I helped myself to salt. They seemed to find something significant in my peppering my egg. Those strangely shaped masses of gold they had staggered under held their minds. There the lumps lay in front of me, each worth thousands of pounds and as impossible for any one to steal as a house or a piece of land. As I looked at their curious faces over my coffee-cup, I realized something of the enormous wilderness of explanations into which I should have to wander to render myself comprehensible again.

"You don't *really* mean—" began the youngest young man, in the tone of one who speaks to an obstinate child.

"Just pass me that toast-rack," I said, and shut him up completely.

"But look here, I say," began one of the others. "We're not going to believe that, you know."

"Ah, well," said I, and shrugged my shoulders.

"He doesn't want to tell us," said the youngest young man, in a stage aside; and then, with an appearance of great sang-froid, "You don't mind if I take a cigarette?"

I waved him a cordial assent, and pro-

ceeded with my breakfast. Two of the others went and looked out of the farther window and talked inaudibly. I was struck by a thought. "The tide," I said, "is running out?"

There was a pause as to who should answer me. "It's near the ebb," said the fat little man.

"Well, anyway," I said, "it won't float far."

I decapitated my third egg and began a little speech. "Look here," I said. "Please don't imagine I'm surly or telling you uncivil lies or anything of that sort. I'm forced almost to be a little short and mysterious. I can quite understand this is as queer as it can be and that your imaginations must be going it. I can assure you, you're in at a memorable time. But I can't make it clear to you now—it's impossible. I give you my word of honor I've come from the moon, and that's all I can tell you.—All the same I'm tremendously obliged to you, you know, tremendously. I hope that my manner hasn't in any way given you offense."

"Oh, not in the least!" said the youngest young man, affably. "We can quite understand," and staring hard at me all the time, he heeled his chair back until it very nearly upset, and recovered with some exertion. "Not a bit of it," said my fat young man. "Don't you imagine *that!*!" and they all got up, and dispersed, and walked about, and lit cigarettes, and generally tried to show they were perfectly amiable and disengaged and entirely free from the slightest curiosity about me and the sphere. "I'm going to keep an eye on that ship out there all the same," I heard one of them remarking in an undertone. If only they could have forced themselves to it, they would, I believe, even have gone out and left me. I went on with my third egg.

"The weather," the fat little man remarked presently, "has been immense, has it not? I don't know *when* we have had such a summer."

"Phoo-whizz!" Like a tremendous rocket!

And somewhere a window was broken.

"What's that?" cried I.

"It isn't——?" cried the little man, and rushed to the corner window.

All the others rushed to the window likewise. I sat staring at them.

Suddenly I leaped up, knocked over my third egg, and rushed for the window also. I had just thought of something. "Nothing to be seen there," cried the little man, rushing for the door.

"It's that boy!" I cried, bawling in hoarse fury; "it's that accursed boy!" and turning about I pushed the waiter aside—he was just bringing me some more toast—and rushed violently out of the room and down and out upon the queer little esplanade in front of the hotel.

The sea which had been smooth was rough now with hurrying cat's-paws, and all about where the sphere had been was tumbled water like the wake of a ship. Above, a little puff of cloud whirled like dispersing smoke, and the three or four people on the beach were staring up with interrogative faces toward the point of that unexpected report. And that was all! Boots and waiter and the four young men in blazers came rushing out behind me. Shouts came from windows and doors, and all sorts of worrying people came into sight, agape.

For a time I stood there, too overwhelmed by this new development to think of the people about me.

"There's Cavor," I said. "Up there! And no one knows anything of how to make the stuff—— Good Lord!"

I felt as though somebody was pouring funk out of a can down the back of my neck. My legs became feeble. Then there was that confounded boy—sky-high! I was utterly "left." There was the gold in the coffee-room—my only possession on earth. There were my creditors. Good heavens! How would it all work out? The general effect was of a gigantic, unmanageable confusion.

"I say," said the voice of the little man, behind. "I say, you know."

I wheeled about, and there were twenty or thirty people, a sort of irregular investment of people, all bombarding me with dumb interrogation, with infinite doubt and suspicion. I felt the compulsion of their eyes intolerably. I groaned aloud. "I can't," I shouted. "I tell you I can't! I'm not equal to it! You must puzzle and—and be damned to you!"

I gesticulated convulsively. He receded a step as though I had threatened him. I made a bolt through them into the hotel. I charged back into the coffee-room, rang the bell furiously. I gripped the waiter as he entered. "D'ye hear?" I shouted. "Get help and carry these bars up to my room right away."

He failed to understand me, and I shouted and raved at him. A scared-looking little old man in a green apron appeared, and further two of the young men in flannels. I made a dash at them and

bed and ring up the round-eyed waiter for a flannel nightshirt, a soda and whisky, and some good cigars. And these things being procured me, I locked the door again and proceeded very deliberately to look the entire situation in the face.

The net result of the great experiment presented itself as an absolute failure. It was a rout and I was the sole survivor. It was an absolute collapse and this was the final disaster. There was nothing for it but to save myself, and as much as I could in the way of prospects, from our débâcle.



Drawn by E. Hering.

"THE FAT LITTLE MAN STOOPED AND LIFTED THE END OF ONE OF THE BARS."

commandeered their services. As soon as the gold was in my room I felt free to quarrel. "Now get out," I shouted; "all of you get out if you don't want to see a man go mad before your eyes!" And I helped the waiter by the shoulder as he hesitated in the doorway. And then as soon as I had the door locked on them all, I tore off the little man's clothes again, shied them right and left, and got into bed forthwith. And there I lay swearing and panting and cooling for a very long time.

At last I was calm enough to get out of

At one fatal crowning blow, all my vague resolutions of return and recovery had vanished. My intention of going back to the moon, of rescuing Cavor, or at any rate of getting a sphereful of gold and afterward of having a fragment of Cavorite analyzed and so recovering his great secret—all these ideas vanished altogether.

I was the sole survivor and that was all.

I think that going to bed was one of the luckiest ideas I have ever had in an emergency. I really believe I should either

have got loose-headed or done some fatal indiscreet thing. But there, locked in and secure from all interruption, I could think out the position in all its bearings and make my arrangements at leisure.

Of course, it was quite clear to me what had happened to the boy. He had crawled into the sphere, meddled with the studs, shut the Cavorite windows and gone up. It was highly improbable he had screwed in the manhole stopper, and even if he had the chances were a thousand to one against his getting back. It was fairly evident that he would gravitate to the middle of the sphere and remain there and so cease to be a legitimate terrestrial interest, however remarkable he might seem to the inhabitants of some remote quarter of space. I very speedily convinced myself on that point. And as for any responsibility I might have in the matter, the more I reflected upon that, the clearer it became that if only I kept quiet about things, I need not trouble myself about that. If I was faced by sorrowing parents demanding their lost boy, I had merely to demand my lost sphere—or ask them what they meant. At first I had had a vision of weeping parents and guardians and all sorts of complications, but now I saw that I simply had to keep my mouth shut and nothing in that way could arise. And indeed, the more I lay and smoked and thought, the more evident became the wisdom of impenetrability. It is within the right of every British citizen, provided he does not commit damage or indecorum, to appear suddenly wherever he pleases and as ragged and filthy as he pleases and with whatever amount of virgin gold he sees fit to encumber himself with, and no one has any right at all to hinder and detain him in this procedure. I formulated that at last to myself, and repeated it over as a sort of private Magna Charta of my liberty.

Once I had put that issue on one side, I could take up and consider in an equable manner certain considerations I had scarcely dared to think of before, namely, those arising out of the circumstances of my bankruptcy. But now, looking at this matter calmly and at leisure, I could see that if only I suppressed my identity by a temporary assumption of some less well-known name and if I retained the two

months' beard that had grown upon me, the risks of any annoyance from the spiteful creditor to whom I have already alluded became very small indeed. From that to a definite course of rational worldly action, was plain sailing. It was all amazingly petty, no doubt, but what was there remaining for me to do?

Whatever I did, I was resolved that I would keep myself level and right side up.

I ordered up writing-materials and addressed a letter to the New Romney bank—the nearest, the waiter informed me—telling the manager I wished to open an account with him and requesting him to send two trustworthy persons properly authenticated in a cab with a good horse to fetch some hundredweight of gold with which I happened to be encumbered. I signed the letter "Wells," which appeared to me to be a thoroughly respectable sort of name. This done, I got a Folkestone directory, picked out an outfitter, and asked him to send a cutter to measure me for a drab tweed suit, ordering at the same time a valise, dressing-bag, shirts, hats (to fit), and so forth, and from a watchmaker I also ordered a watch. And these letters being dispatched, I had up as good a lunch as the hotel could give, and then lay smoking a cigar, as calm and ordinary as possible, until, in accordance with my instructions, two duly authenticated clerks came from the bank and weighed and took away my gold. After which I pulled the clothes over my ears in order to drown any knocking, and went very comfortably to sleep.

I went to sleep. No doubt it was a prosaic thing for the first man back from the moon to do, and I can imagine that the young and imaginative reader will find my behavior disappointing. But I was horribly fatigued and bothered, and, confound it! what else was there to do? There clearly was not the remotest chance of my being believed if I had told my story then, and it would certainly have subjected me to intolerable annoyances. I went to sleep. When at last I woke up again, I was ready to face the world as I have always been accustomed to face it since I came to years of discretion. And so I go' away to Italy and there it is I am writing this story. If the world will not

have it as fact, then the world may take it as fiction. It is no concern of mine.

And now that the account is finished, I am amazed to think how completely this adventure is gone and done with. Everybody believes that Cavor was a not very brilliant scientific experimenter who blew up his house and himself at Lympne, and folks explain the bang that followed my arrival at Littlestone by a reference to the experiments with explosives that are going on continually at the government establishment of Lydd, two miles away. I must confess that hitherto I have not acknowledged my share in the disappearance of Master Tommy Simmons, which was that little boy's name. That perhaps may prove a difficult item of corroboration to explain away. They account for my appearance in rags with two bars of indisputable gold upon the Littlestone beach, in various ingenious ways—it doesn't worry me what they think of me. They say I have strung all these



Drawn by E. Hering. "I AM WORKING HERE AT AMALFI."

things together to avoid being questioned too closely as to the source of my wealth. I should like to see the man who could invent a story that would hold together like this one. Well, they must take it as fiction —there it is.

I have told my story—and now I suppose I have to take up the worries of this terrestrial life again. Even if one has been to the moon, one has still to earn a living. So I am working here at Amalfi on the scenario of that play I sketched before Cavor came walking into my world, and I am trying to piece my life together as it was before ever I saw him. I must confess that I find it hard to keep my mind on the play when the moonshine comes into my room. It is full moon here, and last night I was out on the pergola for hours

staring away at that shining blankness that hides so much. Imagine it!—tables, and chairs, and trestles, and bars, of gold. Confound it!—if only one could hit on that Cavorite again! But a thing like that doesn't come twice in a life. Here I am, a little better off than I was at Lympne and that is all. And Cavor has committed suicide in a more elaborate way than any human being ever did before. So the story closes as finally and completely as a dream. It fits in so little with all the other-things of life, so much of it is so utterly remote from all human experience—the leaping, the eating, the breathing and those weightless times—that indeed there are moments when, in spite of my moon gold, I do more than believe myself that the whole thing was a dream.

(THE END.)

NOTE.—A most extraordinary communication has just been received. Unless we are being elaborately hoaxed, this story of Mr. Bedford's is not fiction at all. Mr. Cavor is alive in the moon and he is sending messages to the earth. For that we have no less an authority than Mr. Julius Wendigee, the great electrician. At present we know nothing of the nature of Mr. Cavor's communication, but we are sending our London agent at once to Mr. Wendigee's observatory on Monte Rosa in the Alps, and we have communicated with Mr. Bedford, who is in Algiers. We hope, therefore, to be in a position to satisfy the curiosity of our readers in our next issue.

DEFEATED.

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON.

I FOUGHT a battle for my friend,
Adroitly, skilfully.
Love lent me wit to thrust, defend—
Herself mine enemy.

This way and that the battle went—
Ah, we were wary foes !
Against my force of argument
Her stubborn will uprose.

Her very weakness lent her strength,
Yet strove I valiantly.
I conquered for my friend at length—
Herself the victory.

God knows a bloodless battle-field,
Yet marvel at the end,
I lost what most I grieved to yield,
For whom I fought—my friend.

The British Aristocracy



By GRANT ALLEN

ALL men are by nature free and unequal. An aristocracy is an artificial attempt to substitute a sham inequality of man's own making, for the real inequality due to nature.

At first sight, it might seem to a careless observer as if such sham inequalities did little or no serious harm to the people who invent them. In America, I know, the typical British lord is commonly thought of only as a picturesque though foolish person—a human fossil, a quaint and interesting medieval relic to be preserved and tolerated on much the same grounds of archaeological oddity as Temple Bar or the Tolbooth at Edinburgh. Seen at a sufficient distance, no doubt, your aristocrat is funny and fantastic without being objectionable. He diversifies agreeably English life and English romance; he forms an exotic element in that novel society, whose novelty is its antiquity, which the tourist delights to observe in Europe; he seems designed by a friendly freak of Providence to bestow a

conjugal coronet and the title of countess on wealth, youth and beauty from New York or Chicago. To Americans, therefore, a serious social objection to the British aristocrat must appear almost as futile as an attempt to tilt against the burlesque characters in a musical extravaganza. We do not wax virtuous over the Grand-Duchess of Gerolstein; we do not rise in our democratic wrath against the Kings of Barataria, the Mikados and Lord Chancellors, in Mr. Gilbert's comic operas. But in England—or rather, to the insignificant minority in England who think for themselves, instead of allowing their ancestors to think for them—the British aristocracy envisages itself as no harmless absurdity, no antique caricature, but as a genuine and powerful living dragon, to be faced and fought, a demon to be exorcised, a barrier and a stumbling-block in the path of progress, to be removed with pick and ax by the arms of the democracy, as soon as ever that somnolent and thick-headed mob awakes to a sense of its own true interests. Just as the noisome purlieus of the Ghetto at Rome or the Mercato Vecchio at Florence, which seem antique and picturesque to the

Northern visitor, are recognized as hotbeds of disease, infection and vice by the intelligent Italian, so the British aristocracy, which is but a whimsical and antiquated incident in European life to the American visitor, is a source of real evil and national demoralization in the eyes of the intelligent English observer.

"Not equality," said Ruskin once, in a rare burst of lucid good sense—"not equality, but a frank recognition of every betterness we can find!" It is a pleasure to be able once in a while to agree with Ruskin; and that sentence of his contains, I think, the one unanswerable argument against the existence of aristocracies. If they were merely silly, illogical, anachronistic, we might perhaps endure them with equanimity, suffering fools gladly; but when they poison and degrade national life as well, when they prevent the recognition of all true betterness, we are bound to labor in season and out of season for their ultimate extinction.

Not that I am going to serve up here for public delectation any spicy stories about "aristocratic vice," or the pungent sins of the upper ten thousand. Such considerations of relative virtue are really quite foreign to the question at issue. Discussions on the relations of dukes to the divorce courts, however attractive to the London mob, are really but as a red herring trailed across the path of the national conscience to distract it on such minutiae of mint, anise and cumin from the graver and weightier matters of the law. It may be true, or it may not, that in these mere minor questions of marital etiquette the aristocracy, who "ought to set a good example to their inferiors," do set a very bad one. I do not know, and I do not care. I have no statistics at hand as to the relative average fidelity of peers and cobblers, countesses and washer-women; nor does the question of such purely domestic faithfulness seem to me an important one. If the county families were all composed of people of exemplary moral and religious life, the evil of their existence would be not one whit the less—perhaps it might even be greater and more dangerous—than it is at present. An uncomfortable suspicion that his idols after all have feet of clay—that the lords

he dearly loves are as vicious as they are useless—is the one hopeful spot to be noted to-day in the British Philistine's complacent view of the British aristocracy.

No; the real evil of peers and peerages, of squires and squirearchy, goes much deeper than that. It lies in the substitution of a false and artificial inequality of birth and rank for the real and natural inequality of brains and faculties. In a well-constituted community, all men start fair—or rather, *would* start fair, for no community at present existing can claim in its most vainglorious moment to be really well-constituted. Nobody would have any advantage over another save the advantage given him by his own mental, moral or physical superiority. All men, I said at the outset, are born free and unequal. They are unequal in stature, in strength, in muscular development; unequal in intellect, emotions, and rate of acquisition; unequal in esthetic taste, in artistic power, in gifts and graces, in persuasiveness and eloquence. This inequality is a precious treasure held in trust by individuals for the public. That all inequality should have fair play is conducive in the highest degree to progress. In a country like America, where the only artificial inequality which comes largely into action is that of wealth and poverty (though that is a big exception), it may be admitted at once that relatively few people start in life at the sort of unnatural advantage which seriously injures the interests of the community. It is quite true, the sons of millionaires—of railway kings, silver kings, oil kings, cattle kings—of the monopolists whom you have allowed to filch your revenues—have in some ways a great pull over the rest of the community. That is an artificial inequality which sooner or later must be cured by socialism. But the point I am trying to labor at present lies deeper than that. In America the son of a millionaire may start with certain relative advantages in life; but he does not usurp and obscure the field to the prejudice and exclusion of all genuine betterness. Money counts for much, far too much, in the United States—though even money counts for less there, I think, than in England; but it does not count for everything. It is not a blank check to be honored at sight. It does not

give a man an enormous and overwhelming pull in politics, in diplomacy, in the civil service, in life at large; it does not entitle him immediately to a seat in Congress, the governorship of his state, an entry into every social circle, the position of a recognized and congenital authority on politics, literature, art, religion, the brands of port, the behavior of a gentleman. In England, all these things are taken for granted. A peer is by nature a legislator and politician, a man of breeding and culture, a connoisseur of wine and pictures, a person of social grace and distinction, a judge of horse-flesh and the proper chairman at the annual meeting of the Society for the Propagation of Cruelty to Animals in Foreign Parts. Like the wise man of the Stoics, he is already by birth all that lesser men endeavor to become by education and culture.

This profound and now ingrained belief in the natural superiority of the Upper Classes reacts in a thousand most immoral ways upon English life. One is never at the end of it. But the worst of all its corollaries is undoubtedly this—that it stands hopelessly in the way of the recognition of all real betternesses. Nobody is anything by the side of the peer. His visible greatness eclipses all else. There is not a country in the world so lord-ridden as England; there is not a country where literary men, artists, thinkers, discoverers, great scientists, great poets—the prophets and seers of the race—fill so small a place comparatively in the public estimation. A story is told of Tennyson—then a plain Mr.—when he first came to live at Aldworth, which if not true has at least that fundamental element of truth, that it is characteristic and illustrative. A tourist stopped at the inn at Haslemere and said to the village landlord, “So you have the great Mr. Tennyson living close to you nowadays!” “Great Mr. Tennyson!” the landlord responded, with a contemptuous snort; “what, *him* up at Aldworth? *He ain't great*. Why, he don't keep but one boy, and the boy don't sleep in the house neither.” Later on, the man who wrote “In Memoriam” was made a lord, and then—the merest plowboy could recognize his greatness.

Nobody who has not lived long in

England can fully realize the appalling extent to which this gangrene of lord-worship, county-gentleman-worship, flunkiness, snobbery, has eaten into the very heart and brain of the nation. Mere casual visitors notice it, to be sure, as something grotesque and ridiculous; Daudet observed with surprise on a very brief sojourn how extremely unimportant a great writer seemed to be considered in England, and how extremely important a fool with a title. But you must have spent years in Britain to realize to the full how deep down and how high up this false worship extends, and how much harm it does to all good causes. Nobody is ever thinking about real distinction; everybody is thinking about this tinsel sham which stands visible in place of it. All society is organized on the same extraordinary and unreal basis. I cannot give a better instance than this—there exists in England a Society of Authors, of which Tennyson was, and Meredith is, president. Now a Society of Authors, you might imagine, would show some pride in its own dignity. Yet its annual dinner has usually been presided over, not by Thomas Hardy or William Morris, not by Robert Louis Stevenson or Andrew Lang, but—by a casual lord, who has written a booklet, fished up by hook or crook from the squares of Belgravia. Would the men of letters in any other country submit to such an insult? Yet in England they fancy that by doing this stupid and incongruous thing they are subserving the dignity and independence of literature. They even think it an “honor” for a great writer to be given a knighthood, which is the common reward of a provincial mayor or a successful soapboiler.

Taking the thing in the concrete, the advantage at which the young aristocrat is put in life may be regarded as a fair measure of the corresponding disadvantage under which the commoner and the man of the people labor. To the son of a lord, most things, like reading and writing, come by nature. He learns easily and simply, without the trouble of exertion, many facts and principles which the rest of us have slowly and tentatively to acquire by long and difficult experience. From his childhood upward, he mixes on

equal terms with both the great and the truly great—the Dukes and Princes on the one hand; the Prime Ministers, the successful authors, the lights of science, the leading artists, the principal actors, on the other. His time is spent among celebrities, real or artificial, from ambassadors and laureates down to clowns and jockeys. Intercourse with them teaches him so much about the way the ropes are pulled in everything that it is often difficult to judge whether he is really intelligent, or only well-informed with mere picked-up knowledge. He flits about in town- and country-houses, stocked with great pictures—Titians, Rubenses, Romneys, Gainsboroughs, Sir Joshuas—till he acquires with facile phrase a false show of taste and a false air of connoisseurship. The annals and politics of his country are to him largely matters of family history, the history of his own and related houses. He knows the historic halls; he sees the historic portraits; he treads the historic parks; his father rules a county; politics are discussed before him from the point of view of the inner circle from his babyhood upward. He has the entrée everywhere: private views, first nights, the studios, the clubs, the dressing-rooms of actresses, the literary salon, the lobby of the House—to all, his name and title admit him without question. And then the variety and diversity of his experiences: London, the counties, Scotland, the deer-forest; Eton and Oxford; shooting, fishing, hunting, horse-racing, yachting; the Quorn and the Pytchley; Goodwood and Ascot; Cowes and Henley; Paris, Switzerland, Italy; Velasquez, Murillo; the Guards, the Commons. Does he go on his travels? His visiting-card is enough: the Viceroy entertains him at Calcutta and the Mikado at Tokio; he is royally lodged in Government House at Melbourne, and sent up the Nile in the Khedive's dahabiah. And all the time he is a most ordinary young man! What has he done or said to gain him all this honor?

A single little episode which occurred to myself when I matriculated at Oxford may serve to throw this curious trait of English life into stronger relief for American readers. Lord Randolph Churchill was a member of the same college, Merton, and

matriculated on the same day with me. After the matriculation was over, we were all taken off in a body to pay our first duty-call upon the warden. The warden muttered a few words of conventional welcome to us all in common as we stood there before him; then he turned, a gray-haired old man, with marked servility to Churchill, a clumsy lad of nineteen, who happened to be the son of a Duke of Marlborough. "I hope, Lord Randolph," he said, "you will find the rooms we have assigned to you satisfactory, and that your stay in the college will be pleasant and profitable to you. If you are not otherwise engaged, will you dine with me on Thursday?" Not a word was said individually to those among us who had taken the highest entrance honors of the year; the one person singled out for special notice from the throng was the beardless courtesy-lord who as yet had done nothing to prove his mettle in any way. At the time, I was astonished at it, for I was comparatively fresh from democratic America; afterward I accepted it as a matter of course that if a Duke's younger son of twenty and Mr. Gladstone stopped together at the same country-house, the stripling should precede the great statesman in to dinner.

All this is bad enough in itself, and in its effect on the mind (if any) of the born aristocrat. But it is infinitely worse in its direct and indirect effect upon the mind of the nation. In the first place, viewed directly, it makes the struggle of real merit for recognition even harder, longer and more killing than elsewhere; in the second place, viewed indirectly, it has two almost equally bad results. One is that it distracts the attention of the public from individualities and principles which might raise and widen it, to individualities and principles which narrow and retard; the other is that it produces a universal reign of slavish snobbery, worse than any ever known in any other nation, and utterly ruinous to the manliness, the self-respect, the dignity and the independence of the British people.

Let us look at these charges separately.

The struggle of merit for recognition in England is exceptionally severe. Even were there no aristocracy, this would be necessarily the case; for England is the

most crowded and overstocked of markets. Moreover, she produces, I believe, an exceptional amount of talent and genius. Great thinkers, great writers, great organizers, great souls, are a drug in her market. This is a curious peculiarity of the British temperament, that while the average mean is the dullest, the stupidest, the heaviest on earth, the exceptions that tower above it are strikingly numerous, brilliant and able. The gulf that separates the elect from the mass is nowhere so wide and so deep as in England. Everybody admits that the English people as a whole are slow and ponderous; England allows it herself when she paints John Bull, thick, heavy, unintelligent, a mere fat drover, as her typical incarnation. Yet this nation of John Bulls has given us Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Coleridge; has given us Cromwell, Pitt, Wellington, Nelson; has given us Newton, Locke, Darwin, Spencer; has given us the steam-engine, the penny-post, chemistry, electricity; has given us Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Keats, Wordsworth, Watson—a thousand immortals. Explain it how we may, the fact remains that while the dead level is as flat as Flanders, the peaks soar upward quite alone from their base into the high pure air of the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn. And they occur in vast numbers. England is a land of very stupid folk, one in twenty of whom is a potential genius.

Hence it necessarily results that the struggle for recognition among the potential geniuses is harder in England than anywhere else in the world. *Romea sed durior illis.* You have on the one hand an unintelligent, unappreciative, undiscriminating mob incapable of thought, of criticism, of enthusiasm; and on the other hand a surging horde of jostling, hustling, competing excellences. Even were the coast clear, a fair field and no favor, the individual would thus emerge from the ruck with difficulty. Stupid people are slow to recognize un-mint-marked worth, slow to believe in new men, to admit new faculties. There is none of the quick uptake of Chicago and St. Louis. In America, reputations are often made with a rush, like Lincoln's in politics, or Bret Harte's in literature. In England, under any circumstances it would be simply inconceivable that a con-

vention could spring an unknown lawyer as its choice upon a political party, that a clever short poem should attract immediate and universal attention. But this congenital and incurable slowness of the British mind is further accentuated by that beautiful drag afforded by the peerage. (The metaphor is their own; the House of Lords is constantly described as a drag—a drag on the toiling wheels of progress, for an uphill journey!) A lord is there, always visible and distinguishable. Why select rising merit to represent us in Parliament, when the eldest son of the illustrious Duke who owns our county and collects our rents is ready to reinforce on the benches of the Commons the influence which his father already wields on the padded seats of the Lords? Let your John Morleys and your Frederic Harrisons wait to exert their legitimate power on polities or thought till they are old or dead; but find a seat at once for young Lord This and the Honorable That as soon as they are of age; they have handles to their names, and they will do us credit. And what is thus true of politics is true throughout.

Imagine for a moment an American parallel. Imagine the Republican party wire-pulled in his own interest by a Boston millionaire, who was candidate for the presidency, and who proposed to make his son-in-law Secretary of State, give his cousin the Navy, appoint his wife's brother to the Embassy at Paris, and bestow upon his nephews the Post-Office, the Treasury, and half a dozen other first-class departments. Imagine a condition of affairs in which some ten or twelve related families filled between them under either party four-fifths of the offices; and in which the governorship and legislature of every state were equally divided between some sixty or seventy Republican or Democratic houses. I do not say that many other elements do not enter largely into English political life; but I do say that in spite of Reform Bills and everything else that has been done to popularize the representation, English voters, out of pure ingrained snobbery, continue to return in vast numbers unknown young men of aristocratic families, and to reject in their favor distinguished politicians of tried and proved ability.

I take politics as a striking example of

this method, an example which every observer can verify for himself; but it is the same all around. The existence of a class which monopolizes public attention on the ground of birth alone, stands fatally in the way of the really superior class which deserves and struggles toward recognition in every direction. The artificial bitterness eclipses the natural; the made inequality keeps from the service of humanity that God-made inequality which can best advance it.

In short, the lie prevents recognition of the truth; the sham prevents utilization of the reality.

Even worse than the effect produced by this régime on the men of merit, is the effect produced upon the general public. Having a wholly false standard of the admirable set up to them, our people "meanly admire mean things," as Thackeray said; they know and understand little or nothing about high ones. The average British middle class is the most debased, materialized and soulless bourgeoisie in the entire world. Of art, of literature, of poetry, of thought, of philosophy, of movement, it knows and cares nothing. A baronet is more to it than George Meredith or Herbert Spencer. Its ambitions are—to make plenty of money, to live in a big house, to keep a carriage and servants in livery, to hang upon the skirts of the aristocracy if it can, to ape them in everything, and if possible to rise at least as far toward their level as the attainment of a knighthood. Rich families in America are generally aware of the existence of culture and the desirability of acquiring it, or at least some pretense and outer show of it, as far as convenient. Sometimes, indeed, the American nouveau-riche family is quite painfully conscious of its deficiencies in this admired and bepraised commodity—which it desires, however, I will frankly admit, rather for its respectability and public estimation than for its own sake. But in England, most wealthy people do not even pay this external and formal homage to culture. They do not know it exists; they do not care for it, or admire it, or value it in others. They wish to have a private box at the Oaks, a yacht like Lord Ulster's, a coach and four, an invitation to the garden-party at the neighboring baronet's, perhaps even

to own a Derby winner, and to rise to the peerage through beer or cotton. That is all. Of the real betternesses of life they are as innocent as a Central African negro. Art is to them a fashionable method of mural decoration; books are things which no gentleman's library should be without, and which can be supplied to fit the various shelves in the bookcase by the upholsterer's order. In short, the place that ought to be taken by admiration for real excellence is usurped by a slavish and material imitation of the habits of the aristocrat. Even were he a good model, the result would be feeble; as he is an averagely foolish, stupid and selfish one, it is a national misfortune.

Hence English snobbishness, that terrible all-pervading trait of English society from top to bottom. Do what you will, you cannot escape from it. If you live long enough in the country, you must inevitably succumb to it; you cannot emancipate even your own conduct from some lingering taint of that pervasive malady. For your neighbors, your servants, your tradesmen, your dependents, all judge you and your acts, not by what you are in yourself, but by the company you keep, the county society you do or do not know, the carriages with footmen that stop at your door or pass it by, the post assigned to you in the ordered hierarchy of the Lord Chamberlain and his flunkies. No one is quite free from this hateful superstition. One cannot isolate oneself absolutely from one's social atmosphere. And all this is in part the effect, though in part the cause, of the continued existence of so absurd an anachronism as the British aristocracy. It may look picturesque when viewed through a telescope from Boston or San Francisco; but it looks vile and loathsome when viewed at close quarters from the heather-clad hills and moors of Surrey. Every reformer in England knows how fatal to the spiritual and intellectual life of the country, quite as much as to its political and social development, is this debasing and degrading element in the community. England can never be free, wholesome and whole-souled till she has cast out forever these belated false gods, and learned to pay homage at the shrine of the Genuine Betternesses.

THE SECRET ORCHARD.

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

BOOK II.—THE EVENING OF THE DAY.

"And thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron."—*Deuteronomy*.

X.

SEVEN o'clock in the Château de Lumières.—Velvet-carpeted silence in the library; without, all about, the machinery of the great house working noiselessly to the acme of comfort; the massive Louis XIV. clock ticking the flight of time to stately measure; a log or two flickering on the hearth, one of the Duke's fancies, who disliked an empty hearth; the sound of the rain, fast falling on the terrace stones, all but shut out by casements and curtains; the cheerful licking of the flames adding what might seem the last touch of home perfection to the scene.

On nearly the whole of three sides of the room were spread the books, forming what the Marquis de Lormes called the most fichue library in France, for there was hardly a book in it younger in date than the second Restoration. The late Duke had taken a good deal of pride in making complete its unique character; and Cluny himself, though neither a student nor an antiquarian like his father, was connoisseur enough to appreciate to the full the charm of the elegant, the stately, the quaint, or the naïvely outspoken old-world company assembled in his favorite room. He would have considered it as much a sin against art and taste to have introduced among them a George Sand, a Maupassant or a Prévost, as to have hung even the best canvas from the last Salon beside his Hobemias, his Lorraines and his Vandykes.

Surrounded by this peace, this harmony of a beautiful past and an appreciative present, the master of the house, who loved his home; who had not untruly said of himself that he was bound by his very heartstrings to its presiding genius, his wife; who had returned with such infinite content but an hour ago to his paradise, sat now alone, wrapt in terror, afraid to face the hell in his soul.

The light from a silver reading-lamp just caught within its radius the bent head, and threw every bone of the clasped hands, locked in a convulsive misery, into white relief.

Favereau, already in evening dress, noiselessly opened the door and stood on the threshold, looking in. He found it hard to recognize his friend in the huddled figure by the fire. After a moment's contemplation, he closed the door and advanced.

Cluny raised his head, recognized him with a faint relaxation upon his haggard face; then, extending his hand, but without rising, said, tonelessly:

"You got my message? Thank you for coming."

Even as a little while ago on the terrace, Favereau took no notice of the gesture; the Duke let his hand fall upon his knee again with a sigh of misery far beyond the touch of minor grievance.

Once or twice he endeavored to speak, but fruitlessly. After a long pause, looking away dully into the happy leaping flames:

"I don't know how to tell you," he muttered.

The other folded his arms on the back of the tall chair and stood another second or two in silence, still surveying the Duke with his most expressionless gaze.

"You need not," he answered at last, in his most expressionless voice. "I know."

The unhappy man sprang to his feet with a cry of horror.

"What! Is it known already? My God!"

"Hush," said Favereau, commandingly; "control yourself." And with a change of voice he pursued dryly: "You have quite a power of description. I recognized—the devil's eyes."

The Duke drew a breath of momentary

relief. "Is that all? Thank Heaven!"

"Is not that enough?"

Again followed silence. Cluny began to pace the room. Twice he wiped impatiently the beading perspiration from his forehead. Finally, he burst forth with that vain railing against trouble which none but the most philosophic seems able to forbear.

"It is like a nightmare. Could any one have imagined so impossible, so diabolical a coincidence? There were a million, ten hundred million chances against it!"

Favereau's low voice answered, coldly inexorable, like the utterance of some pitiless oracle:

"But there was *one* for it. When a man puts his happiness to the chance, he stakes to lose, sooner or later."

The Duke stared at his friend. It is doubtful whether, in the agonizing strain of grappling with an insoluble problem, these words of useless wisdom conveyed any meaning.

"What is to be done? What is to be done?" he repeated, feverishly. "I feel as if my head were going."

"Keep it on your shoulders," said Favereau, this time not unkindly. "You will want it just now."

The Duke flung himself back into his chair and made a painful effort at self-command.

"Advise me," he said. "I will do anything you tell me. Shall I invent an excuse and leave the house now, before I meet her?"

Favereau came round to his friend's chair, sat down and turned toward him eyes in which severity had almost all merged into pity—eyes wise and sad, not unlike those of a physician by the bedside of a hopeless case.

"What would be the use of that?" he asked, gently. "A mere putting off of the evil moment, with added complications."

"Shall I see her secretly, then? Give her money, send her away, secure her departure, her silence, at any price?"

"Edward," cried Favereau, and threw hands and eyes upward, "you may well say your head is going. What, man, give Helen's happiness into such keeping?"

The Duke seemed to collapse, physically and mentally.

"Then tell me, for pity's sake," he exclaimed in an almost extinguished voice, "what is to be done."

It has been said that the test of courage is responsibility. Monsieur Favereau was of those men who are bound to succeed as leaders in whatever walk of life they may choose, partly owing to this very quality of being willing and able to bear responsibility, partly because of his extraordinary promptitude in weighing chances and making up his mind to a definite course of action in an emergency. He did not hesitate in his advice, upon a complication so hideous to a chivalrous mind that the wisest might well have faltered.

"There are two courses open to you," he answered, in his clear, didactic voice. "One is God's way. The other the devil's way. The first is to make a clean breast of it to Helen, and then to try and start afresh, and build a new life together out of the ruins of the old."

Cluny had started to his feet. "It would kill her!" he cried, and the look he cast upon his counselor was unconsciously one of fierce reproach.

Favereau's lips were twisted under his mustache with a smile of indescribable bitterness.

By so much as his power of love was greater than that of the wretched man before him; by the breadth of the gulf that divided his stainless constancy to a woman he had given up from the easy sophistry of her husband's infidelity; by the difference between a light nature and an earnest one—by all such measure seemed his own agony for Helen incomparably greater than that of his friend.

Since the fatal situation had become revealed to him, his soul had never ceased to lament within him with the cry of helpless tenderness: "Helen! What will become of Helen? Why did I give her up? She would have loved me. I should have understood her. I was worthy of her." To the passion of the secret lover was added the pathetic yearning of a father's protective tenderness toward the little girl whose innocent lips had kissed him so often, whose arms had clung round his neck, who in her ripe womanhood still turned to him for help with the old childlike confidence.

He folded his arms, clutching his hands upon them with iron tension.

"Kill her!" he echoed, after a moment's pause. "Very likely. But there are other things to consider than mere life. That is the right course."

"I cannot, I cannot!" cried Cluny, piteously. For a second he had tried to face the prospect, and even in thought had quailed hopelessly before it. "She trusts me, Favereau: think of her trusting eyes! She believes in me: how could I tell her? She could not understand. Oh, she's not one of those women who *could* understand! She never knew evil in her life. Favereau, I cannot."

Favereau's lean face remained impassive, but there was a slight relaxation of the tense muscles.

"I never thought you could," he answered, with cold contempt. In his heart he had dreaded with a veritable terror lest his own Spartan advice should be accepted; lest his beloved should be struck with such a death-blow. He breathed a quick sigh of relief. "Well"—he changed his attitude, uncrossed his legs and laid his hands upon his knees—"there's the other way—the devil's way."

"It is the devil's work," cried Cluny, savagely; "'tis fit he should show the way!"

"So be it!" said the other. "Sit down, Edward, and listen quietly. There is nothing for you, then, but to brazen the matter out. If Helen does not know tonight, from your own lips, she must never know. Everything—everything, mind you—must be sacrificed to that end."

The Duke, who had been eagerly listening, hoping against hope for some solution, relapsed into full despair.

"But, my God!" said he, "the girl? She cannot but recognize me."

"She shall not recognize you," said Favereau, looking at him with icy determination.

"But, ah! do not mock me; for heaven's sake explain."

"You were not wont to be so dull of wit," said Favereau, impatiently. "This creature, this girl, this child, has met a certain Monsieur Le Chevalier. She has never laid eyes on the Duke of Cluny. Do you understand now?"

Cluny gave a sharp cry of joyful apprehension, followed, however, by what was almost a shudder of repugnance.

"What an infamous part to play!" he murmured, and covered his face with his hands.

Favereau, with the first show of anger he had allowed to escape him during the interview, struck him on the shoulder.

"Come, Edward," he exclaimed, "this will not do. You dare not play the weakling now, after playing the—well, the fool. God, man, you must act! You must deceive, you must lie. Ah, you had not so many scruples of conscience about lying when it was merely a question of your pleasure, Monsieur Le Chevalier! Lie now, Duke of Cluny, for your wife's sake. Lie your hardest. Lie like a man!"

Cluny groaned aloud.

"Oh," pursued Favereau, stamping his foot, "you have the curse of your race upon you. Foolhardy to madness in the courting of useless danger, weaker than water when the time has come for decision. Forget—forget you are a Stuart. Be a scoundrel, since now you must, but be a man!"

Cluny raised his face, and looked up in an agony. "I would rather die, and have done with it."

"Of course you would," cried Favereau, with passionate scorn. "I expected no less than that. A ball through the head: infallible remedy for the coward, for the base. But you must live, Edward, live and take your punishment—for Helen's sake."

Cluny rose stiffly. "You have said enough," he replied, livid, but suddenly composed. "I am quite ready. But what if the girl begins by making a scene before Helen? Have you thought of that?"

"Have I thought of that?" The other nearly laughed. "You must meet her first alone, of course. Leave it to me; I will contrive it."

"And then," said Cluny, "the danger will be but beginning. Oh, you do not know what a being you have to deal with!"

"I do not know her," said Favereau, relentlessly; "but she shall be made to see that here she must hold her tongue upon her past. And then we must get her out

of the house at the first opportunity. Soon. To-morrow, if possible. Oh, that ought to be easy enough: your wish is law here. And Helen—God bless her!—is not hard to deceive. At any rate, you know how to do it."

Again Cluny let the sneer pass, with the callousness of his overwhelming despair.

"You can feign jealousy," pursued Favereau, "boredom, antipathy."

"Antipathy!" echoed the Duke, with what was almost a sob. "I had rather be in hell than under the same roof with her and Helen."

XI.

Favereau went to the heavy door that gave upon the hall and set it ajar. With a faint astonishment in his weary eyes, the Duke looked after him.

"Helen is coming," said the older man, simply. And, indeed, as he spoke, the note of Helen's voice was heard outside.

But an hour ago, on the terrace, this sensation of his wife's approach had brought the husband a sense of inexpressible comfort. Now, his heart almost stopped with the apprehension of it.

The room was too dully lit for Favereau to see his friend's face, but he seemed to divine the terror which hesitated on the point of flight.

"Tranquillize yourself," he said, closing the door for a second to speak into the room. "Helen is alone; 'tis early yet."

He now threw the door open. Helen was standing in the hall talking to Blanchette. Brilliant light glinted on her soft brown hair, on the fair neck, on the priceless pearls, which Cluny vowed were the only jewels worthy to lie on that satin skin. Blanchette's deep-toned visage shone with a glow which seemed to emanate as much from the content within as from the illumination without.

Helen interrupted her conversation for a moment to smile at the two men, then she proceeded, enforcing her words with gentle gesture of her finger.

"And then, Blanchette, when you have made her take the cup of broth, you must hurry back—back to mademoiselle, I mean—and finish dressing her, just as you used to dress me, you know, when I was a girl. And then, Blanchette, you must bring her

down yourself, for she is shy, poor little thing. Bring her to me here, in the library."

She patted the mulatto's arm; then swept into the room, passed Favereau swiftly, with just a smiling glance as he closed the door behind her, went straight to the motionless figure of her husband and laid both her hands upon his shoulders.

"Ah, truant," said she, "how I have missed you!" All the harmony of her love and happiness filled her voice with music.

Cluny, with an effort, opened his lips to answer, but she placed her finger upon them.

"Hush," she cried; "no excuses, sir." Then, laying her head against his neck, she went on, with a deeper note of tenderness, "Cluny, my beloved, I wanted to thank you."

Favereau made an unobtrusive movement as if intent on a discreet exit, but she arrested him.

"Stay, Favereau," said she, merely turning her head to look at him, "stay and hear what a happy woman you made of me."

Favereau stood, as ordered, with his hand still on the door-handle. Even with his absolute self-control he could not conjure up a smile, much less a gay word, in answer; and he was thankful for the shadows that made his unresponsiveness pass unnoticed. With his free hand he made a sign at which Helen laughed, interpreting good-humored remonstrance. "Oh, you lovers!" she read in his gesture. Cluny, to whom it was addressed, read more truly: "I am at my post. Have courage." And he drew a deep breath.

"Cluny," Helen went on, "you never will allow me to thank you for all your goodness to me. But I must, I must today, for my heart is overflowing. Since that child has crossed our threshold I feel as if the one thing wanting to my happiness had come to complete it. Oh, my dear husband, you have never once let me guess how you must feel the emptiness of our home, lest I should take it as a reproach to myself—I who have given you no children. And now, because my heart yearned to this motherless girl, you bid me take her to it, and never think of grudg-

ing me the only joy of motherhood I can hope to taste. God will reward you. God will reward you, not only for the good deed to the poor orphan, but for your goodness to your happy wife."

There was a pause. Her head sank lower on his breast. Neither man spoke or moved.

"Oh, how hard your heart is beating, Cluny!"

The Duchess raised herself to peer into his face. He was well outside the circle of the lamplight, and it was evident she could not see anything unusual in his expression.

"Well," she went on, full of the gentle egoism of her new charity, "I have told Gioja that this is now her home till she finds a better one; that she is never to feel desolate again, never to know what it is to miss a mother's care." She emphasized each "never" by a soft beat of her hands against her husband's breast. It was to him as if those tender hands were irrevocably riveting the chains of his undoing. "I have told her that I am her godmother. I cannot think I have done wrong in this, for I feel that she is indeed sent by God to be my child. Ah, it was touching! I wish you could both have seen the little face when I brought her into her pretty pink room, and showed her all the things I had prepared for her." She disengaged herself from her husband's encircling arms and stood smiling at her own recollections, gazing at the blazing logs. The firelight played on her face, a sight more heartrending in its placidity just then to the two who watched her than if it had been convulsed with tears. "I have been inspired, I think, for Blanchette vows that, with the help of a few stitches, Gioja will be able to wear to-night one of the frocks I have had made for her. It is just suited to her—fresh, girlish, spotless. Favreau, don't you think she has a dear pretty face?"

Cluny suddenly caught his wife to his breast. Had it been her dead body that he was clasping to him, instead of this happy, loving, living, responsive frame, there could not have been a purer agony in his passion.

"Cluny!" she cried, rebukingly. "Cluny!" But it was impossible to keep

from her voice a note of exultant pride. Blushing and smiling, she disengaged herself, and flung a shy glance over her shoulder toward Favreau. "You must forgive a foolish couple," she said.

Favreau swallowed a lump in his throat. In his effort to speak naturally, his voice was perhaps a trifle harder than usual.

"I don't want to throw cold water on your enthusiasm, my dear," said he, "but I do think a young couple that adopts a grown-up infant very foolish indeed. I hope that the young lady with the curious name may turn out as desirable an inmate of your house as you fondly hope. But if Cluny should find her rather in the way after all, in spite of his good nature——"

He paused upon the doubt. Helen's face fell, as openly as a child's.

"Oh, Favreau!"

"Don't be afraid, Helen," said Cluny, hoarsely. "I shall never do anything—wilfully—to bring that shadow into your eyes."

Favreau suddenly bent his ear, then he opened the door. Blanchette's voice, in its high singsong, floated in:

"Mind the steps, missy, dey uncommon slippy!"

Cluny started, and flung a desperate look at his friend. The latter, however, apparently quite imperturbable, stepped out of the library into the hall and closed the door behind him.

"Ah, there comes the little one!" cried Helen, and moved swiftly across the room to receive the new object of her delight. She found the handle held without; and as in amazement she exclaimed and turned again to her husband, Favreau quietly reentered, closed the door behind him and put his back against it.

"What is it?" said Helen.

"Oh, nothing," said Favreau, smiling quite airily. "I won't have you disturbed just before dinner, that's all."

Cluny turned sharply away from his petrified attitude of watching, and, leaning his elbow on the mantel-shelf, supported his averted head upon his hand.

"But what is it?" repeated Helen.

"Only, my dear St. Elizabeth, some silly servants' talk about the young woman whom you took into your house to-day being—well, rather bad."

"Bad!" echoed Helen, in her eager way. She stretched her hand to push his aside from the door-handle.

"Nonsense," said Favereau, holding on with determined grip. "I will not have you go to her now. She is well looked after; I know you have seen to that. What further good could you do?"

"What good?" cried the Duchess, indignantly. "Help her to live, or help her to die!"

Again she laid her hand upon his, found herself impotent against his strength. With a flash of her eyes she turned swiftly and left the room by the opposite door, all thought for the moment obliterated but the single one that her charity was needed.

Favereau released the door-handle, drew a deep breath and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

XII.

"Dere, mamsell!" said Blanchette, and patted the girl's sash.

Upon the threshold she had delayed the triumphant entry to retie the silken folds. And very proud she was of the effect of all this dainty lace and muslin.

Blanchette, with the inherited subserviency of generations, would no more have dreamed of forming an individual opinion where a decision of her beloved mistress was in question than she would have thought of interfering with a law of nature. She had therefore adopted the newcomer with a heartiness all the more enthusiastic perhaps that her fellow-servants ("dat rubbish!") unanimously condemned the innovation.

With the familiarity of the old retainer, she now placed her broad dark hand in the center of the girl's slender waist, and propelled her into the room; then looked round, one triumphant grin, for her mistress. The subsequent expression of disappointment upon her dusky visage was almost burlesque.

"Missie said I should find her here, Massa Favereau."

"Unfortunately," answered Favereau—the man had seemingly nerves of iron, and to Cluny, who would have waited for the hour of his execution with a lighter heart, the sound of the kind, bantering, everyday tone was almost divine in its encour-

agement—"unfortunately, my good Blanchette, I was imprudent enough to repeat to the Duchess just now some little phrase I heard you let fall as you came down about the woman—Rose, I think you called her. And the Duchess has flown to her."

The negress clucked her tongue noisily. "If dat ain't missie all over! And mammzell such a pictur'!"

"Well," said Favereau, "the Duke is here, you know. He and I meanwhile can admire the picture, can't we? Go and help your mistress." He clapped her on her fat shoulder as, grinning again, she dropped her dip.

"Come in, mademoiselle," said he; and once more resuming his functions at the door, he closed it upon the outer world. "Dear me, how dark it is! I do not think you have yet been introduced to the Duke."

He walked over to the writing-table and quietly lifted the green shade from the lamp.

The little figure near the door paused, hesitating. Slender arms falling loosely, bare to the elbow; small hands just clasped by the finger-tips; little head bent on a young slight neck; curls, of the texture and color as a rule seen only on very young children, glimmering in the light—for the rest, all snowy, diaphanous white, falling around the shapely, slender outline.

As Favereau turned to look at her, the whole affair seemed to him a monstrous nightmare. For a second the impulse to call to his friend, "Wake up, man, and look; we have been dreaming!" was so strong upon him that it drove him to a silence of hesitation—silence during which the old Louis XIV. clock ticked out a quarter of a minute of suspense such as it surely had never measured for human being before during the long years of its mechanical existence.

It has already been said, however, that Favereau was not of those that hesitate.

"Cluny!" he called.

The Duke heard the warning in his voice. Good blood—and, after all, his was good blood—cannot fail, says the French proverb. The royal blood within him mustered now in Cluny's veins with a new desperate courage to help him—for Helen's sake—"to lie like a man!" He was

ducal, urbane, courteous, dignified, absolutely master of the situation, as he advanced to take his guest's hand and bid her welcome to his house.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "I am charmed to make your acquaintance."

At his first accent the somber eyes flashed wide in her small face. For a second she stared as if unable to credit the evidence of her senses. The next moment an extraordinary color, an extraordinary light, overspread her countenance. It was as if flower of snow had suddenly turned to flower of summer flame. She bounded forward, and seized the outstretched hand in both of hers, with ringing cry:

"Monsieur Le Chevalier!"

Favereau, watching (to recur to the old simile) much as the physician by the bedside watches the approach of the crisis, now perceived with gathering dismay a new and possibly fatal complication:

She loved him! This creature, the wanton child, the living problem that had startled the seasoned man of the world with vistas of unknown depravity—she loved him!

A fresh sweat of horror broke upon the Minister's forehead. With mere perversity he had felt ready, brutally ready, to deal. But all his manhood recoiled at the thought of throwing the first stone at the little sinner who had sinned through love. He withdrew into the shadow.

The Duke, on the other hand, seemed to have become hardened by sheer stress of circumstances, both morally and physically, to a white, marble callousness. His acting was almost too perfect. More surprise, not to say some show of discomposure, might better have met the extraordinary situation. The coolness, however, with which he disengaged his hand, the mocking bow and the faint elevation of eyebrows which accentuated his reply, were convincing enough for the moment. "The Duke of Cluny, at your service," said he, urbanely correcting an absurd error.

She fell back a step; her color faded. A sort of mask seemed to fall upon the eager face; the light in the eyes went out.

"The Duke of Cluny!" she repeated, in a bewildered tone; and on the instant she was again the artless maiden. A short

silence ensued; the something abnormal in the very air, the tension between the two men so painfully obvious to themselves, could not but become perceptible to her. Once more the scorching flame of her gaze leaped up to the Duke's face; and then, with a scream: "No," she cried, "Monsieur Le Chevalier!"

"You seem to be misled by some curious resemblance," said the Duke, in his ice-cold voice; "but pray allow me to assure you that I am the Duke of Cluny."

The girl stood as if arrested on a spring, her hands clenched together, her gaze searching his face and figure. Again there seemed to come for a second a doubt within her, a transient conflict; but only for a second. Her countenance grew distorted.

"You may be the Duke of Cluny," she said, in a hoarse whisper, "but you are—" She broke off, and the look, the very pause, were a more terrible indictment than speech.

Cluny was smiling. "There is evidently some mystery here," said he. "You are agitated, mademoiselle." His composure was ghastly. "Come, sit down, and tell me all about it. 'Tis a case of mistaken identity, evidently. Most curious! I have heard of such complete resemblances; they lead sometimes to droll misunderstandings, it is said. So I am very like a friend of yours?"

He pushed a chair toward her, and leaning over the back of it, looked at her, still smiling. She remained standing, rigid.

"Very like," she answered slowly, in her strangulated whisper.

"Ah," commented he—there was nothing but his pallor to betray that he was fighting a duel to the death—"some old friend of yours, I suppose? Some dear friend?"

"Dear!" she echoed. Her young voice broke. "Yes, my God!"

The pause came again. She stood clutching and unclutching her hands, her frame torn with a passion such as happily the majority of women never know. A kind of sob broke from her, and the Duke felt that if he were to emerge victorious he must allow himself no more such breathing-spaces or his courage to strike would fail him.

"Will you not sit down?" he urged,

benevolently. "Will you not tell me what is the matter? Is it, perhaps, some little affair of the heart?"

She gave a stifled scream; it would have been hard to say whether of anguish or rage. With chin craned forward, lips parted, blazing eyes, the veritable image of a young fury, a torrent of abuse was rising in her throat. But the steady, inflexible look of the Duke, the heavy silence, the very luxury of the room, seemed to overawe her suddenly. She swayed, fell into the chair offered to her and rocked herself to and fro, holding her hands to her lips with a school-girl gesture of self-repression. All at once she looked up at the tall figure beside her.

"Oh, you—you——!" she began, below her breath; then stopped.

The Duke laid his finger gently on her shoulder. "Do not forget," said he, "that you are speaking to the Duke of Cluny."

With a swift, feline movement she caught his hand as he was about to withdraw it. For a second she held it, looked at it; then, kissing it fiercely on the palm, flung it from her with a laugh that was struggling with sobs.

"And do you dare say," she cried, rising, "that I have not kissed that hand before?"

Her hysterical laughter fell hideously upon the men's ears. Slipping her little fingers under the folds of muslin at her neck, she pulled forward a string of magnificent pearls. A moment's hesitation now, the Duke felt, would be fatal.

"Mademoiselle," said he, for the first time dropping his cloak of light courtesy and allowing a tone of grave warning to sound in voice and words, "mademoiselle, had you not better control yourself—and try to realize the situation?"

He spoke the last words with slow, emphatic meaning.

A hush fell on the girl. She listened and was silent, as if revolving the hidden purport of the phrase.

It seemed to Favereau from his corner that upon her face, by turns masklike and quivering with expression, he could now read every phase of her undisciplined, passionate soul. Even before she spoke again, by the tide of color on her cheek, by the

light of those eyes which Cluny had called devil-haunted, by the quiver of the lips, by the whole yielding of her being to an impulse of overpowering delight, he knew what hideous significance she had thought to find in his friend's caution.

"Stay!" she cried, "stay!" She put out her hand, and it trembled, while her voice quivered with a larklike note of joy. "Don't speak—let me think! This sudden change in my life, this adoption falling upon me from the skies without explanation—oh, I see it all! I see now! How blind, how stupid I have been! Ah, you did love me—you do love me after all! What does the rest, what does anything else matter!"

She ran to him and seized his inertly pendent hand with both hers.

In the horror of the comprehension of her thought, in the horror of the touch that conveyed such a meaning, the Duke recoiled almost with violence. His self-possession failed him at last. He groaned:

"Great God!"

Favereau saw that the time had come for his interference. He advanced.

"Forgive my interrupting," said he, placing himself between the two. His calm, authoritative voice fell like a stream of cool water upon the bubbling heat of their passion. Cluny flung him a quick look of grateful relief. The girl started with a sinuous, angry movement, and turned upon the intruder like a little viper disturbed. She had forgotten his presence in her all-absorbing emotion. Meeting his eye, however, she recoiled with something like fear.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "will you not sit down again?" The courteous invitation was a command. She sat down, and this Minister of France, who for the first time in his life had set his hand to do ignoble work, felt that he might yet be master of the evil situation. "Edward," he went on, turning quietly to his friend, "perhaps you will allow me to undertake the task of making this young lady understand under what a fantastic delusion she is laboring."

Cluny withdrew to his old post, the chimneypiece.

Favereau took a chair beside the girl. At any moment, he knew, Helen might

break in upon them. As at the critical point of a battle, he felt that the decisive blow must be struck without sparing, yet with all deliberation. Indicating the Duke by a slight gesture:

"Look well, mademoiselle," said he, gravely yet not unkindly—"look well. Think, and recognize your mistake. There is the Duke of Cluny, a gentleman whom not only you have never met before, but one whom you could never have met before—you quite understand me, don't you?—whom you could not, by any possibility, have met before. That he recalls to you some person of your acquaintance can have nothing to do with him. Now, the Duchess of Cluny, I am told, has chosen you as the particular object of her benevolence. She has received you into her house, she has promised to provide for you. The Duchess believes you, of course, to be an innocent, a well-brought-up girl, deserving this extraordinary favor."

Gioja's great eyes, dark with dilating pupils, fixed upon the speaker's face, became filled with a dawning terror. The man proceeded incisively, waxing strong on his advantage:

"The Duke of Cluny has made it his pride never to thwart his wife in her vocation of charity. He therefore consented to your introduction into the privacy of his house with characteristic generosity. But," said Favereau, with a deliberation which perhaps the cold indulgence of his tone rendered all the more cruel, "the Duchess of Cluny's peace of mind is the first object of the Duke's life. He makes it his duty to protect her at any cost from trouble or disappointment. No person would be allowed to remain under his roof a single day who showed herself likely to bring sorrow or annoyance to his wife."

The girl gasped. "What do you mean me to understand?" she asked, with dry lips, her gaze still riveted, as if fascinated, upon the bearded, impassive face.

"That the young lady," answered Favereau, "whose the Duchess honors with her protection must show herself, both as regards the past and the present, worthy of that honor." He paused to allow the words to sink in. Then he suddenly became genial, almost paternal. "It is evident," he went on, "that your mind, my

child, as is not unusual with young people of your age, is filled with much romantic rubbish; and that, excited no doubt by the strange circumstances attending your unexpected good fortune, you have been tempted, on entering this new life, to create sensation by turning the accident of a chance resemblance into a page of some favorite novel. Forget all this pernicious stuff." He dropped his playful tone for one of renewed gravity. "Remember only that your future is in your own hands—to make or to mar."

She rose stiffly to her feet, and stretched out her arms toward the Duke with the single word:

"Speak!" It was a helpless, frightened, childish appeal.

"Mademoiselle," said Cluny, hoarsely, "Monsieur Favereau has spoken for me."

A little while she stood, looking swiftly from one to the other; in her eyes was the impotent rage, the agonizing terror, of a trapped animal. Then she wrung her hands, and once again the unnatural look, the woman's look, of bitterness and suffering and passion convulsed her child's face.

"You are brave, gentlemen," she said at last, almost inaudibly. "Two men against a girl!"

"Faugh!" said Favereau, in a savage whisper to Cluny, as he brushed by him to replace the shade upon the lamp, "with what pitch are we here defiled!"

Had they won? They could not know. Those little clenched hands still held the fate of all that made life beautiful to both of them.

But if they had won, in truth the victory was bitter.

XIII.

There came a prolonged silence over the three: a heavy silence, in awful contrast with the inner clamor of their thoughts, and accentuated by the minor sounds within the room.

A small flame voice sang sweetly and cheerily among the logs on the hearth. The ancient clock ticked on, every stroke of the pendulum falling upon the Duke's heart like the stroke of a hammer upon the coffin of his manly honor. The quavering chime struck the half-hour, a distant bell

clanged. The dressing-bell! Helen would soon be with them again; the routine of life go on as usual. His very soul turned sick.

Neither of the men looked at the other. There are moments when each knows too well the other's thoughts to dare to let eyes commune. The girl stood with bent head, a sullen lip outthrust, plucking at the folds of her sash.

Thus Helen found them.

A moment she stood, looking in upon them; and Favereau alone had presence of mind enough to advance and smile. Her eyes swiftly sought the little white figure.

"What!—Joy!" she cried: thus, after the eternal mother-fashion, had Helen already shortened her new daughter's name. Then she broke into a merry laugh. "What a baby! Look at the poor child, not daring to open her lips between these two great men!" She came forward, draperies flowing, motherly arms outstretched. Gathering the girl to her, she looked, gently mocking, from her husband to Favereau.

"I believe—really one would say—she has frightened them as much as they have frightened her. Have you spoken to my husband, little Joy?"

"Yes, madame."

Words barely breathed, long black lashes sweeping the wan cheeks.

"It was very terrible, was it not?" said the Duchess, with the tenderest banter.

"Yes, madame."

Helen kissed her. "There, she ought not to have been deserted. Why, she is trembling all over, poor child!" The Duchess turned upon Favereau in mock indignation: "It is all your fault, sir. You picked up the wrong end of the story, you old busybody. My patient is very weak, yet better, I think. But"—she interrupted herself with a gay change of voice, toying the while with the girl's fair curls—"but this is too sad a story for these ears. Time enough for them to learn the cruelty of the world. Now, Cluny, what do you think of my daughter?"

The man was forced to turn and look at them. The wife, standing close behind the girl, both hands upon her

shoulders and overtopping the fair head nearly by the height of her own, had placed her sweet, bright, confident face above the small white mask. His wife's eyes, the truest and the most loving, were looking at him beside the unholy flame of those other eyes—the devil's eyes!

His glance sought Helen's first; then met that of Giōja. And there it rested. The girl's deep, inscrutable, defiant gaze never wavered for a second. Cluny, with narrowing lids, with contracting pupils and eyes growing steel-gray like a sword-blade, threw all the power of his being into the endeavor to gain the mastery, to force her lids to drop.

In this voiceless struggle the color rose to his cheeks. At last, with a bitter smile, he recognized that he was more than matched. But at least the very feeling of battle well engaged now braced his nerve.

"It is a little difficult," he said steadily, "to be called upon to pronounce so soon upon a stranger."

As he spoke, he felt the sudden comfort of Favereau's presence at his side.

"It is to be hoped," said the Minister's gently sarcastic voice, "that the new daughter may never bring a cloud to the mother's face."

The girl shifted her glance quickly to him; but then it quailed and fell.

The entrance of the servants with lights and the sound of the oddly matched brothers' voices on the stair broke up the fitful colloquy and distracted Helen's mind from a sense of vague disappointment and intangible strain.

"My dear Cluny," she cried, suddenly, running her eyes over his gray figure; "not dressed yet!"

Cluny, with his expressive French gesture, glanced down at his clothes, and moved toward the door. Here Favereau followed him and caught him by the shoulders.

"So far we are safe," whispered he, as he sped him with what seemed to the onlookers a good-natured push.

"I told you how it would be," said Cluny. "It is hell."

"No," answered the other, with the most melancholy cynicism; "only the road to it."

XIV.

Anatole, Marquis de Lormes, Comte de Paimpol et de Sermonec, chef du nom et des armes, better known among his peers and intimates as "Totol" (and it must be admitted that the more familiar appellation suited him best)—the Marquis "Totol"—preceded his tall half-brother into the room, shooting his cuffs as he came.

His goggling eyes rolled, and as they caught sight of Joy, his meager countenance proclaimed disgust. The blue eyes of Dodd, on the other hand, kindled as they rested on the girl's fair head.

Helen was at that moment engaged in a motherly scrutiny of her new daughter's toilet.

They made a pretty picture with the flicker of the fire upon them—the gracious woman at the zenith of her beauty, and the girl—

" Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet."

So thought the naval officer, who liked old-fashioned poetry and cherished those old-fashioned ideals which are still kept alive more faithfully, perhaps, in the New World than in the Old.

" Too bad of Helen," said the present representative of the Lormes, aside to Favereau, " to spring this school-girl upon us. For me," said the little man, and shook his hoary young head, " the young girl, the French young person, especially when fresh from the convent, is absolutely nauseating. Ce que ça m'embête! Positivement ça me la coupe: The English miss, à la bonne heure! And as for the American—" He rapturously kissed his hand in the air. " But, oh, the young demoiselle—la, la!"

" I can understand," said Favereau, with grim secret humor, " that you may have found that young lady preposterously unsophisticated. We were alone with her, the Duke and I, just now, and she made us pass a severe quarter of an hour."

The Marquis pulled his india-rubber face into a knowing grimace. The next moment it became illuminated, though scarcely beautified, by an ecstatic smile. For, with a rattle of bangles, a jingle of chains, a tap and a shuffle of little slippers, and a

tremendous general frou-frou, Madame Rodriguez made her appearance on the scene. He fixed his single glass in his eye with some difficulty and much gnawing motion of the jaw.

" There—ah, there's famous chic, real chien, if you like! The very last howling pschutt, in short," he exclaimed rapturously, under his breath, appraising every item of toilet, figure and impertinently pretty face. " Crâne, au moins, celle-là—eh?"

Meanwhile Helen had been conversing in a soft undertone with her new-found cousin from overseas.

" Yes," she said, after scrutinizing his frank countenance with kindly pleasure, " I remember you. He once came to Paris, Joy, to visit us from America, that great country of his—and of mine, though I have never seen it;—you know, even on the map, how far away it looks! He was a little boy then, and I was quite a little girl. But he made a vast impression upon me. You called me a 'cute little thing,' George, and said that was a 'cunning' sort of dress we wore at the Blue Nuns. And though I wondered, I felt this was high praise. And he told me such wonderful stories of Indians and prairies and scalphunters and I know not what, and he presented me with what he called 'chew-gum.' Don't you remember, George?"

Her laugh rang out—the most heartwhole, most musical laugh in all the world.

" Why, certainly," said the American, in his deep voice, that gave one somehow the impression of a great reserve of strength and manliness; " I remember you very well. But the picture of the little girl with her hair in two pigtails don't fit in somehow with that of my lady Duchess in her beautiful home. I have seen a deal of your modern France these last few weeks in the World's Show yonder, and, if you'll excuse me, it struck me as just a bit electroplated. Therefore I feel it all the greater privilege to have an opportunity of making acquaintance with the real sterling thing. That's what your home is: hall-marked, Helen, and no mistake."

His blue eyes wandered from the carved stone chimneypiece, with its faded yet warmly tinted armorials, to the groups of

tattered colors on the walls between the great bookcases—glorious rags that had seen such days and weathered such storms that barely a gleam of blue or red here and there betrayed which had been Highland fanion, which blue cross of French Stuart regiment.

What is there in the sight of old colors that moves the heart so strangely? Why are they more eloquent of pathos, of patriotism, of the stress and grandeur of conflict, than even the dead hero's sword or the ruined stronghold? The republican's eyes kindled as they fell on these relics. From thence they traveled to the celebrated royal portrait, enthroned between the yellowing silk folds and broderied fleurs-de-lys of a French standard (that had evidently faced no crueler weapon than a lady's needle), and a tartan plaid so indescribably faded that it seemed to have borrowed the tints of the wild moorland and dying heather over which it had once bravely fluttered. There the face of the second James, in his beautiful princely boyhood, looked forth from under haughty drooping lids.

"By Jove," said Dodd, "that little fellow knew he was a Duke anyhow! An ancestor, Helen? But I need not ask. I do not pretend to be art-wise, but your husband's very eyes seem fixed on one from that canvas. My, but it must be a great work!"

"That is our great Vandyke," said Helen, well pleased; "it is indeed an ancestor of Cluny's: James the Second, when he was Duke of York."

"The sort of fellow that makes one seem small, somehow," said Lieutenant Dodd, with his good-humored laugh. Then, with a start, he discovered the white figure of Gioja at his elbow. She, too, was gazing up at the picture with lips a little parted. His face softened as he looked down at her. "A lovely boy, is he not?" he said. And in addressing her his strong voice took an extraordinarily gentle note.

She flashed her dark eyes at him with a flutter of the eyelids which covered their secret fire and gave a sort of virginal timidity to the glance quite in keeping with her present attitude.

"Yes, sir," said she, in her pretty foreign English.

Favereau, with his back to the fire and his hands behind him, seemingly indifferent, closely watched the moving group.

"This American now—" he thought. "A new complication. Stay—a solution, perchance, to the problem!"

The gladness of the thought struck him promptly with a sting of shame. With what fearful ease does poor humanity glide upon the downward slope! Pure honor had always been such an integral part of this man's soul that hitherto he had no more contemplated the possibility of losing it than of losing his identity. And now he was planning an honest fellow's undoing.

How could Edward have hoped to keep up his systematic deviation into secret orchards, and thereafter resume unscathed his honored way on the straight path of life, when his own one step from the high table-land of righteousness had already sent him—him, Favereau—spinning toward God knows what depths? Ah, that shame should dog a thought of his!

He looked somberly at the sailor's face—a face in which the story of an elementally virile soul was written as upon an open book.

Mr. Dodd's creed was simple enough to read: love of country, truth to himself, respect for women, and glory in his profession. He would live, and love, and work, and fight, and die without a questioning thought.

But Favereau was not of those who disguise to themselves the responsibility of their own deeds. Darkly he knew, as he watched, that come what may, he would coldly let the unsuspecting sailor drift to his doom; that he would never lift a finger to save him, could he thereby secure one chance of saving Helen from the awakening that menaced her.

Absorbed in these moods, he was startled by a fierce feminine whisper in his ear, by the clutch of a small hand upon his sleeve.

In the desire to share her immediate emotion with a mind more capable of intelligent response than that dwelling in the dwindled skull of the Marquis "Totol," Nessie had figuratively and literally seized upon her old friend.

"Well, and what is your impression,

Mr. Minister, of the new importation?" she murmured, vindictively jerking her head in the direction of Joy. "Our fine sailor-hero seems to approve of it, anyhow. I don't believe he has eyes to see anything else." She shook out her rosy draperies with a deep sense of waste, of unappreciated merit. "As for Helen, she's floating in a kind of holy cloud of joy—joy!" She sniffed derisively. "Isn't it a dear little innocent? Doesn't she look as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, eh? Isn't it a sweet little babe-in-the-wood, that has never seen anything but robins and leaves, eh? My!" There was stiletto sharpness in each "eh," culminating in the shrillness of the last ejaculation. It was like finally turning the blade in the wound. "I do agree with Aunt Harriet—old cat!—for once in my life (though I wouldn't give her the satisfaction of telling her so for worlds), but I do agree that this is quite the worst of Helen's follies. Of course, you men are always taken with a pretty face; but I reckon you will side with me, Mr. Minister, that, for mere simpleness, the idea of getting the Duke to adopt an infant of that size and description, well—it's beyond words! If that girl," she pursued, after a sufficiently eloquent pause, "does not make us all sit up before the week is out, my name isn't Nessie Rodriguez."

"Well, of course," answered Favereau, smoothly, with an inner dreary appreciation of his own irony, "you can only expect us men, as you say, to be in favor of the pretty face."

"Oh! I know," said the lady, with cheerful contempt, "you are just as great a goose at heart as all the rest, or you wouldn't be a man, dear sir. My! I do wonder sometimes how the same Creator came to make us both. I expect when the Almighty took Adam's rib, He extracted the better half of his brains at the same time. There's that Rodriguez, now. I've just had a letter from him; he says he's very sick. He's got influenza. I know what that means. Now, a woman would be cute enough to have measles, or diphtheria, or cholera, or something, for a variety. There's never been a man that's had influenza so frequently." She paused, to continue reflectively, "It's a very ex-

pensive sickness, but I reckon he's had it once too often this time."

Favereau laughed, but made no comment. Under the light of the reading-lamp the Marquis de Lormes was engaged in pruning his favorite finger-nail with a gold-mounted penknife. His whole face was puckered into lines of deep earnestness. Helen's clear voice rose in the silence.

"That is the flag," she was saying, "which the great Maréchal de Cluny, the grandson of James the Second (the last Stuart King of England, Joy), took at Fontenoy. He was only a cornet then. But under the lead of his cousin, the gallant Berwick, he charged the Hanoverians at the head of the King's Household. You may not know, my little girl, that you are actually under the roof of the last male descendant of the royal race of Stuart."

Gioja looked down, and toyed with the fringe of her sash, and then she said, in a small, hesitating voice—"The Duke of Cluny, then, ought to be King of England?"

Nessie caught the words, and burst into a loud derisive cackle; while the Marquis de Lormes, now polishing the amended nail on the seam of his trousers, looked up from his final and satisfied contemplation of the result with a snigger.

"A real daisy; isn't she?" said Madame Rodriguez, in her acute contempt forgetting to modulate her accents.

The sailor looked round at her with stern eyes. "We cannot expect Miss Joy," said he, "to understand the intricacies of the British Constitution, Madame Rodriguez."

In that bilingual household, where almost as much English was spoken as French, Helen's pet name for "her child" was already adopted; and it seemed to cleave to the girl.

Helen had flushed under the implied rebuke. In France the *jeune fille* is hemmed in much like a state criminal; but the care with which all knowledge of the outer world is kept from her ears is nothing to the respect with which the emancipated daughter of America, free to roam the world alone if she choose, is treated in her own country by those who accept the trust of her freedom.

The fluttering query of Joy's surprised eyes, however, demanded an answer. This Helen gave with an embarrassment that sat somewhat pathetically on her.

"No, dear child, it is as Mr. Dodd says. And—well, at any rate, the English would not acknowledge the claim."

"Well," said Nessie, coming briskly forward, and taking the girl by the elbow with a vivacity which just fell short of a shake, "now you're in the house of a real Stuart, anyhow, and if you know your history, you must feel that it's a right-down romantic situation. My! Helen, you remember, at the convent, how we used to dream about the Young Pretender; the wondrous romances we made up about helping him to escape from his enemies, hiding with him, giving our lives to save him in his wanderings as *Monsieur le Chevalier Douglas*."

While she was speaking Cluny had returned quietly to the room in unimpeachable evening attire. He was advancing toward the group, when Joy slowly raised her eyes and looked at him. He stopped, as if brought up by an invisible barrier.

"Indeed, madame," said the girl then, "I, too, have had dreams about the pretender, *Monsieur le Chevalier*."

As she spoke, her fingers suddenly closed upon the fringe she was playing with, and with incredible strength tore the silk cord in two. None marked her attitude except the Duke himself and Nessie. The former turned abruptly away, the latter flew like a butterfly across the room back again to

Favereau, and caught him by the sleeve. "Monsieur Favereau, did you see the look the innocent orphan threw at the Duke just now? What is Helen about? What is she doing? Oh, I do want to know!"

Favereau put up his eye-glass: "At this moment, madame, the Duchess seems to be explaining the nature of the contents of a case of decorations to the interesting young lady she has adopted."

Madame Rodriguez stamped her foot with fury. "Oh, you men!" she cried. "I do despise you! You never see what's under your nose."

Favereau brought the eye-glass to a focus on her little foot.

"I see, madame," said he, without any change of tone, "the foot of Cinderella in the slipper of the princess."

Nessie's wrath fell from her on the instant. A slow smile spread over her dusky face.

"You like it?" she asked, coqueting. She pointed her toe from side to side, twitching her flounces daintily as she did so. "But what's the use of it with these stupid skirts, anyhow?"

"Madame," said Favereau, solemnly, "the inspired being who creates feminine fashions is fully aware that women's ingenuity amounts to genius. I think these skirts delightful. If a woman has a pretty foot, like truth—ay, like murder—the more you try to hide it, the more it will out."

"Here is maman," said Totol's pipy voice, suddenly.

(To be continued.)

RESPONSIBILITY.

BY ANNE VIRGINIA CULBERTSON.

NAUGHT save a mirror decks the Shinto shrine,

And he who seeks, beholds himself. Have care!

Searching the soul within this fane of thine,

Naught shalt thou see save what thou broughtest there.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST REVOLUTION.

BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

DECISIVE battles are no longer fought with arms. Attack with weapons may constitute an incident, but campaigns from the opening of the twentieth century will be fought in the offices of those who control the world's supply of money.

That event in the world's history which promises to be most deeply fraught with results to the human race was announced in the New York journals of Sunday, March 3, 1901, as a three-column advertisement. It was not an affair of parliament or of regal proclamation. There was no fuss, no ceremony.

The average man, the welfare of whose great-great-grandchildren was to be affected, scarcely noticed this advertisement which read:—

"OFFICE OF J. P. MORGAN & CO., 23 WALL STREET, NEW YORK," and began in bold, black-faced type:—

"TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF
"FEDERAL STEEL COMPANY,
"NATIONAL STEEL COMPANY,
"NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY,"
et cetera.

This momentous event did not concern itself with princes or even so-called statesmen. The world on the 3d day of March, 1901, had ceased to be ruled by such. True, there were marionettes still figuring in Congress and as Kings, but they were in place simply to carry out the orders of the world's real rulers—those who control the concentrated portion of the money supply. The words, "Office of J. P. Morgan & Co.," meant, in addition to the great wealth of the firm itself, the financial support of the HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD; the approval, if not the active co-operation, of the HOUSE OF ROCKEFELLER; and the direct co-operation of the CARNEGIE and other great iron industries.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD and associated banks and industries, One thousand millions.

HOUSE OF ROCKEFELLER and associated banks and industries, Eight hundred and fifty millions.

J. P. MORGAN & Co., representing iron industries and associated banks, Eleven hundred and fifty-four millions.

Total, Three thousand and four millions of dollars.

Of what consequence the German playing at Emperor, or the King who recently read a speech written by Ministers under dictation from the world of finance? Even the Czar of Russia seems a feeble make-believe in the presence of men who control Three thousand millions of dollars and can push the endless buttons which carry their signals into every

sort of mercantile house, into every military camp, which cause every court official to stand alert, and can even produce the profoundest movements in the Church itself.

Between the lines of this advertisement, headed "Office of J. P. Morgan & Co.," was to be read a proclamation, thus:—

"COMMERCIAL METROPOLIS OF THE WORLD.
"NOTICE TO THE PEOPLES OF ALL LANDS AND NATIONALITIES:

"The old competitive system, with its ruinous methods, its countless duplications, its wastefulness of human effort and its relentless business warfares, is hereby abolished, the change to take effect in part immediately, and in whole as rapidly as the details can hereafter be worked out.

"The four great HOUSES controlling the world's visible supply of money, having this day agreed to act in unison under the scheme of organization outlined by Mr. J. P. Morgan, have invested themselves with the controlling interest in the three great sources by which the public can be taxed—the supply of ores, the working of the same into the raw products, and the transportation of the same.

"The business public will perceive at a glance that it will not be properly safe for any individual or known collection of individuals to arrogate to themselves the right to antagonize THE ORGANIZATION this day created; and notice is hereby given that these commercial territories must not be trespassed upon or invaded without expectation that the full authority vested in the organization will be exercised.

"The HOUSES engaged in bringing about this organism in the interests of the world's economy, have taken to themselves such increment as has seemed proper in view of the important character of the service rendered.

"Further, the Bourses of the world will please take notice that, owing to the immense sums of money now in the hands of THE ORGANIZATION, it will be possible to force speculation. The banding together of the HOUSES OF ROTHSCHILD, ROCKEFELLER, MORGAN and CARNEGIE, representing the united metal and transportation interests, leaves no room for competition, and any attempt in this direction will be met with the fate which should attach to an effort to return to the methods of barbarism.

"Finally, it is our intention ultimately to take in hand the smaller industries and organize them upon a scientific basis calculated to reduce the waste of human effort to a minimum."

These are the words which have been read by every fairly intelligent business man in the advertisement headed, "Office of J. P. Morgan & Co.," and nominally concerning itself with the exchange of certain stocks. Unlike the proclamations of kings and princes, no man will be found bold enough to defy its orders. From March 3, 1901, the entire aspect of the business and political world will be changed. Financial ambitions will quickly render themselves subservient to this overruling power. The futility of political hopes which do not attach themselves to the financial center will be quickly apparent.

The mind is fascinated with the field of operations presented to the controlling minds of this new organism. Two things immediately suggest

themselves. It seems probable that the danger of financial panic will be minimized. Those having these incalculable interests in their hands will wish for stability of finance. Their hopes are based on the savings resultant from complete organization and the continuous labor obtainable only by the general consumption of their products by the public. This consumption can only accompany the prosperity resulting from financial stability.

Should, however, any private interest or desire within this new organization seek to extend the borders of conquest by means of panic, and have the power to carry out its desires, the opportunity would be presented to cause untold misfortune and wretchedness to mankind at large.

We now come to the most important question in this connection—the distribution of the immense increment resulting from the economies permitted by organized effort. Will the dividends be made commensurate with the power? Or will a wisdom superior to any hitherto exercised in the business or governmental world fix the earnings at such percentage as will seem reasonable to the public mind and prevent unrest?

Undoubtedly the matter remains with Mr. Morgan to determine. Upon his decisions the welfare of the people of the United States—it is not too much to say, even of the world—depends. With all ores, metals and transportation in his hands, the question is not, What can he tax the public? but, What will he? It would be interesting to penetrate the guiding motives of the mind of this man at this time. To what extent do Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Morgan realize the far-reaching character of this change of base? It is a revolution so radical in its sweep, so wide in the area affected, that in comparison the most important movements of history become insignificant. Those of Greece, those of Rome and that of France, substituted other measures and other men for existing ones. This substitutes a machine which depends for existence, not upon men, but upon ten thousand parts. Any one wearing out can be replaced without perceptible stoppage.

Because this new organism is in the direction of perfected economies, there will be no return to the old system. That is gone forever. The law of centralization is the law of nature. A million million orbs moving throughout limitless space are eternally attracting and holding the smaller fragments of the universe.

One thought more: human effort scientifically directed could supply every real necessity, comfort and pleasure of mankind with hours of labor certainly not to exceed four a day. Sufficient food, comfortable homes and clothes, and proper enjoyment, can all be obtained with four hours of united, properly directed, thoroughly organized labor. It is the ignorance of scientific methods, the duplication of tasks, the labor in unprofitable directions, and the endless waste of conflict, which keep man the slave he is to-day.

Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Morgan have shown their appreciation of the problem of organization. They themselves must be surprised at the results. Both have in many ways displayed their desire to be of service to those about them.

They have together solved the problem of production. Will they

now apply themselves to the greater and vastly more complex problem of distribution? To the men who would free the world from the superstitions of the competitive system, the greatest wealth was first necessary; because it meant the greatest power. The world has been governed by selfishness. It obeys the commands of unlimited money; therefore accumulated millions were necessary as a fulcrum from which the business world could be pried from its wasterful selfishness.

The type of mind required to reorganize the world's system of distribution is of the keenest and highest. Will the men who have shown such incomparable skill in solving the problem of production find themselves equal to the consideration of the more delicate problem of placing mankind on the basis of recognition of one's neighbor in every labor, gradually removing the more or less real excuse of to-day that greed is necessary for self-protection, and substituting in the business world that intelligent appreciation of our own and our neighbor's wants—a willingness to concede to others—which we see best exemplified in the guests brought together around a well-filled table?

We sit at the bountiful table of Mother Earth and know that there is enough for all. Hitherto it has been a scramble. Are we soon to be assembled under an intelligence of a higher order, which, after requiring of each his proper proportion of labor, shall give that reward which will be in degree sufficient?

March 3d marked the beginning of the most wonderful revolution in the world's history. This will be a bloodless revolution and will eventually carry its blessings to the most remote parts of the earth. Governmental divisions will cease to exist except as means to carry out mandates decided upon in the executive offices of the world's commercial metropolis. We are living in what is without doubt the most interesting period of the world's history. Will Messrs. Rockefeller and Morgan, having reduced production to scientific lines, proceed to the analysis of the problem of distribution?

They must.

What is the meaning of money after it has reached a few millions? It has no significance for the owner. The building of palaces becomes little more than the setting of toy blocks. The powers held within the hands of the hundred-millionaire struggle for exercise. They must have an outlet.

Mr. Rockefeller has hitherto found this opportunity for exercise mainly in the founding of colleges; Mr. Morgan, in the endowment of hospitals. That sort of intellectual effort will do for men with a few tens of millions, but not for active minds controlling a thousand millions. For them the final analysis must rest always in the selection of the one problem worthy of engaging the master mind—the Problem of Distribution:

How to organize mankind—

First, so that each man will be forced to do his share of the world's work;

Second, so that each individual will have the product of his own labor;

Third, so that the temptation of man to eat his fellow-man may be removed by a scientifically designed system.

Cabot's Shingle Stains



PEABODY & STEARNS, Architects, Boston.



MANTLE FIELDING, Architect, Philadelphia.

The Original and Standard,
and the Only CREOSOTE
wood-preserving—Stains.

(Patented : infringement will be prosecuted.)

All other shingle-stains are imitations of ours, but lack their soft depth and freshness of color, their durability and wood-preserving properties. "Creosote is the best preservative of timber."—O. Chanute. Our Stains cost half as much as paint, are easier to apply, look better, and every gallon is guaranteed.

Specimens of stained wood, 24 colors, and color-studies sent free on request.

SAMUEL CABOT, Sole Manufacturer
76 KILBY STREET

Agents at all Central Points. BOSTON, MASS.

A HOME AFTER YOUR OWN HEART



Our New Book,

"Modern

Homes,"

show many dif-

ferent plans for all

kinds of houses.

Each house has

distinctive features

and perfect floor

plans. Views of ex-

teriors. Ideas of

interior decorations,

lighting effects and exact

guaranteed cost.

Send for them. Prices are not going to be any lower. Start now. We prepare special plans for any kind of a building. Send us your ideas. Exceptional range of architectural possibilities due to us having offices in different parts of the country, adapting the popular types to local conditions and sections. We have a large corps of experts at our different offices so as to give complete architectural service, including superintendence in any direction.

Write for our books, "Modern Homes," to-day, no two alike, one book for \$1.00; two books for \$1.50; three books for \$2.00. Send us 50 cts. additional with your book order for the "American Builder and Decorator," monthly for one year, regular price \$1.00. Full of good suggestions.

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Cleveland, Ohio.
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The Perfect Light

Immensely cheaper than gas or kerosene, and brighter, pleasanter. Fine print read 45 feet away. 100 candle power 20 hours cost 3c. No odor, no smoke, no alcohol torch.

Canton Incandescent Gasoline Lamps.

Lighted instantly with one match. All styles. Double and single burners, for home, business or public buildings, \$2.75 and upwards.

Canton lamps are noteworthy for beauty of design, convenience and homeliness of construction.

Agents wanted.

CANTON INCANDESCENT LIGHT CO.,
Box E, Canton, Ohio.



Three Expert Mechanics Test Every Blade.

Our adv. is for the purpose of getting into direct trade with consumers. The Maher & Grosh Knives, Razors, Scissors, etc., are hand-forged from razor steel. They are made on honor, tested severely and warranted. This pattern we call "Our Masterpiece." Blades are highest grade of razor steel, file-tested, strong enough for anything, fine enough for a quill pen, weighs 2 ounces, 3 blades. Price, with ebony handle, \$1.25; ivory, \$1.50; choicest pearl, \$2.00; postpaid. Pruning knife, 75c.; grafting, 25c.; budding, 35c.; 3-blade Orchard knife, \$1.00. The lower cut shows our 75c. 2-blade jack-knife. For while will mail sample for 48c., 5 for \$2.00. Our 60c. steel shears and 75c. knife free by mail for \$1.00. Colorado stock knife, 3 blades, \$1.00.



Send for 80-page free list and "How to Use a Razor." Be kindly write us.

MAHER & GROSH CO., 77 A Street, TOLEDO, OHIO.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

Standard Baths

STANDARD PORCELAIN ENAMELED BATHS bring beautiful, modern and comfortable bathrooms within the reach of everyone. They are artistic in design and finish, moderate in cost and highly sanitary. If you are building or remodeling your house we will send you free, on request, our book of six model bathrooms, designed especially for us by a well-known architect, and which give suggestive treatment and cost of necessary fixtures.

Beware of unguaranteed tubs, imperfect in make—sold to the trade as seconds, and which crack and discolor quickly. We guarantee every tub perfect which has cast on the bottom one of these marks: "S. M. CO.", "D. & M." or "A. & O."

STANDARD SANITARY MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. F, Pittsburg, Pa.

Satsuma Interior Enamels

are better than Paint.

They work easy, make a smooth surface, and any one can apply them to walls, ceilings, inside woodwork, pantries, kitchens and furniture. Many beautiful tints. The surface is non-absorbent and can be kept bright and clean by wiping with a damp cloth.

Don't pay fancy prices when your dealer will furnish you "Satsuma Interior Enamels" at the same price as ordinary paint.

FREE Color card and our booklet "How to Refurnish the House Without Buying New Furniture."

HEATH & MILLIGAN M'FG CO.
Dept. B,
Makers of Best Prepared Paint and Railway White Lead.
72 Randolph St., Chicago.
Established 1851.

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AGENTS make 25 Per Cent COMMISSION by getting orders for our TEAS, COFFEES, EXTRACTS, SPICES and BAKING POWDER. Special Presents or checks. Freight paid. New terms free.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., COSMOPOLITAN, P. O. Box 289, 31 & 33 Vesey St., New York.

WATCH AND CHAIN FOR ONE DAY'S WORK

Boys and girls can get a Nickel-Plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm for selling 1½ dozen packages of Bluine at 10 cents each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Bluine postpaid, and a large Premium List. No money required.

BLUINE CO., Box A, Concord Junction, Mass.

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RUGS and CURTAINS **BY MAIL**

Can be Selected at Your Own Fireside from pattern plates better than at a store. We sell carpets at wholesale prices and make up ready to ship. Our book gives full information, with a complement of pattern plates, showing carpets in actual colors, sent free on request. We pay the freight.

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Pearline

Takes out dirt
without
wear or
tear.

Avoid
Imitations

Delicate laces, silks, linens and woolens demand Pearline—it prolongs the life of all fabrics and restores their original beauty. Coarse fabrics and heavy work demand Pearline—it spares the women.

Direct from the Factory at
FACTORY PRICES

Turkish Rocker

A Lifetime Luxury at Small Cost.
\$35.00 buys this luxurious Turkish Rocker, direct from factory, covered with best quality machine-husked hair, tufted back and seat front, tassel arms, spring rockers and ball-bearing casters. Choice of maroon, olive-green or russet leather. At retail a similar rocker costs \$35.00 to \$50.00.

Turkish Couch

\$35.00 buys this luxurious Turkish Couch. It has a genuine Solid Mahogany base, richly polished. Claw feet, upholstered in leather. Covered with best quality machine-buffed genuine leather (no imitation). All cushions are of genuine curled horse hair, supported by finest tem-



pered steel springs. Diamond tufted top. Spring edge.

Worth at retail \$55.00 to \$70.00.

On Approval

We Prepay Freight

Write for our complete Catalogue No. "D-3."

THE FRED MACEY CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Makers of High Grade Office and Library Furniture.
Note.—See our other advertisements in this magazine.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

MEN'S "FAMOUS MARYLAND"

Clothing

Made to Order, Expressage Prepaid,
and Guaranteed to Fit

Clothes make the man and we make the Clothes, and at very nominal prices when you consider that you can buy a suit, made of good material, cut to your measure, expressage prepaid to your station, as low as **\$7.95**.

OUR (FREE) MEN'S CLOTHING CATALOGUE, with large cloth samples attached, shows the latest styles for Suits, Overcoats and Trousers, and is profusely illustrated with up-to-date fashion plates. The book also contains some very special bargains in Men's, Boys' and Children's Ready-Made Clothing; also some specials in Shoes, Underwear and Furnishings.

We ship you our Made-to-Order Clothing, C. O. D., guarantee to fit you, and also at a saving of 25 per cent. to 60 per cent. under retail prices

OUR GENERAL CATALOGUE No. 99 contains 150,000 quotations on Everything to Eat, Use and Wear, and costs us \$1.25 per copy to print and mail. This book is sent for 10 cents in stamps, which 10 cents you deduct from your first order of \$1.00.

OUR (FREE) LITHOGRAPHED CATALOGUE shows colored plates of the "Famous Maryland" Carpets, Rugs, Draperies, Wall Paper, Bedding, Framed Pictures, Sewing Machines and Specialties in Upholstered Furniture. We send Carpets free, furnish wadded lining without charge and prepay freight on the above.

FREE DRESS-GOODS CATALOGUE, with samples attached, from 12½ cents to \$1.25. We prepay transportation. Which book do you want? Address this way:

JULIUS HINES & SON, Baltimore, Md., Dept. 525.



Trade-mark registered.

Vapo-Cresolene



CURES WHILE YOU SLEEP

**Whooping Cough, Croup,
Asthma, Catarrh, Colds,
Coughs, Bronchitis.**

Cresolene is especially desirable in the treatment of infants, as it allows undisturbed and strengthening repose and does away with internal medication which often disturbs the stomach. Everything has not been done when Cresolene is omitted in connection with the treatment of Diphtheria and Scarlet Fever. It cures and protects.

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No home where there are children should be without it."

Sold by all druggists. Descriptive Booklet with physicians' testimonials, free.

The Vapo-Cresolene Co. 180 Fulton Street
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Buy One Warranties

UNIVERSAL HORSESHOE BRAND
Approved Rubber Board for SPREADING THE CLOTHES

HORSESHOE BRAND WRINGERS

Wear longer, wring more evenly and drier than any other wringers made. The cost is covered by the saving of clothes and buttons.

The Patent Improved Guide Board
does away with hand spreading.

Our name on every roll—Every wringer has the Horseshoe Guarantee attached. Sold everywhere. Million in use.

Mirth-provoking novelty, "It's all in the Rubber," free on postal request.

Address Dept. 26,

THE AMERICAN WRINGER CO.,
99 Chambers Street, New York.

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NERVE FOOD. Write me about your case. Advice and proof of cures free. DR. CHASE, 224 N. 10th St. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CANVAS FOLDING ENAMELED BATH.

Sub fits bather so 2 pairs of water make full submerged bath. Hit bath made ready in 5 min. Wt., 10 lbs. Durable, compact, cheap. Cat. free. Baths or 15 styles Folding Baths. Award at World's Fair. A.C.M.E. FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, OHIO.



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BIG WAGONS—Our Famous American Water Still, a wonderful invention, not a filter. 23,000 already sold. Demand enormous. Everybody buys. Over the kitchen stove it furnishes pure, clear, hot, sterile drinking water, pure, delicious and safe. Only method. Distilled Water cures Dyspepsia, Stomach, Bowel, Kidney, Bladder and Heart Troubles; prevents fevers and sickness. Write for Booklets, New Plan, Terms, etc. FREE Harrison Mfg. Co., Harrison Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

SEND NO MONEY—but

order any of our Sewing Machines sent C. O. D., on 30 days' trial. If you don't find them superior to any other quality and same price, we will refund your money or disatisfied for any reason, return them at our expense and we refund your money and freight charges. For \$10.50 we can sell you a better machine than those advertised elsewhere at higher prices, but we guarantee ours to be better Quality and give Satisfaction. Our elegant Arlington Jewel drop head, \$12.50. Our No. 9 Ball Bearing Arlington, 5 drawer, drop head, \$15.45. Write for large illustrated catalogue FREE. CASH BUYERS UNION, (Inc.) 158-164 W. Van Buren St., B-196, Chicago

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The inventions of the
Nineteenth Century will
save *Many Centuries* of
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True, above all things, of the

Remington TYPEWRITER

No labor-saving invention of the century appeals so strongly to the brain worker. It enables him to do twice the writing with half the labor and in half the time.

**Grand Prix,
Paris, 1900
Outranking
all medals**

1900



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IS AS "GOOD AS GOLD."

IT IS SIMPLE, DURABLE,
RELIABLE AND DOES
THE FINEST WORK.

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NO DIRTY HANDS.

WITH THE SMITH PREMIER'S
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IT ELIMINATES THAT
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COMMON TO OTHER
TYPEWRITERS AND KEEPS BOTH
THE OPERATOR AND THE TYPE
FREE FROM DIRT

**THE SMITH
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N.Y. U.S.A.**

**AN IMPROVEMENT
AFFIXED ONLY TO
SMITH
PREMIER
TYPEWRITERS**

**SEND FOR
CATALOGUE**

An illustration of a Smith Premier typewriter with a small rectangular device attached to the side, labeled as the "Type Cleaning Device".

TAKE AN OLD BOOKKEEPER'S ADVICE

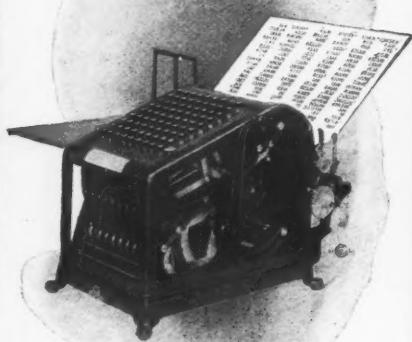


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"AFTER ALL, NO INK LIKE CARTER'S"

Write for Booklet "Inklings"—FREE.
CARTER'S INK CO., Boston.

Burroughs Registering Accountant (Adding Machine)



For Wholesale House.

E. G. Lungbourn, St. Louis, Jan. 3d, 1901.
President American Arithmometer Co., City.

Dear Sir:

Repaying to your favor of recent date, will say: "We have used the 'Burroughs Registering Accountant' two years, in a number of ways, and are glad to say service given has been satisfactory in every respect. We utilize the machine in taking off monthly balances, running through ledgers twice, listing debit and credit separately, eliminating the strain and trouble of writing names of the customers' folios, amounts and adding sheets. We enter all invoices in book, then add up invoices and book on machine, thus growing entries. It also comes into service balancing daily and monthly cash. We run petty and general cash books, the latter averaging about 5,000 entries every month. We also list our daily sales on machine, posting from order blanks to ledger, using accountant slip, or a check on postings."

In our opinion your machine saves considerable time, consequently is bound to reduce office expenses. We will hold ourselves in readiness to expand the good features to any prospective customers.

Yours very truly,

THE GOODFELLOW SHOE CO.

If you do not believe the machine is adapted to your needs, write us and let us give you a few proofs. We will also send a machine FREE ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL without risk or cost, to any responsible bank or business-house. It will save its price in 60 days.

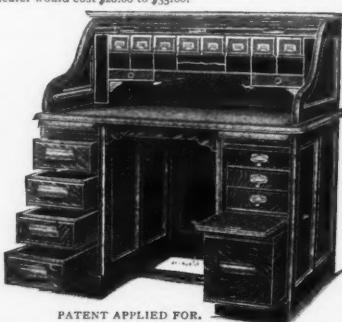
We issue a booklet which tells why the machine will save you as much time and money as the typewriter; suggests uses for it in every kind of establishment, gives interesting facts and figures. Sent free on request.

American Arithmometer Co.
2100 Wash St., St. Louis.

\$19.80 BUYS THIS EXCELLENT **"Macey"**

desk, No. 10-H, direct from the factory, sent "On Approval," to be returned at our expense if not found positively the best roll top desk ever sold at so low a price.

This desk is 48 in. long, 30 in. wide, 48 in. high. It has a fine quarter-sawn oak front, closed back, front base mould, 18 pigeonholes, 8 file boxes, 2 arm rests, ball-bearing casters, and 8 complete letter files. This desk has a good polish finish, and from a dealer would cost \$28.00 to \$35.00.



PATENT APPLIED FOR.

We Prepay Freight to all points east of the Mississippi and north of Tennessee.
(Points beyond on an equal basis.)

Write for Catalogue No. "D 2."
THE FRED MACEY CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Makers of High-Grade Office and Library Furniture.

Card Indexes. Before you buy a card index system be sure and write for our catalogue No. "D 5."

NOTE.—See our other advertisements in this magazine.

All Arithmetical Problems

Solved rapidly and accurately by the Comptometer. Saves 60 per cent of time and entirely relieves nervous and mental strain. Adapted to all commercial and scientific computation. Every office should have one.

Write for Pamphlet.
FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO., Chicago.

OPIUM **MORPHINE LIQUOR** habits cured in 10 to 20 days. 30,000 cases cured. Established 1873. NO PAY TILL CURED. Address DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., DEPT. P.2, LEBANON, OHIO.

WE PAY POST-AGE All you have guessed about life insurance may be wrong. If you wish to know the truth, send for "How and Why," issued by the PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

\$19.30 FOR THIS FINE **STAFFORD DESK**

50 in. long, 30 in. wide,
quarter sawn oak front, oak throughout, letter files, blank drawers, document file, pigeon hole boxes, extension slides, letter holders and drops. Large, complete, attractive and convenient.

Desks \$10 and up.

Can furnish your Office or Home throughout at

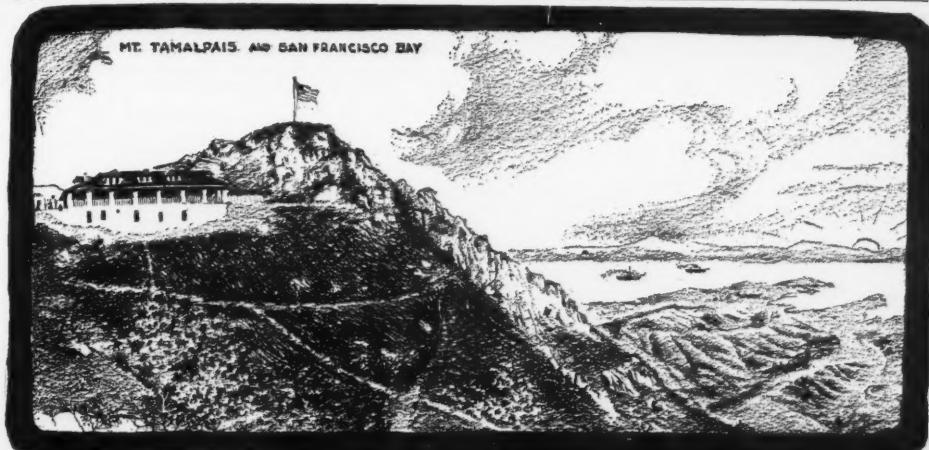
FACTORY PRICES

Catalog No. 109, House Furniture.

Catalog No. 110, House Furniture.

E. H. STAFFORD & BRO., Steinway Hall, Chicago.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."



CALIFORNIA

The Overland Limited—the Luxurious Every-day Train to California, leaves Chicago 6.30 p. m., via

**Chicago & North-Western,
Union Pacific,
Southern Pacific
Railways.**

The best of everything is provided.
All agents sell tickets via this route.
Send for illustrated booklet "California."

PRINCIPAL AGENCIES.

| | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 481 Broadway - New York | 436 Vine St., - Cincinnati |
| 601 Chestnut St., Philadelphia | 607 Smithfield St., Pittsburg |
| 368 Washington St., Boston | 234 Superior St., Cleveland |
| 301 Main St., - Buffalo | 17 Campus Martius, Detroit |
| 212 Clark St., Chicago | 2 King St. East, Toronto, Ont. |

The enthusiasm of Pianola owners would indicate that those who have not yet purchased this instrument are depriving themselves of more genuine enjoyment THAN THEY REALIZE

The Pianola



THE PIANOLA occupies a unique position. It has undertaken that which past ages have pronounced impossible, and has made it practicable. It has followed principles revolutionary to accepted standards, and has won its strongest support from those who were the greatest upholders of the old theories.

It makes piano-playing possible for those who literally do not know one note from another, yet it is being accorded a popularity among the musically cultured which is gathering the strength of a tidal wave and is sweeping around the world. In England, for instance, scarcely a week passes without two or three new names of those prominent in English society being added to the list of Pianola purchasers.

A list of some of The Aeolian Company's patrons in England, with the additions which have been made during the past month :

| | |
|--|---|
| Her late Majesty Queen Victoria | Marquise d'Hautpool |
| Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Fife | Marquis of Anglesey |
| Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria of Wales | Earl of Hopetoun, Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth |
| Her Serene Highness Princess Frederic Karl Hohenlohe | Earl of Harewood |
| His Royal Highness Prince Bonaparte | Earl of Egerton |
| Her Grace the Duchess of Buckingham | Earl of Crawford |
| His Grace the Duke of Manchester | Earl of Howe |
| His Grace the Duke of Sutherland | Earl of Dysart |
| His Grace the Duke of Westminster | Earl of Londesborough |
| Marquis of Camden | Countess of Orford |
| Marquis of Headfort | Countess of Leitrim |
| | Viscountess Knutsford |
| | His Highness the Gaekuar of Baroda, India |
| | Baroness Cederstrom (Madame Adelina Patti) |
| | Baron Rudbeck |

(Continued on following page)

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

"I have been delighted and astonished to find that real musical expression and interpretation can be put into the playing of the Pianola."—EMMA CALVÉ.

in England

(Continued from preceding page)

| | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Baron de Forest | Lady Constance Shaw Lefevre |
| Dowager Lady Hillingdon | Sir Kenneth Matheson, Bart. |
| Lord Athlumney | Sir Peter Walker, Bart. |
| Lord Glenesk | Sir Thomas Lipton |
| Lord Cowley | Sir W. F. Miller, Bart. |
| Lord Pirbright | Sir Raymond T. Wilson |
| Lord Davey | Sir John Leng |
| Lord Mostyn | Sir Dudley Duckworth King |
| Lady Ela Russell | Sir Matthew Wood |
| Lady Henry Somerset | Sir E. W. Green, Bart., M.P. |
| Lady Chas. Forbes | Sir Charles Phillips, Bart. |
| Lady Brisco | Sir Edmund Loder, Bart. |
| Lady Barrett Lennard | Sir Edward Wittenoom, K.C.M.G. |
| Lady Colebrook | Hon. A. C. de Rothschild |
| Lady H. M. Stanley | Hon. C. Irby |
| Lady Bowyer | Hon. F. St. Clair Erskine |
| Lady Hooker | Hon. S. P. Vivian |
| Lady Gertrude Rolle | Major-Gen. Sir Hugh McGalmont |

Two years ago the Pianola was unknown in England. To-day it is found in the homes of a large percentage of the nobility.

Enthusiastic appreciation in England The fact that any one particular personage of royal or noble birth and cultured taste has purchased a Pianola for his own pleasure does not add to the value of the instrument. When, however, these representatives of culture and refinement, with wealth sufficient to procure whatever they desire, are unanimous in their appreciation of the Pianola and purchase the instrument for their own homes, it represents a consensus of opinion which it is impossible to ignore.

Enthusiastic appreciation in this country The popularity of the Pianola in this country is unprecedented in the history of any musical instrument.

Enthusiastic appreciation among musicians While this enthusiasm manifested by the non-professionals is the result of the genuine enjoyment and pleasure derived from this dexterous little piano-player, the Pianola has also passed the critical censorship of the musicians. They pronounce its renditions artistic in the true sense of the word. The achievement which most astonishes the musical authorities is the perfect control which the player exercises over expression. This preserves the player's individuality—at the same time he is relieved of the burden of technical execution.

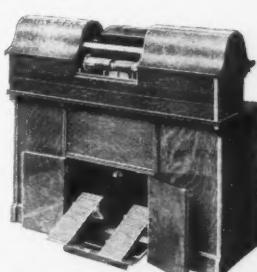
Pleasure to both novice and skilled musician The Pianola is an aid to musical education, as it develops a taste for the higher class of music by making it accessible at all times, but first and foremost the Pianola is a source of pleasure.

It brings pleasure to both the skilled and the unskilled. To the former by increasing his repertory from perhaps a dozen pieces, which he can play well, to practically everything that has ever been written for the piano. It gives to the novice the enjoyment of actually producing music himself.

Price, \$250. It can be bought by moderate monthly payments if desired.

Visitors always welcome. Our instruments are gladly shown to the merely curious as well as to intending purchasers. If unable to call at our warerooms, write for catalogue W, giving full description.

**The Aeolian Company, 18 W. 23d Street, New York
Cincinnati, O., 124 E. 4th Street. Brooklyn, N.Y., 500 Fulton Street**
Chicago, Lyon & Healy Washington, Wm. Knabe & Co.
Boston, The M. Steinert & Sons Co. Cleveland, The B. Dreher's Sons Co. Newark, Lauter Co.
Philadelphia, C. J. Heppé & Son St. Paul, W. J. Dyer & Bro. Troy, Cluett & Sons
Baltimore, Wm. Knabe & Co. Minneapolis, Metropolitan Music Co. Duluth, Duluth Music Co.
(Fleming & Carnrick Press, New York)



PIANO BY ITSELF, WHEN NOT IN USE WITH PIANO

Vocalion Church and Chapel Organs



STYLE 22

**THE VOCALION
ORGAN COMPANY**
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THE VERY largely increased demand for organs built on the Vocalion system attests strongly the recognition which is being accorded to their special advantages.

A few of these advantages are:

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Full catalogue (D) of regular styles, showing designs and specifications, on request. Special designs to meet the requirements of individual-church organ-recesses or for private music-rooms gladly submitted.

Regular
chapel styles
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*The Knabe of to-day will
outlive the 20th Century*

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*A name that stands for the
VERY BEST—viewed from
every standpoint—in the
world of piano manufacture*

WM. KNABE & COMPANY
New York
Baltimore Washington

IVERS & POND PIANOS.

A Small Piano For a Small Room.



Latest Model.
1901 Style of Case.

This chaste, small model, which looks as if made to order from your own design, is an ideal style if you are weary of carved work and long for simplicity. It is a 20th Century musical instrument in an 18th Century casing. Made as small as it is advisable to build a 7 1-3 octave piano, it is just the thing for that little room. It could not possibly be better made if done to order for \$5000. The tone is mellow, musical, brilliant, of surprising volume; the action entrancingly responsive. May we not send you our beautiful

catalogue, picturing this and many other models?

HOW TO BUY. Write us and we will tell you what dealer sells our pianos in your vicinity, or if there is none near you we can sell you direct from the factory. No trouble and no risk to you. We make careful selection and send on approval. If after trial in your own home you don't want the piano, it comes back and we pay railroad freights both ways; whether you are ten miles away or two thousand makes no difference. Let us explain our easy pay method of purchase and quote you prices before you deal with any one. Write for our beautiful catalogue—free.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO., 111 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

THE ANGLE LAMP

"The light that never fails" costs very little more than sun light and comes closer to it in quality than any other lighting system of the present. While it has the brilliancy of gas and electricity, it is soft and restful to the eyes, and as a lamp, is distinctly different from every other lamp ever made—it simply cuts out all their faults. It never smokes, smells or gets out of order, is lighted and extinguished as easily as gas, gives little or no heat, requires almost no attention and burns **EIGHTEEN CENTS** worth of oil a month. Being so simple and inexpensive, you may adopt it without taking the chances necessary in adopting some new lighting methods, notably Acetylene and gasoline. Many thousands of these lamps are used throughout the country in homes, stores, offices, churches, halls, factories, business places and every sort of place where good light is required. If you are interested in the Angle Lamp in the bargain you can secure them by consulting our catalogue C. C., showing all styles from \$1.80 up.

THE ANGLE LAMP CO.
76 Park Place New York City.

Edison PHONOGRAPH

The Acme of Realism.



PERFECT REPRODUCTIONS OF SOUND are obtained by using
EDISON RECORDS and GENUINE EDISON PHONOGRAFS

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Genuine
without

Thomas A. Edison

this
Trade
Mark.

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Better than a Piano, Organ or Music Box, for it sings and talks as well as plays, and doesn't cost as much. It reproduces the music of any instrument—band or orchestra—tells stories and sings—the familiar hymns as well as the popular songs—it is always ready.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 185 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

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The Health
Builder

Lay the
foundation of
good health
by eating
Quaker Oats.

No other food
is so complete
in properly
balanced,
nourishing
properties.
It gives you
more energy
—more
strength than
any other food.

It stays by
you. At all
Grocers'. See
that you get
the genuine
package with
the figure of
the Quaker in
the panel.

COOK IT RIGHT
according to direc-
tions on pack-
age.

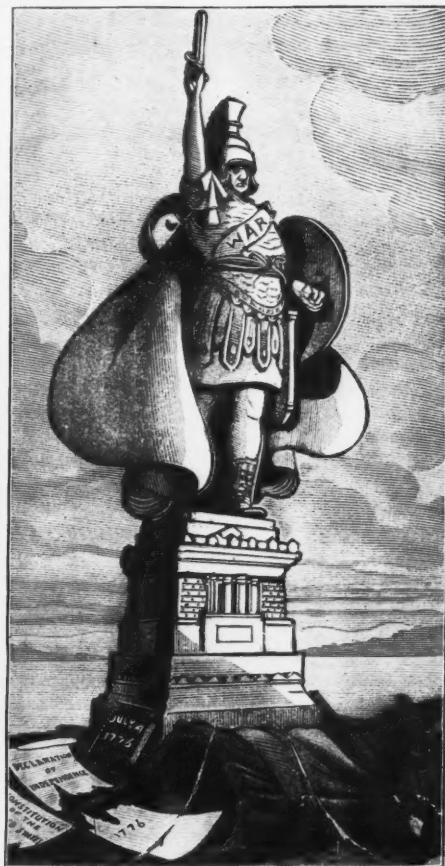
GREAT EVENTS : HUMOR AND SATIRE.

BY THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS CARTOONISTS.



A REPUBLIC.

A NOVEL IDEA IS THAT OF "JUDGE," WHOSE EDITOR ASKED WILLIAM J. BRYAN TO SUGGEST A CARTOON. THAT WHICH APPEARS ABOVE IS DRAWN BY GRANT HAMILTON FROM THE WRITTEN DESCRIPTION FURNISHED BY MR. BRYAN.



AN EMPIRE.



THE EUROPEAN IDEA OF A SOVEREIGN.

From the *National Watchman*, of Washington, D. C.

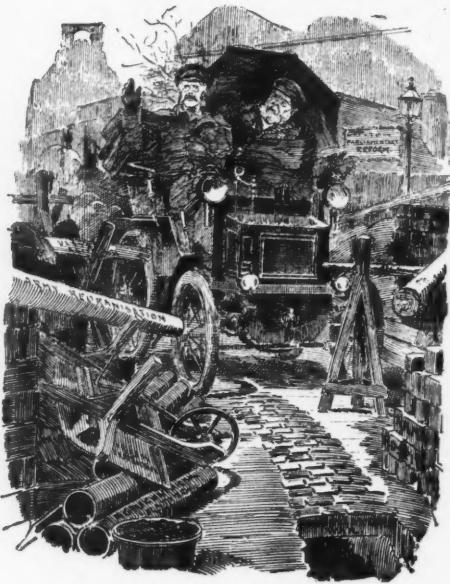


THE AMERICAN IDEA OF A SOVEREIGN.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



PRINCESS: "My doll cries 'Mama' when I press its breast."
 CROWN-PRINCE: "That's nothing. When I'm big I shall have sixty million dolls who will cry 'Hurrah' when I stamp on their chests."
 —From *Simplicissimus*, of Munich.



DIFFICULT STEERING.

SALISBURY (to Balfour): "Hang these 'improvements'! Do you think we shall get through?"

From *Punch*, of London.



SOUTH AFRICAN STOCKS.

The sale of "Reynolds's Newspaper," "Truth" and the "Review of Reviews" in South Africa has been prohibited.
 They were widely circulated among the disloyal Dutch.

From *Judy*, of London.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



A NECESSARY FORMALITY.
KITCHENER: "Oh, I say! Just O K that, will you?"
From the Denver Republican.



UP TO HIS NECK.
From the Philadelphia North American.



THE LEANING TOWER OF CHINA.
Always on the point of failing, it never falls.
From Judy, of London.



WHITHER, KING?
From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.



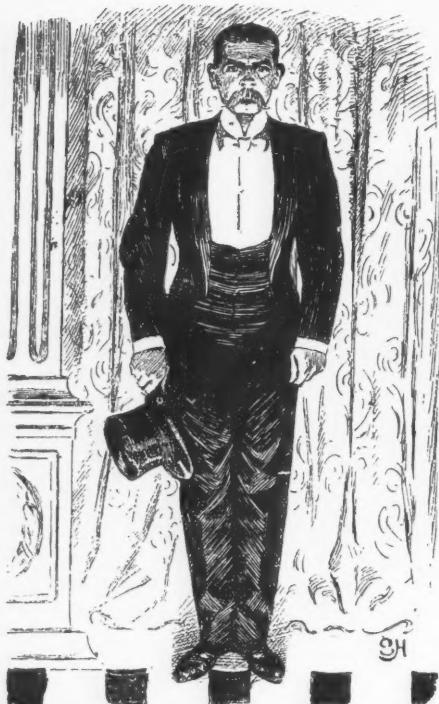
GENEROSITY.—The Russians have returned a lot of useless personal property to the Emperor, but are meanwhile walking away with Manchuria.
—From Kladderadatsch, of Berlin.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



THE WELL-FED RUSSIAN (to the Hungry Powers): "Bless our meal, sirs."

From Kladderadatsch, of Berlin.



THEATRE ROYAL, SOUTH AFRICA.

STAGE-M'G'R KITCHENER: "On account of the elaborate preparations for the final tableau, I must request your kind indulgence while the curtain remains down."

From Punch, of London.



A POOR, NEEDY CANNIBAL BEGS A SMALL GIFT.

From Kladderadatsch, of Berlin.

\$50.00 IN CASH PRIZES OFFERED—SEE BELOW

\$50.00 is offered for the most appropriate wording to be used in above blank space to complete this advertisement, as follows:—\$25.00, 1st prize; \$15.00, 2d prize; and \$2.00 each for next five. Wording must be brief and expressive. Submit suggestions before April 25th, and mention this magazine.

Address THE PACKER MFG. CO., 81-83 Fulton Street, New York.

A cake of Packer's Tar Soap, with our booklet, can be had of your druggist. 25 cents.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



THE PRESIDENT HAS ASKED FOR LAWS FOR THE PHILIPPINES.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.



SAD TENDENCIES OF THE NEW BABY.

His first step is toward implements of war.

From le Figaro, of Paris.



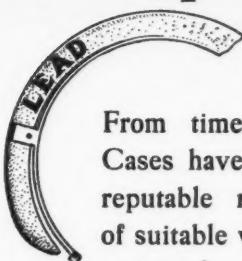
A SPECTER ALARMING TO EUROPEAN MANUFACTURERS.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

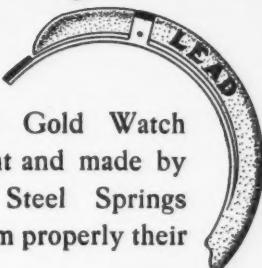


SECRETARY GAGE AND RUSSIA; OR, THE BOY WHO POKED THE BEAR.—*From the Chicago Record.*

Gold Watch Cases stuffed with Lead Perhaps you bought one



Cuts show a steel
case spring filled
with lead.



From time immemorial Solid Gold Watch Cases have been sold by weight and made by reputable manufacturers, with Steel Springs of suitable weight only to perform properly their various functions.

The specific gravity of lead is nearly fifty per cent. greater than steel, therefore certain unscrupulous manufacturers use very little steel for their case springs and as much lead as possible, thus producing watch cases the center of which is completely filled with lead, so much so that nearly one half of the total weight of the case is composed of base metal.

This same class of manufacturers also use a stamp upon their cases reading, "Warranted U. S. Assay" with the desire to make the public suppose that the "U. S. Assay Office" has something to do with their manufacture.

If you have bought a solid gold watch and think you have been deceived, write us for full particulars.

THE DUEBER-HAMPDEN WATCH WORKS

*Makers of Complete Watches, Watch Cases as Well as Watch Movements
CANTON, OHIO*

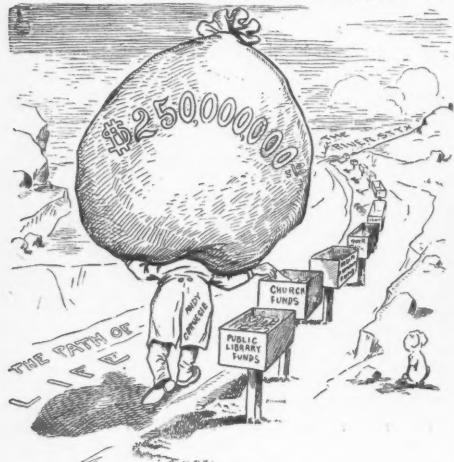
GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



"Please leave the heathen hands outside. They are not allowed to enter."
—From *Simplicissimus*, of Munich.



JOHN BULL: "That statue offends my inmost feelings."
From *el Ahuizote*, of Mexico.



UNLOADING.
From the *Minneapolis Tribune*.



A GAME OF FREEZE-OUT.
From *Harper's Weekly*, of New York.



KING MORGAN: "I've got the earth. Now to lariat the sun."
From the *De Moines Leader*.



KINGLY EUROPE COMMERCIALY SUBSERVIENT TO UNCLE SAM.
—From *Wasp*, of San Francisco.

THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY, by Grant Allen
THE IDEAL WIFE AND HELPMEET, by Lavinia Hart

THE
MOPOLITAN
ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1901

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One Year
\$1.00
IRVING PLACE
NEW YORK

VOL. XXX

EDITED BY
JOHN BRISBEN WALKER

NUMBER 6

Mr. Pierpont Morgan's Revolution

PRICE
10 Cents



A GENERATION OF PERFECT FEET

The manufacturers
of the remarkable
SOROSIS SHOE

—after having made a very careful study of growing feet, have just perfected a line of

JUNIOR SOROSIS SHOES for Boys and Girls

which are endorsed by leading physicians. The adoption by intelligent Mothers of our plan of fitting growing feet will secure to the rising generation the blessing of perfect feet, and the pedal imperfections which now exist will be no longer possible.

BOYS' and GIRLS' "SOROSIS"
are now being shown in "Sorosis" Stores

Ask for them
or address

A. E. LITTLE & CO.
Manufacturers of "Sorosis"

{ 92 Blake Street
Lynn, Mass.

\$10 SECURES \$400.00 LOT IN GREATER NEW YORK

FREE TRIP TO NEW YORK CITY AND RETURN

**\$2,000,000 INSURES YOUR INVESTMENT—THE ASTORS' WAY OF MAKING MONEY
MADE POSSIBLE TO SMALL INVESTORS—\$10 SECURES \$400 LOT WHICH
IS GUARANTEED TO BE WORTH \$500 BEFORE ONE YEAR FROM
DATE OF PURCHASE—WE TAKE ALL RISK—READ EVERY WORD**

THE largest, most reliable, most successful Real Estate Company in the world, Wood, Harmon & Co., of New York City, are so positive that the values of their lots will increase 25 per cent. during the year 1901 that they will guarantee this increase to any investor—in case they cannot show it, they will agree to return all money paid them with 6 per cent. interest. We have one of the grandest opportunities of a lifetime for the small investor to make money—we give as good security as the strongest savings bank and instead of the 4 per cent. interest on deposits we can guarantee over 25 per cent. We thoroughly believe the lot which we now sell for \$400 will in 20 years bring \$4,000, in 20 years from \$20,000 upwards. If you will carefully study this communication you will see our reasons.

The Astors and our wealthiest families have made their money from the increase in value of real estate. You can prove this point if you will take the pains to look it up. New York City property has increased in value more than that of any other place because of its enormous growth in population, and this growth of values and population is still going on. Since the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn, the increased facilities of rapid transit by bridge, trolley and elevated, the immense tide of increased population has turned Brooklynward. The attention of the public has been called to the great advantages of Brooklyn because it is only in that section that New York can grow—please note that point, as it is the keynote to the situation. The influx of people into Brooklyn is so great as to severely tax Brooklyn Bridge—as a result new bridges are being built (one of which is nearly completed) and tunnels are being dug beneath the East River. Not only is Brooklyn Borough the only section in which New York can grow, but property in old New York City, the same distance from City Hall, would cost 20 to 40 times the money—note that point carefully, it is absolutely true.

Listen to Our Story. It is our business to study conditions existing or possible in the various cities of the United States, and we have aided in the development of 25 different cities. After 12 years' careful study in New York without purchasing, in 1898 we saw the trend of affairs, and before the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn we bought over 1,100 acres of the choicest land in Brooklyn, and which is now in the heart of that Borough. This land is only 3½ miles from Brooklyn Bridge and is only 35 minutes from New York City Hall. We have over \$2,000,000 invested in this land and are making it one of the most beautiful spots of New York. The growth of the city, together with our improvements, have increased the value of the property over 25 per cent. since a year ago, and we feel so sure that the increase will be at least the same, that we think there is no risk in guaranteeing it.

Listen to Our Proposition. Our property is improved in exact accordance with City Specifications. Streets 60, 80, and 100 feet wide, built to City grade, bordered on each side by 5 feet granolithic cementine sidewalks, flower beds and shrubbery, city water, gas, etc., all at our expense. For \$10 down and \$1.50 per week or \$6.00 per month we sell you a regular New York City lot, subject to the following guarantees from us:

If at the expiration of the year 1901 this lot is not worth \$500.00 we will refund all of the money you have paid us with 6 per cent. interest additional.

If you should die at any time before payments have been completed we will give to your heirs a deed to the lot without further cost.

If you should get out of employment or be sick you will not forfeit the land.

Titles are guaranteed to us by the Title Guarantee & Trust Co. of New York.

Note Our References. The Commercial Agencies, 20 National Banks, and 30,000 customers all over the United States, and especially the one at the bottom of this page; this is only one of a thousand.

You will note three distinct points of advantage in this proposition. First—it is a Life Insurance for your family. Second—it enables you to pay in small sums as you would in your savings bank, and cannot cramp you; and, Third—it enables you to participate in the great growth of values in New York real estate which are due to natural conditions; and, furthermore, the three advantages are absolutely without risk.

FREE TRIP TO NEW YORK. As a further guarantee of good faith, we agree with all persons living East of Chicago to pay you in cash the cost of your railroad fare to New York and return if you visit our property and find one word of this advertisement a misrepresentation, or in case you buy to credit cost of the trip to you on your purchase; to those living farther away than Chicago we will pay that proportion equal to cost of fare to Chicago and return. We would advise you, if you are satisfied, to send first payment \$10 in cash at our risk immediately, and we will select the very best lot for you. Or, if you desire further particulars, to write immediately for maps, details, and information. It will cost you nothing to find out and thoroughly satisfy yourself—we solicit closest investigation. References by hundreds—our reputation is national.

WOOD, HARMON & CO., Dept. 6, 257 Broadway, NEW YORK

The following testimonial was given us by The Nassau National Bank of Brooklyn, by the authority of their Board of Directors, authorizing the President and Cashier to sign the same:

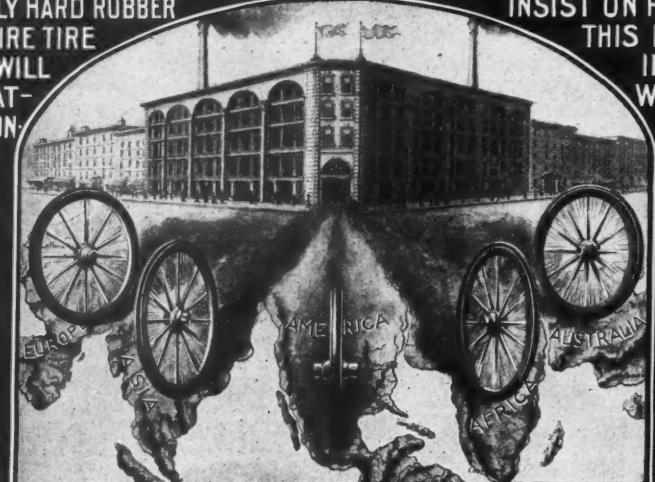
"There is no doubt the property offered by Wood, Harmon & Co. in the Twenty-ninth Ward represents one of the best investments a man of limited income can possibly make within the corporate limits of Greater New York. It can be said without hesitancy that Wood, Harmon & Co. are perfectly reliable, and are worthy the fullest confidence of the investor, whether he resides in Greater New York or any other section of the United States."

THE NASSAU NATIONAL BANK OF BROOKLYN."

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES.

THE ONLY HARD RUBBER
TWO WIRE TIRE
WHICH WILL
GIVE SAT-
ISFACTION.

INSIST ON HAVING
THIS BRAND
IF YOU
WANT THE
BEST.



SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD.



Electric Runabout.

Columbia Automobiles

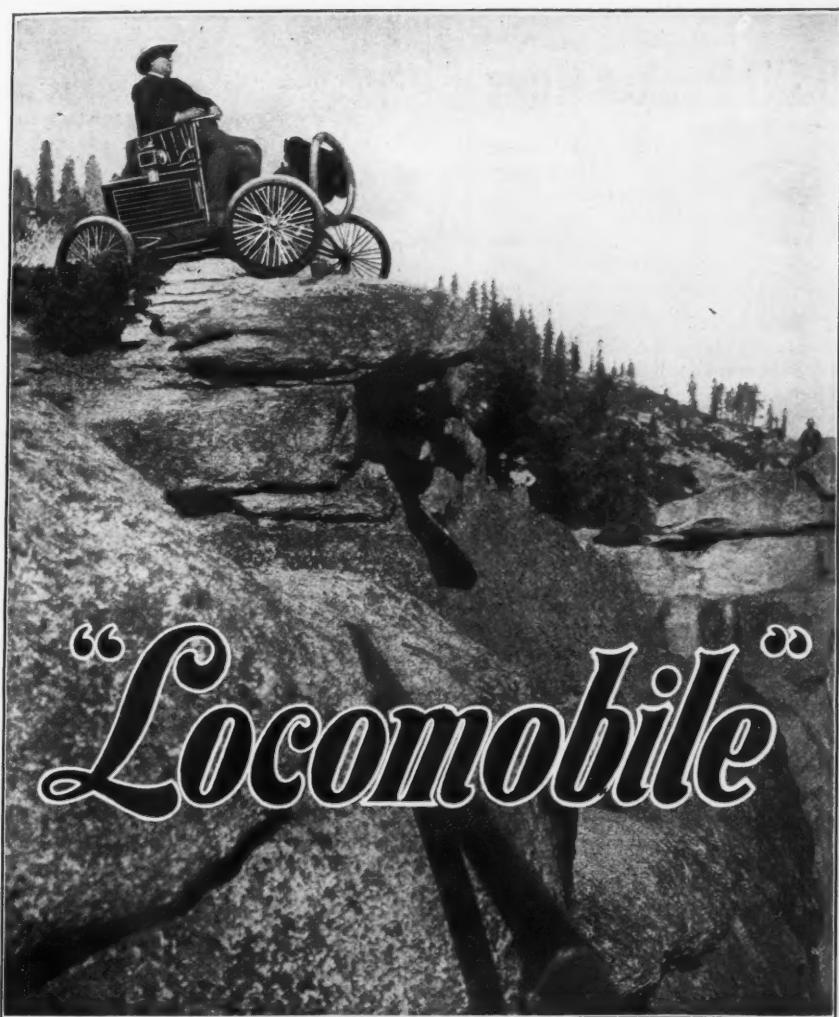
Reliability—Freedom from Danger—Cleanliness. Ride Easily and Quietly, of Simple Construction. Can be Safely Run by man, woman or child.

40 MILES ON ONE CHARGE OF BATTERIES.
IN SIXTH YEAR OF SERVICE.

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ELECTRIC VEHICLE CO., Hartford, Conn.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."



"Locomobile"

THE "Locomobile" IN YOSEMITE PARK.

This view shows the absolute control of the "Locomobile" under all conditions. Mr. Oliver Lippincott, of Los Angeles, made an extended tour in the Yosemite and climbed to the tops of the highest mountains without difficulty or accident.

Catalogue and interesting printed matter furnished on application.

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THE "Locomobile" COMPANY OF AMERICA,
No. 11 Broadway, New York City.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

40% DISCOUNT

ON OUR

\$10.00 Pocket Kozy

At **\$6.00** the Kozy is the **cheapest** and best folding film camera ever offered by any manufacturers.

Thousands of testimonials saying "good words" for the Kozy.

We want to add to our mailing list the name and address of every one interested in cameras, so as to send out from time to time, free, full information relating to our entire line of film and plate cameras, for which no advertising space has room enough to give full justice. Valuable and interesting information—which costs you only for inquiry—about better goods, lower prices than we have ever before offered.

KOZY CAMERA MFG. CO.,
24 Warren St., - Boston, Mass.

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Taught according to the most approved methods, in the shortest possible time and at smallest expense. Full particulars and finely illustrated catalogue.

ADDRESS: ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY, EFFINGHAM, ILLINOIS.

HIGH GRADE PHOTOGRAPHY TAUGHT. GOOD POSITIONS SECURED FOR GRADUATES.

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TO those who agree to give a definite proportion of each day to extending the circulation of THE COSMOPOLITAN is offered a proposition whereby a handsome income may be secured.

Experience, though desirable, is not absolutely essential. Any one with perseverance and adaptability should be warranted in giving their whole time to the work.

Address for further particulars:

AGENTS' DEPARTMENT,
COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE,
Irvington-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

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Works thoroughly; reaches all corners. Covers an octave. Beautifully made from soft felt with ebonoid handle. An ornament for piano. Sent upon receipt of special introductory price, 25 cents. Agents wanted everywhere.

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"ALL THEIR NAME IMPLIES"

The illustration shows our elegant ELECTRIC STANHOPE (Ellis Motor), embodying the latest improvements in motor vehicle construction. Runs 35 miles on one charge of battery; great hill-climber; speed up to 25 miles an hour, forward or backward; very powerful brake; full leather top; elegant upholstering, easy riding springs, finest material and finish throughout. Painted to suit. Side steering lever if preferred. A SWELL CARRIAGE. Price, \$2,000.

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As Automobile Manufacturers generally are crowded with orders already, you should order your vehicle immediately if you expect it for summer use.

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invites you to visit its Branch Houses in the following Centers of Population:

Branch House in New York City: Delmonico's old building, corner Fifth Avenue and 26th Street.

Branch House in San Francisco: 316 Post Street, near Palace Hotel.

Branch House in Boston: 346 Boylston Street.

Branch House in Portland, Me.: 104 Exchange Street.

Branch House in Cleveland: 254 Euclid Avenue.

Branch House in Denver: 1519 Glenarm Street.

Branch House in Washington City: 1116 Connecticut Avenue N. W.

Branch House in Buffalo: 615 Main Street.

Branch House in Philadelphia: Building formerly occupied by the city as Gas and Water Offices.

Branch House in Chicago: Van Buren Street and Wabash Avenue.

THE FACTORY OF THE COMPANY AT PHILIPSE-MANOR-ON-THE-HUDSON—ONE OF THE TWO OR THREE LARGEST IN THE WORLD—IS ALSO OPEN TO THE INSPECTION OF VISITORS. New York Central trains stop at the Company's private station.

In every state agencies for the sale of "Mobiles" are being established. Any of our agents mentioned here will take pleasure in exhibiting carriages in order that you may know just what a "Mobile" can do.

SELLING AGENCIES:

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.: Spalding-Bidwell Co., 29-33 West 42d St.

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NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.: W. G. Spencer, 2556 Broadway.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.: Frank E. Norton & Co.

BATAVIA, N. Y.: R. F. Otis.

TROY AND COHOES, N. Y.: Troy Carriage Co.

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PATERSON, N. J.: The Paterson Wagon Company.

TRENTON, N. J.: Capitol Cycle Co.

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COLUMBUS, Ohio: J. C. Sherwood.

TOLEDO, Ohio: E. G. Eager & Co.

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BRIDGEPORT, Conn.: Park City Cycle & Automobile Co.

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NEW HAVEN, Conn.: C. O. Reichert.

STAMFORD, Conn.: F. C. Parsons.

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THE "MOBILE" COMPANY OF AMERICA sold carriages in every part of the United States during 1900. The record of accomplishment is easily secured from the owners of "Mobiles."

"Mobiles" for four, six and nine persons and two styles of delivery wagons will be ready by April.

The intending customer should bear in mind that after May 1st last year the orders on the "Mobile" Company's books were sixty days in advance of ability to deliver. One hundred persons are interested this year in automobiles where one thought about them in 1900. The intending purchaser who waits until May to put in his order is likely to have to wait until July or August for delivery.

HOW TO JUDGE A "MOBILE."

An automobile is sold not upon its appearance, but upon the character of its construction, its safety, and *ability to do*.

While there are many machines in the field, the number of those which have a record of accomplishment behind them—automobiles known to be reliable under all conditions—is extremely few.



The many imitations of the "Mobile" which had been attempted during the past year, made it necessary when the first great Automobile Exposition came around to demonstrate the difference between cheaply built and untried vehicles and the "Mobile," which, after a thousand tests made during the past three years, has gradually been evolved into the present vehicle.

For the purpose of making a demonstration which the general public as well as experts might understand, the entire Madison Square Roof Garden was rented. A series of inclines with sharp turns was built of strong timbers which finally brought up against the main tower of Diana

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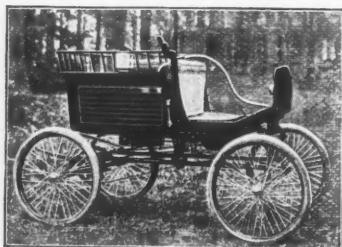
A 45 per cent. Grade Climb Was Built by The "Mobile" Company of America to Illustrate the Power and Staying Qualities of its "Mobiles."

at a point 175 feet above the sidewalk. The first grade of 40 per cent. was followed by one of 45 per cent. The orders were given before the show to construct a 40 per cent. grade, this to be followed by a 35 per cent. The carpenter in charge, however, made a mistake and when the incline was completed an attempt to walk up its steepest parts immediately showed that instead of being 35 per cent. the second grade was 45 per cent. All present declared a disbelief that any carriage could be built which could climb such an ascent, and temporarily the matter was regarded, even by The "Mobile" Company, as one of doubt.

The carriage was placed in charge of one of the Company's cleverest employees, Mr. Joseph McDuffee. When he ran his carriage to the foot of the grade for the first time the spectators held their breath. Everyone except the operator doubted the power to climb.

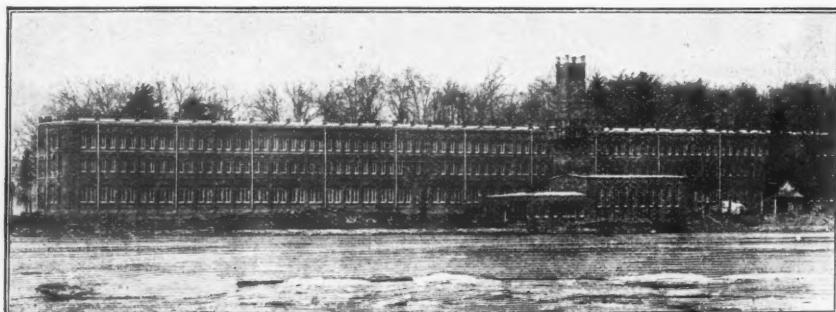
The "Mobile" moved steadily up to the second grade. Then the spectators gave a sigh of relief. But the worst was yet to come. The severe exertion of climbing a 40 per cent. grade might have exhausted the steam so that it would hesitate at the 45 per cent. On the contrary, the 45 grade was taken apparently just as easily as the first and the machine climbed on with-

THE COSMOPOLITAN.



out stopping up to the tower of Diana. Then came a still more serious test. Mr. McDuffee did not take the trouble to turn his machine at the top platform, but began his descent backwards, slowly stopping two or three times to show the perfect control under which the machine was. At the first turn—a right angle—he had a space of but a few inches in which to manœuvre. To manœuvre his machine around from backwards to forwards in this narrow space required nicety of handling: the "Mobile" was moved under as absolute control of the driver as though he had been pushing it with his hands; then when the turn had been made he began the descent of the 45 per cent. grade frontwards, and in this way came on down to the bottom of the climb. As this was reached his speed increased, and for a moment the onlookers supposed that the "Mobile" was beyond the control of the brakes; but just at the bottom, to the surprise of everyone, the machine was brought to a standstill, and plaudits as hearty as ever went up from an audience greeted the conclusion of the performance.

When one thinks of the fragile pieces of steel and brass which hold the "Mobile" with its weight of machinery, water, oil and passenger, he cannot help but wonder that such a performance was possible; *but hour after hour—sometimes five or six times an hour—and day after day for the eight days of the Automobile Show, Mr. McDuffee continued to make this climb*, gradually acquiring skill as the test proceeded until he was able to travel up the steepest grades at a rate of from eight to ten miles per hour. Not a break or delay of any kind occurred. The machine was in as good condition at the end as at the beginning.



FACTORY OF

The "Mobile" Company of America.

PHILIPSE-MANOR-ON-THE-HUDSON, New York.

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AN HOUR
AWHEEL WITH NATURE
IS THE BEST TONIC
FOR THE BUSY
BUSINESS MAN.
OUTDOOR EXERCISE
BROADENS THE MIND AND
KILLS WORRY

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BICYCLES

CHAINLESS AND CHAIN MODELS
ARE WHEELS OF WHICH
MONARCH RIDERS ARE PROUD
THEY ARE DISTINCTIVELY
HIGH CLASS

MONARCH CATALOG ON APPLICATION

RIDE A MONARCH AND KEEP
IN FRONT.

MONARCH SALES DEPARTMENT.

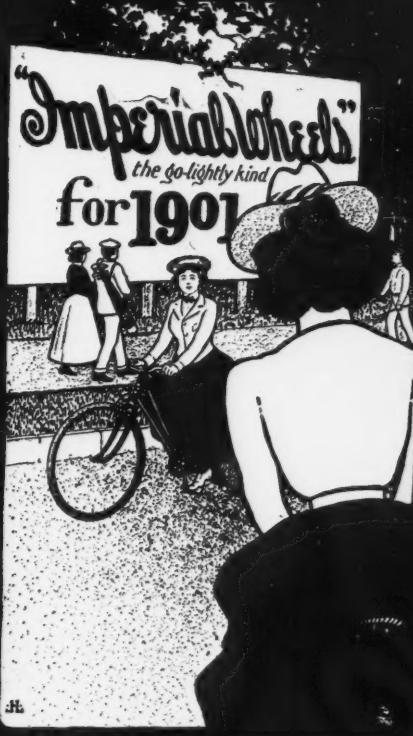
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a Reputation for
Honest Workman-
ship which means
Everything to the
prospective Buyer.*



Our 1901 Line is Entirely New
A Bevel Gear Chainless for \$60
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Represented by some good dealer in every important business center. Catalog of us if you ask for it.

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and enjoy freedom from care and
worry. **Spalding Centre Driven
Chainless Bicycles** make cycling
all the more enjoyable because every
part is made with utmost care and
skill; the result is a superior, easy
running wheel.

Catalog of dealers or by mail from us.
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DIAMOND TIRES SET THE PACE



Diamond "400" Single Tube Tire
REGULAR SEASON'S GUARANTEE

\$6.00 PER PAIR

Direct to consumer if your dealer will not furnish them
Repairs and repairs made at factory or
branches.

Record of three past seasons has proved it the most
reliable tire on the market.

Sold by all dealers. Ask for it.

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Branches:

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UPHILL, DOWNHILL OR



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WITH THE MORROW COASTER BRAKE

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Every one guaranteed during the riding
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A thoroughly well-built,
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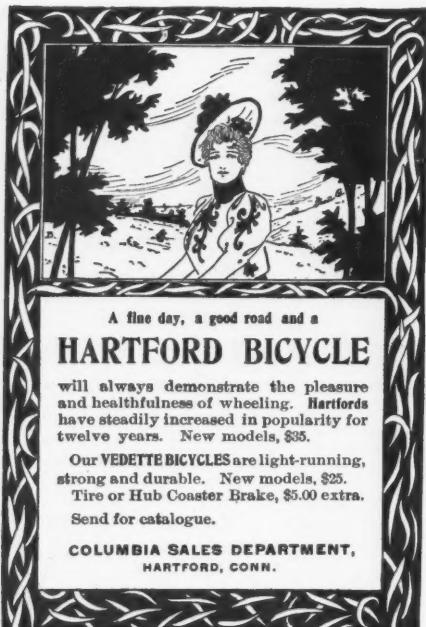
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TRUE AS STEEL
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CAN MAKE THEM.

"The New Century Canary"

The new Featherstone "Twentieth-Century Canary" is attracting universal attention, not only because it possesses a distinctive elegance of finish, but also due to the introduction of more new ideas and features than have ever been before attempted by a manufacturer in a single season. The new Featherstone is "the talk of 1901." Our large 8x10 catalogue mailed free on request.

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A fine day, a good road and a
HARTFORD BICYCLE

will always demonstrate the pleasure

and healthfulness of wheeling. Hartsfords have steadily increased in popularity for twelve years. New models, \$35.

Our VEDETTE BICYCLES are light-running, strong and durable. New models, \$25. Tires or Hub Coaster Brakes, \$5.00 extra.

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HARTFORD TIRES.
THEY TAKE ALL THE ROUGHNESS FROM THE ROAD.
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THE COLLEGE ATHLETE

who demands a staunch, perfect running wheel in his sports is no more enthusiastic about 1901 models of

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than are those men and women who ride for HEALTH and PLEASURE on smooth-running wheels of proven worth, for comfort and safety's sake. Standard Ramblers cost \$40, 20-lb. RACER, and RAMBLER BEVEL-GEAR CHAINLESS a little more—worth *much* more

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It Increases Your Pleasure

and comfort in riding, one hundred per cent., and saves its cost five times over in a year, by protecting your bicycle from wear and tear of jarring and vibration. It removes the objections physicians raise to cycling and is highly recommended by them. The **Cushion Frame Bicycle** was a great step in advance over the old rigid frame wheels, but

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is a greater step, for with it any bicycle, new or old, is converted into a **Cushion Frame** at a trifling cost. Made to fit all bicycles, and the spring in varying tensions to suit all weights of riders.

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If your dealer does not carry the "BERKEY SPRING POST" in stock, send us his name and \$2.00, giving also the diameter of the seat post now in your bicycle, and your weight, and we will send one, express prepaid. REMEMBER: you run no risk, for, after riding it 30 days, if you do not find it entirely satisfactory in every way, return it at our expense, and we will send your money back. Send for free Booklet, "Doubles the Pleasure of Cycling." It's profitable reading.

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International

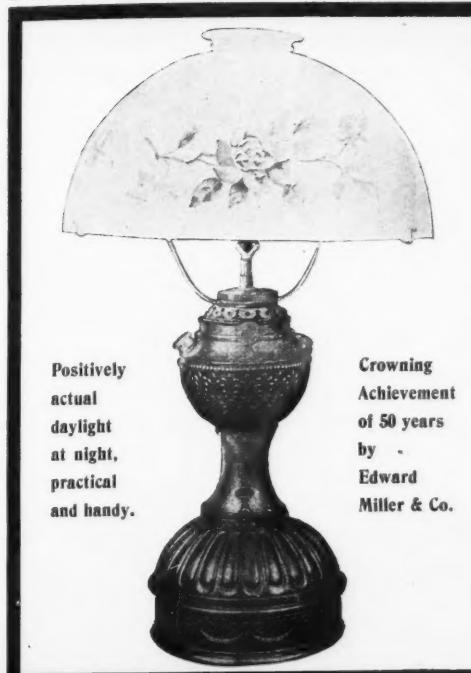
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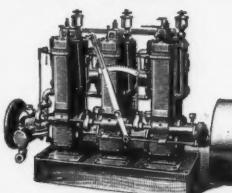
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Cabin and other Size Launches to Order.
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"WOLVERINE" Self-Starting and Reversing



18 H. P. Self-Starting and Reversing Engine
Engines from 2 to 60 Horse Power
Launches from 18 to 75 feet in Length
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It regulates its supply even with its flow, the result being a steady, rich light, the easiest ever known to the eyes, and complimentary to all objects.

It gives the pure daylight tone of light at night, positively of greater brightness in rooms than from noon-day sun.

Costs \$10, but lasts for many years, practically forever; is cheaper than city gas, electricity or kerosene; pays for itself in a very short time by what it saves.

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MAKES ALL ROADS SMOOTH

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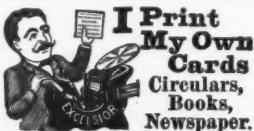
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COMBINES CUSHION FRAME
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20TH CENTURY ELECTRO-VAPOR LAUNCHES
will be used exclusively at the Pan American Exposition because they are the best. They are elegantly finished, simple, seaworthy, safe, reliable and **FULLY GUARANTEED**. Stock sizes 15 to 50 ft. \$150 buys a Launch this year. Send 10c for handsome catalogue of Steam and Sail Yachts, Row Boats, Canoes, etc. Order now; avoid spring rush.

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Money saver maker. Type setting easy, rules sent. Write for catalog, presses, type, paper, &c., to factory.

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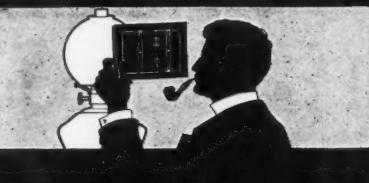
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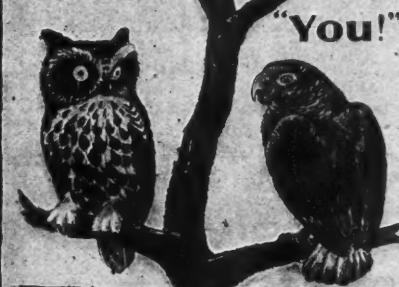
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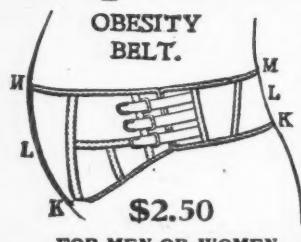
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by clinging to the old out-of-date style of book-keeping. It wastes everybody's time—and "time is money." Save these wasted energies and turn them into a profitable channel.

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YOU CAN MAKE MONEY
by systematising your business—increasing the efficiency of every department. The **Razall Loose Leaf System** will decrease your book-keeping and minimize your book expenses—it will bring your scattered accounts into one compact volume.

"Systematic Accounting." An attractive illustrated booklet tells why the Razall Loose Leaf System is the best, and how it can be applied to your business. Write for "Edition D."

THE H. G. RAZALL MFG COMPANY,
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"BUSINESS SYSTEM"

is the title of our catalogue illustrating and explaining model business methods used by our largest and most successful business houses—it is free upon request.



It is worth at retail \$2.50. We offer it at this remarkably low price simply as an advertisement to introduce the quality of our work to those desiring to test its usefulness and to know more about the highest quality and most complete card system obtainable.

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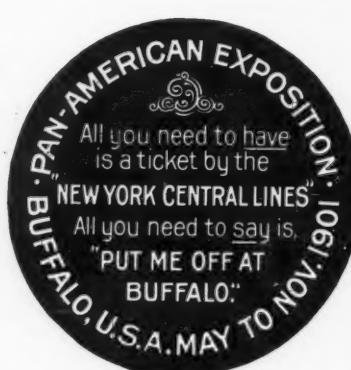
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For a copy of the New York Central's Pan-American Exposition Folder, "Four-Track Series" No. 15, send a postage stamp to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.



SAN DIEGO BAY, FROM POINT LOMA.

Summer Three Days Away

In California,
If you travel on the daily **California Limited**—
the rapid, restful train—Chicago to
Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Santa Fe Route

General Passenger Office,
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway,
CHICAGO.

A PIECE-OFFERING
settles the candy question. Candy
lovers all agree on the special goodness of
Whitman's
CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONS.
They're sold everywhere.
Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate makes a
delicious drink in a minute.
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
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Cox's
GELATINE
IN CHECKERED WRAPPERS
HAS BEEN SOLD BY AMERICAN
PURVEYORS, FOR NEARLY
HALF-A-CENTURY
J. & G. COX, LTD.
GORGIE MILLS,
EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.
Established 1725



Put in colander

Cook's Flaked Rice How To Prepare

1. Pour the dry flakes from the package into a colander.
2. Put a liberal amount of salt into a little boiling water.
3. Pour the boiling salted water on the rice, through the colander.

4. Drain, shake slightly, and turn out on a hot dish; serve with sugar and milk—that is all—and the rice is perfectly prepared in less than a minute.



Salt the water

COOK'S Flaked Rice has the endorsement of the family physician, the specialist, and the athletic instructor as a perfect food for every member of the family. Light, nourishing, and easily digested.



Pour water through

COOK'S Flaked Rice tempts the most capricious and satisfies the strongest appetite.

COOK'S Flaked Rice is not advertised specifically as an infant's food, nevertheless it is a perfect one.

**Book of tested Recipes
in every package. All
Grocers.** & & &



Empty into dish

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Utter Weariness

After the day's business foretells nervous prostration. **Pabst Malt Extract, The "Best" Tonic**, taken at this hour immediately relieves exhaustion, coaxes appetite, and enables one to eat—and digest—nourishing food.

This preparation is highly concentrated, containing in small compass the nutritive elements of grain, predigested, and thus prepared for immediate assimilation. Invaluable for all forms of nervous debility and malnutrition, where digestion is impaired and where the demand for constructive material is very great.

Sold by all druggists and made by
Pabst Brewing Co. (Tonic Dept.) Milwaukee, Wis.



A black and white illustration of a man with a mustache, wearing a dark suit and tie, sitting in a wooden armchair. He appears to be resting or very tired, with his eyes closed and his head leaning back. To his right, on a small table, sits a dark glass bottle of Pabst Malt Extract. The background is a soft-focus landscape with rolling hills or mountains under a cloudy sky. In the bottom right corner of the main illustration area, there is some faint vertical text that appears to be a signature or a copyright notice.

Pabst
Malt Extract
The Best Tonic

WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

A TWENTIETH CENTURY IDEA

A Soda Fountain in Every Home

COUNTRY life misses many enjoyments of the city. If you can't come to them they can go to you. One of the city's latest novelties is the possibility of having a complete Soda Fountain in your home at trifling expense. It consists of filling small steel capsules with the purest carbonic acid gas and supplying with them a

SPARKLETS

apparatus for making all drinks sparkling. It isn't a big, cumbersome affair, but a neat, attractive silver bottle, as shown in illustration, with capacity for carbonating all kinds of drinks as effectually as though you owned a \$1,000 Soda Fountain. In order to introduce this into 100,000 country homes we make this special offer of



A Complete Soda Water Outfit for \$3.00

| | | |
|---|---|---------------------------------|
| 1 | all-metal bottle, with siphon, complete | Regular price |
| 2 | boxes of SPARKLETS, 10 in a box | \$5.00 |
| 1 | bottle of Root Beer Extract, pure syrup | |
| I | " Ginger Ale " " | Introductory price to |
| I | " Vanilla " " | the first 100,000 |
| I | " Sarsaparilla " " | \$3.00 |
| I | " Raspberry " " | |
| I | " Strawberry " " | |
| I | " Vichy Tablets (40 in bottle) | Delivered, expressage pre- |
| I | 1 bottle of Citrate Magnesia Tab- | paid, to all points East of the |
| I | lets (40 in bottle) | Rocky Mountains. West of |
| | | these add 50 cents for ad- |
| | | ditional expressage. |

This gives you choice of eight different kinds of soda, flavored exactly to your taste at average cost of one cent a glass.

In addition to making the finest soda in the world, SPARKLETS will carbonate in this siphon, milk, iced tea, cider or any liquid, and by its own life and force destroy all germs and clear impurities from unhealthy water.

From thousands of letters of commendation we have space only for a few:

"SPARKLETS goes beyond my expectation. Mrs. Howe has used it with various liquids and now she cannot get along without it. I have used the extracts of various varieties and the charging of them was perfect as to taste, etc."

J. L. Howe, 64 Fulton Street, New York.

daily. Enclosed is letter from my physician, Dr. Lober, verifying the same." MARIE LENORA MARKS,

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"SPARKLETS reached me in good order and I am greatly pleased with the same." M. C. MERRIMAN, Jr., Syracuse, N. Y.

"My friends and myself are delighted with the operation of SPARKLETS." JAMES HICKS, Piqua, O.

You can't afford to be without one. Remit \$3.00 by postal order, check, registered mail, or any convenient way and get a Soda Fountain in your home.

The COMPRESSED GAS CAPSULE COMPANY
Twenty-fifth Street and Broadway, New York City

Your Teeth are your Fortune



Success in life—Social or Business distinction—for man or woman—old or young—in these days of activity depends largely on personal attractiveness, which the fragrant breath, the rosy, red gums and the dazzling white teeth do so much to create. Without good teeth the most regular features will not be beautiful and the health will be poor. If you use

WRIGHT'S
Dentomyrh
TOOTH PASTE

for the teeth, mouth, gums and breath you will improve the most delicate teeth, cure the worst conditioned teeth, clean any kind of teeth, and keep good teeth in all their glory and splendor.

A creamy, delicious dentifrice (in collapsible tubes). Contains properties of the famous Wright's Antiseptic Myrrh Tooth Soap. Comes also in Powder form or as a Wash. Purity guaranteed. Free from grit or acid. Endorsed by eminent authorities. U. S. Government buy it for Army use.

Large trial sample and booklet free for 2c. stamp.

At druggists 25c., or

CHAS. WRIGHT CHEM. CO., Dept. X, Detroit, Mich., U.S.A.

"Your DENTOMYRH TOOTH PASTE is a most satisfactory dentifrice. It leaves a pleasing cleanliness in the mouth."

JULIA MARLOWE.

A Reputation

has only two uses: It may be lived UPON or lived UP TO

B. T. BABBITT'S BEST SOAP

has a Reputation that has been lived UP TO and constantly improved for generations.

Do not ask whether this policy has been changed after 64 years of success—

Rather give "Best Soap" a trial and discover that it is without question

The Purest Soap

It hurts neither hands nor clothes.

The most Economical Soap

It is the easiest to work with, does the work best, and in addition it lasts the longest.

Made by B. T. Babbitt, New York.

Sold by grocers everywhere.

van Houten's Cocoa



At Luncheon Van Houten's Cocoa is The Best.

One tea-spoonful is sufficient to make a delicious cup, sugar and cream being added to taste. When ready compare it with a cup of any other brand, and you will at once agree that for delicacy of flavor, and enticing aroma, Van Houten's is unequalled. The superfluous fat of the cocoa-bean is removed by Van Houten's special (Patented) process, so that the most bilious subject can take the beverage without the least fear of it irritating the liver. A 1-lb tin is sufficient for 120 cups, so it is not dear, because a little goes a long way.

Sold at the Grocery Stores. Don't forget to order it!

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THE COSMOPOLITAN.

SPRING TONIC



BEEF TEA, as a Spring Tonic, if made with

ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

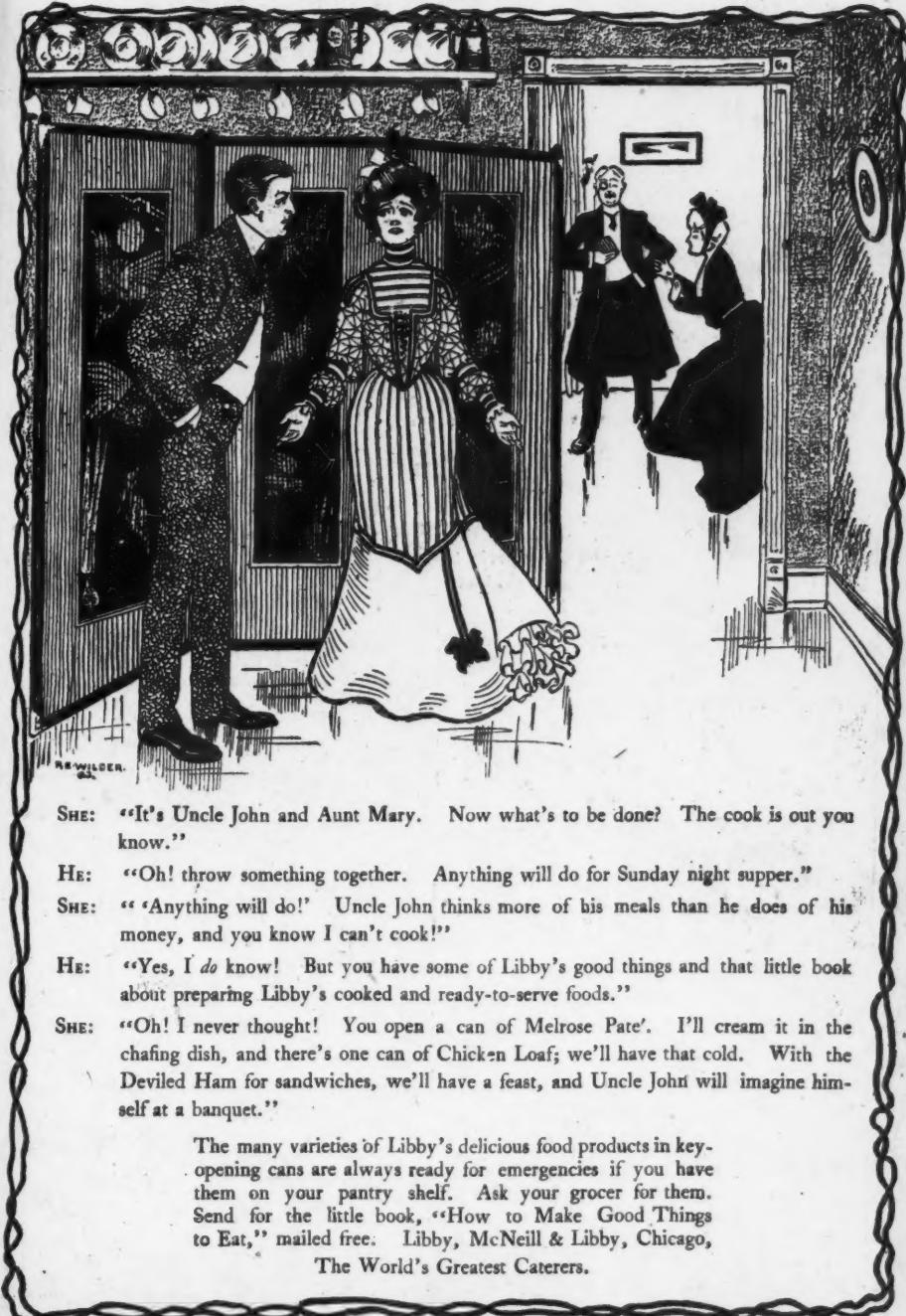
is APPETIZING, STRENGTHENING and STIMULATING. Just the tonic for old people and children. No trouble to make

SAVORY SAUCES for Spring Salads may be made with Armour's Extract of Beef. You will be surprised how a half to one teaspoonful of Extract improves a sauce and gives zest to a salad. Anyone can use it. Dissolve the Extract in a small quantity of water and add to the other ingredients.

CULINARY WRINKLES for Bachelor Maids, Men and Others, by Helen Louise Johnson, tells all how to use Armour's Extract of Beef and to prepare Soups, Sauces, Chafing Dish and Sunday Evening Suppers, Etc. Sent free to any address upon request.

ARMOUR & COMPANY
CHICAGO

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SHE: "It's Uncle John and Aunt Mary. Now what's to be done? The cook is out you know."

HE: "Oh! throw something together. Anything will do for Sunday night supper."

SHE: "Anything will do!" Uncle John thinks more of his meals than he does of his money, and you know I can't cook!"

HE: "Yes, I do know! But you have some of Libby's good things and that little book about preparing Libby's cooked and ready-to-serve foods."

SHE: "Oh! I never thought! You open a can of Melrose Pate'. I'll cream it in the chafing dish, and there's one can of Chicken Loaf; we'll have that cold. With the Deviled Ham for sandwiches, we'll have a feast, and Uncle John will imagine himself at a banquet."

The many varieties of Libby's delicious food products in key-opening cans are always ready for emergencies if you have them on your pantry shelf. Ask your grocer for them. Send for the little book, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," mailed free. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago,

The World's Greatest Caterers.



VOSE PIANOS

piano in your home free of expense. Write for Catalogue D and explanations.

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Coffee Topers.

More of that kind than belong to the whiskey class. No criticism offered if the drug agrees with the system, and it does with some. About one in three are unpleasantly affected in some organ of the body, and the proof is found by the disease leaving when coffee is left off.

Postum Cereal Coffee furnishes perfect nourishment and quickly rebuilds a broken down nervous system. Proof is in trying. Grocers furnish at 15 and 25 cents.

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BAKER'S
CHOCOLATE
COSTS
LESS THAN ONE
CENT A CUP

TRADE-MARK

WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited
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Cosmopolitan Magazine
(Continued.)

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TO
NEW YORK

THE GRAND UNION HOTEL
42d ST.
AND
PARK AVE.
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OPPOSITE THE
GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT
EUROPEAN PLAN
RATES \$1.25 PER DAY
AND UP'

Within easy reach of the Theatres and Shopping District. Reached by all the principal street car lines of New York, the GRAND UNION HOTEL is acknowledged the most convenient and accessible hotel in the city.

Fine Cafe and Restaurant
Good Rooms Moderate Charges

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Wool Soap is so carefully made from the purest materials that it is not only the best, but the safest soap for all household purposes

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